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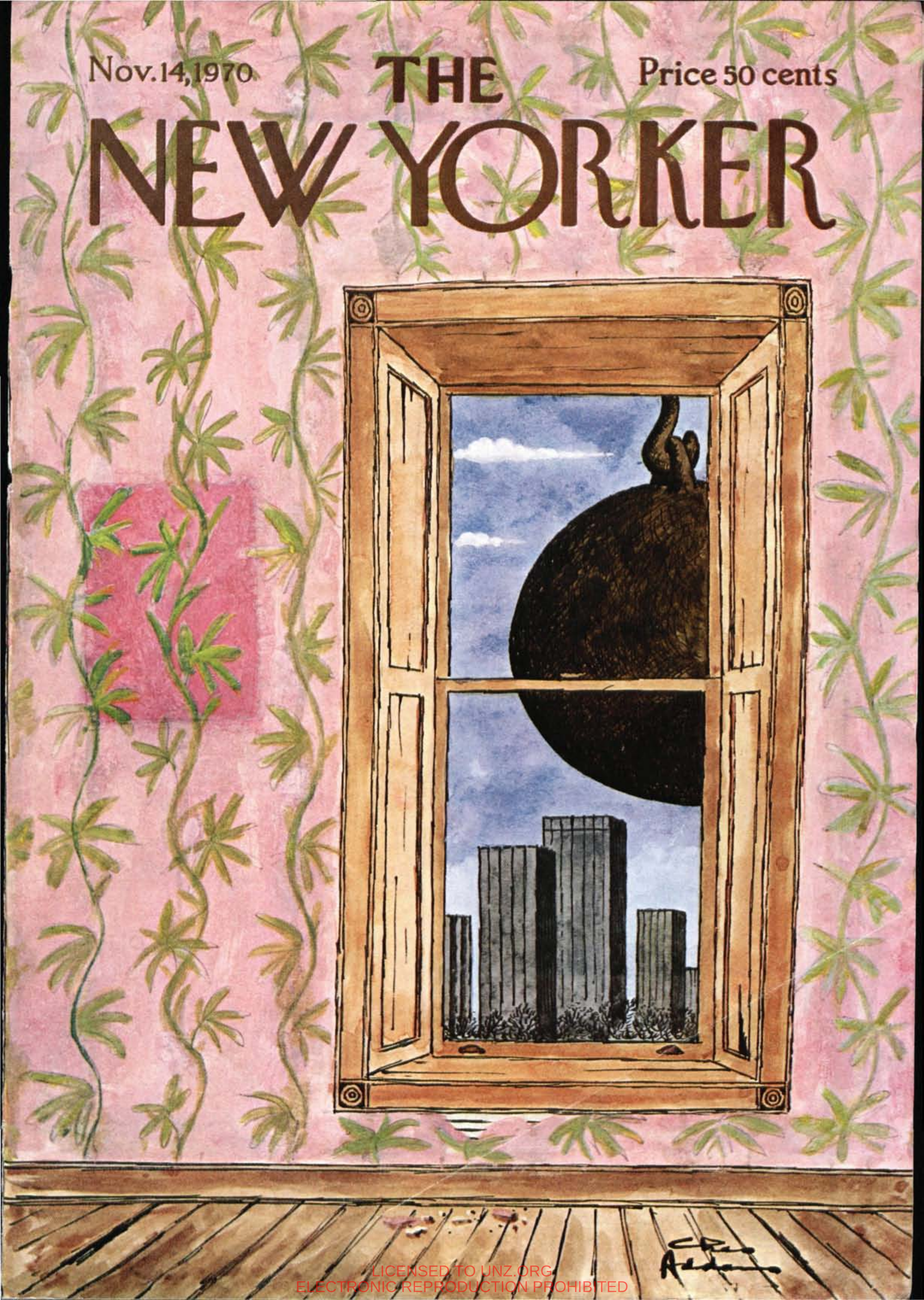
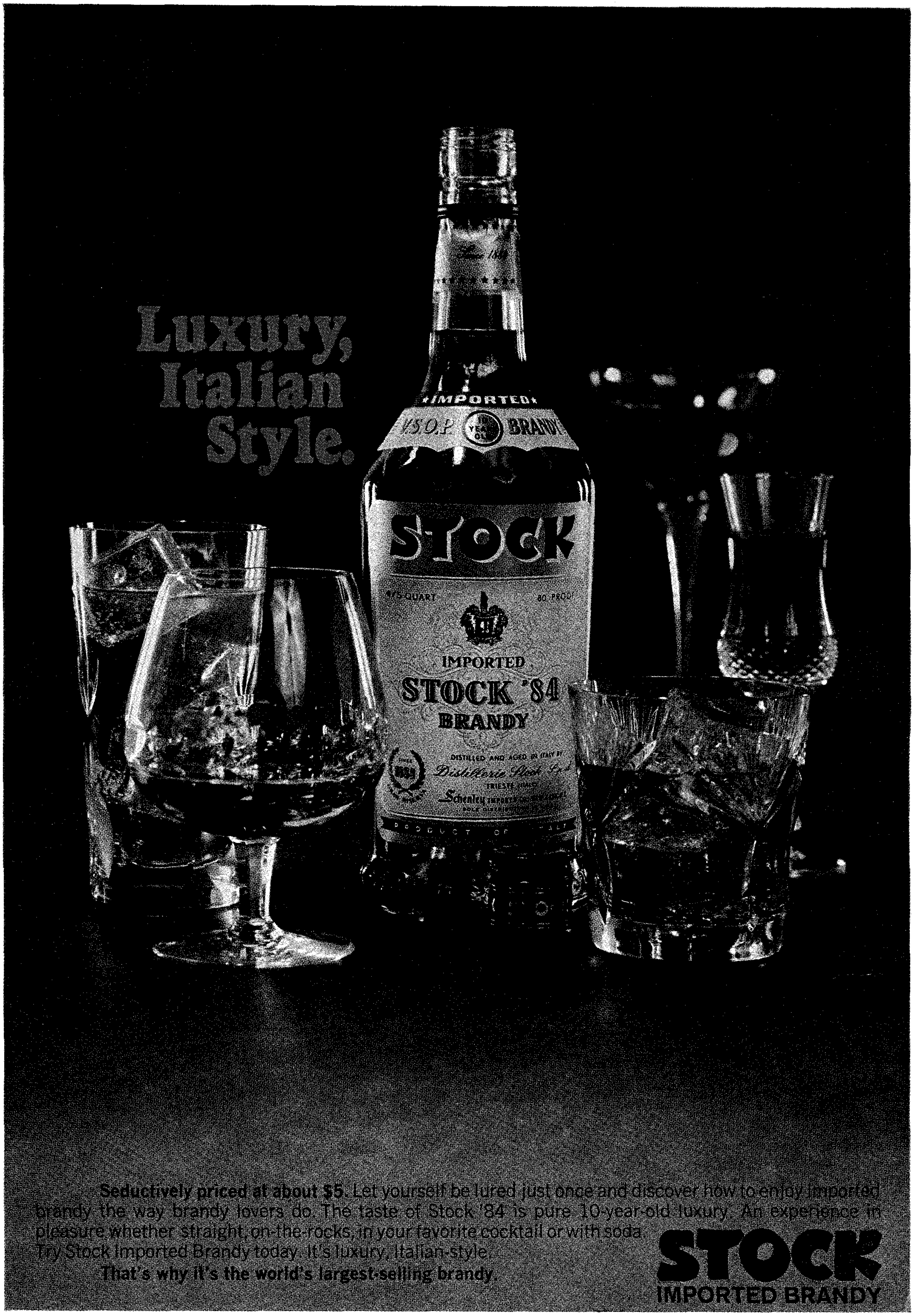


Chas Addams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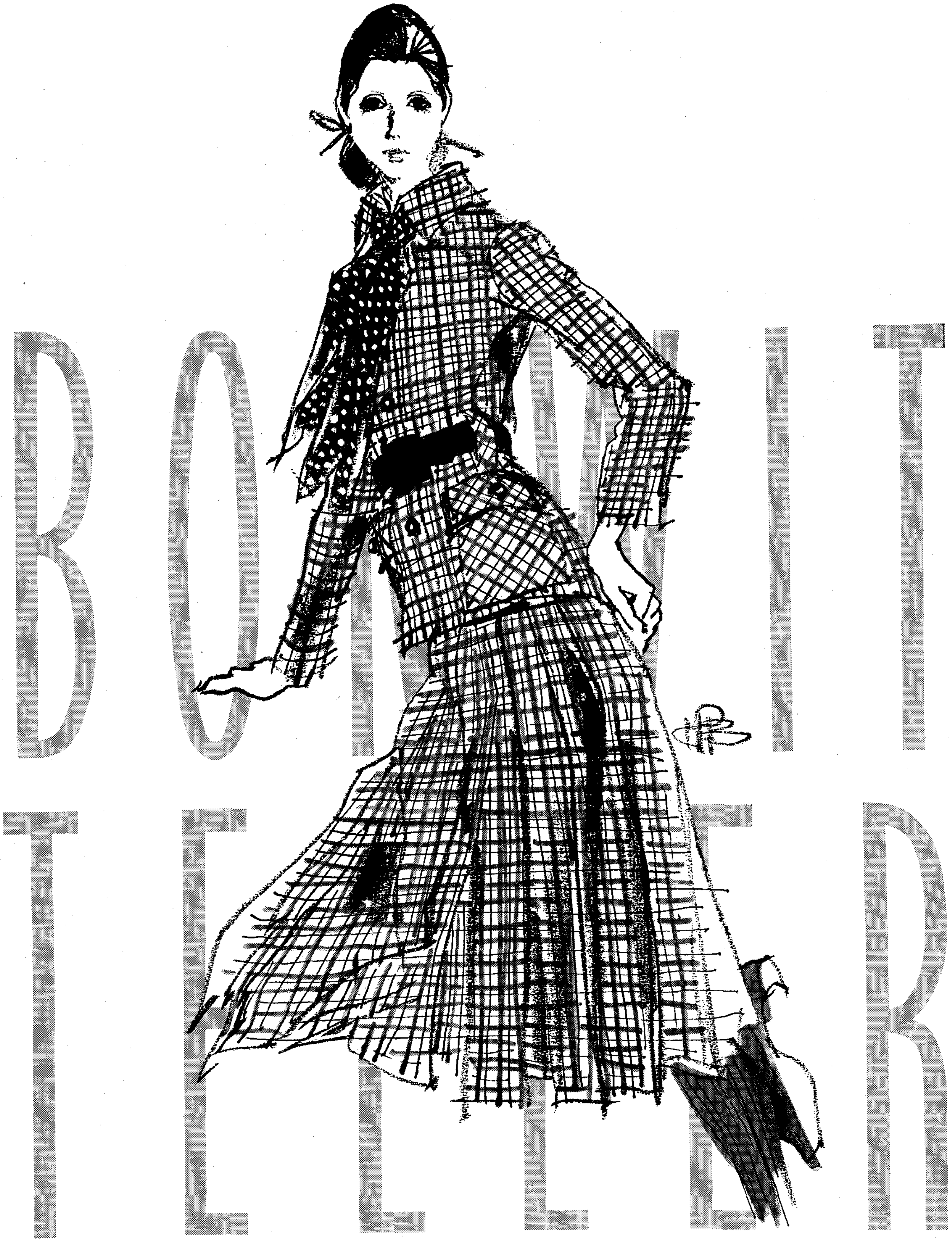

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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|  |  |  | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Alice in Wonderland**—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

**Les Blancs**—James Earl Jones and Cameron Mitchell in a drama by Lorraine Hansberry, adapted by Robert Nemiroff. Directed by John Berry. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 14. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 15. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**Bob and Ray–The Two and Only**—A modest, homely, and beguiling evening in the company of two very bright men. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Boesman and Lena**—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Child's Play**—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Conduct Unbecoming**—Dastardly crimes are being committed by unknown parties in a crack regiment of the Indian Army sometime in the late nineteenth century. A delightful melodrama by Barry England, very well acted by a large company under the direction of Val May. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Dirtiest Show in Town**—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Dream Out of Time**—A play by Irv Bauer, starring Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds**—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Happy Birthday, Wanda June**—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tiresome when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Hay Fever**—Shirley Booth, John Williams, and Marian Mercer in a revival of Noël Coward's comedy. Arvin Brown directed. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Home**—John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson in London's Royal Court Theatre production of a play by David Storey. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. Previews through Monday, Nov. 16. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 17, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 18, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Not Now, Darling**—An English sex farce, and if that isn't a contradiction in terms, what is? (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Orlando Furioso**—A production presented in Italian by the Teatro Libero di Roma in a specially constructed bubble theatre in Bryant Park. (No seats.) Adapted by Eduardo Sanguinetti from the Renaissance epic. With a cast of more than forty under the direction of Luca Ronconi. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. 594-4340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 6. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

**The Perfect Match** and **Slow Memories**—A pair of plays by William Derringer and Barry Litvak, respectively. Presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the second program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Nov. 16, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 2.)

**Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center**—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZU-**

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DRAWINGS: *William O'Brian, Donald Reilly, Frank Modell, James Stevenson, Lee Lorenz, Edward Koren, Al Ross, Richard Oldden, Warren Miller, Edward Frascino, George Price, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Alan Dunn, Joseph Mirachi, William Steig, David Langdon, Henry Martin*

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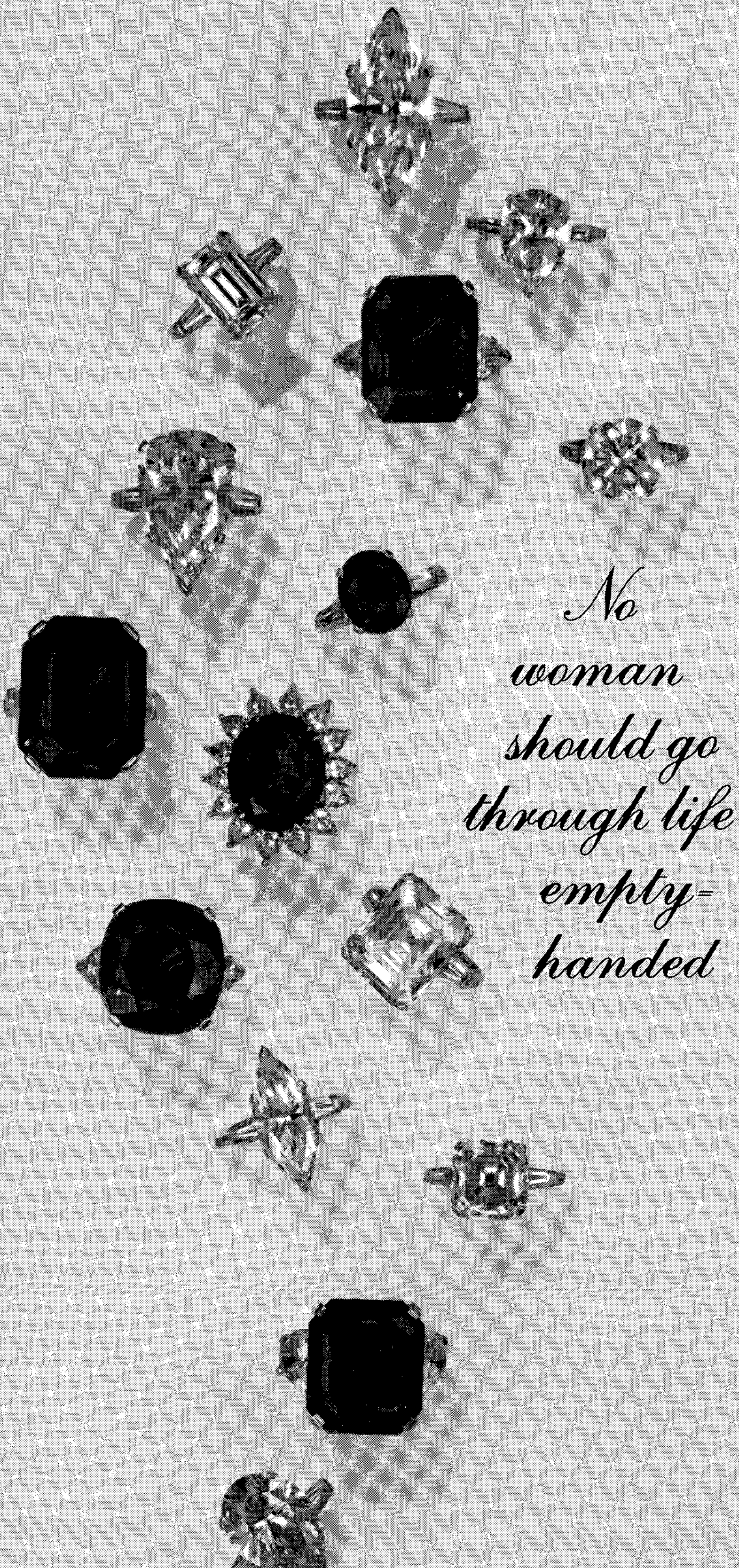
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**AN,** made leaden where it ought to have been light. Starring Colleen Dewhurst. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**SAVED**—Edward Bond's searing, witty, and horrifying comedy of English working-class life, which was briefly banned in London five years ago, is here given the good production it deserves. The actors do very well, but the play's the thing. Reopens on Friday, Nov. 13. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**SLEUTH**—A London thriller by Anthony Shaffer, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. Directed by Clifford Williams. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 12. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:05. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**STORY THEATRE**—Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

**SUNDAY DINNER**—A play by Joyce Carol Oates. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Wednesday, Nov. 25.)

**TRELAWNY OF THE "WELLS"**—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**WHAT THE BUTLER SAW**—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**LONG RUNS**—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

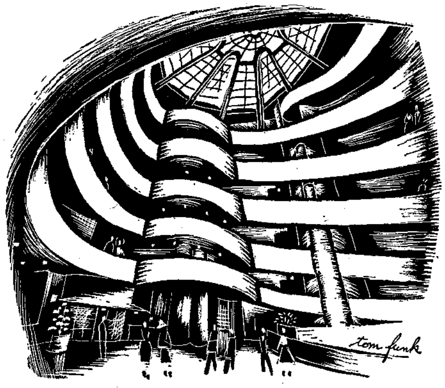
## MUSICALS

**APPLAUSE**—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**COMPANY**—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**GOLDEN BAT**—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**LIGHT, LIVELY AND YIDDISH**—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)



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**THE ME NOBODY KNOWS**—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE MEXICANS ARE COMING!**—Mexican folklore in a revue with about seventy dancers, singers, comedians, and instrumentalists. Preview Wednesday matinée, Nov. 11. Opens officially Wednesday evening, Nov. 11. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER**—Another Yiddish musical, with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**PURLIE**—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**THE ROTHSCHILDS**—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**TOUCH**—A folk-rock musical about communal living, performed by a group called the Plowright Players, from Warren County, Pennsylvania. The book is by Kenn Long and Amy Saltz, the music by Mr. Long and Jim Crozier, and the lyrics by Mr. Long alone. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**TWO BY TWO**—Danny Kaye in Richard Rodgers' musical version of Clifford Odets' "The Flowering Peach." Peter Stone wrote the book, Martin Charnin did the lyrics, and Joe Layton is the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

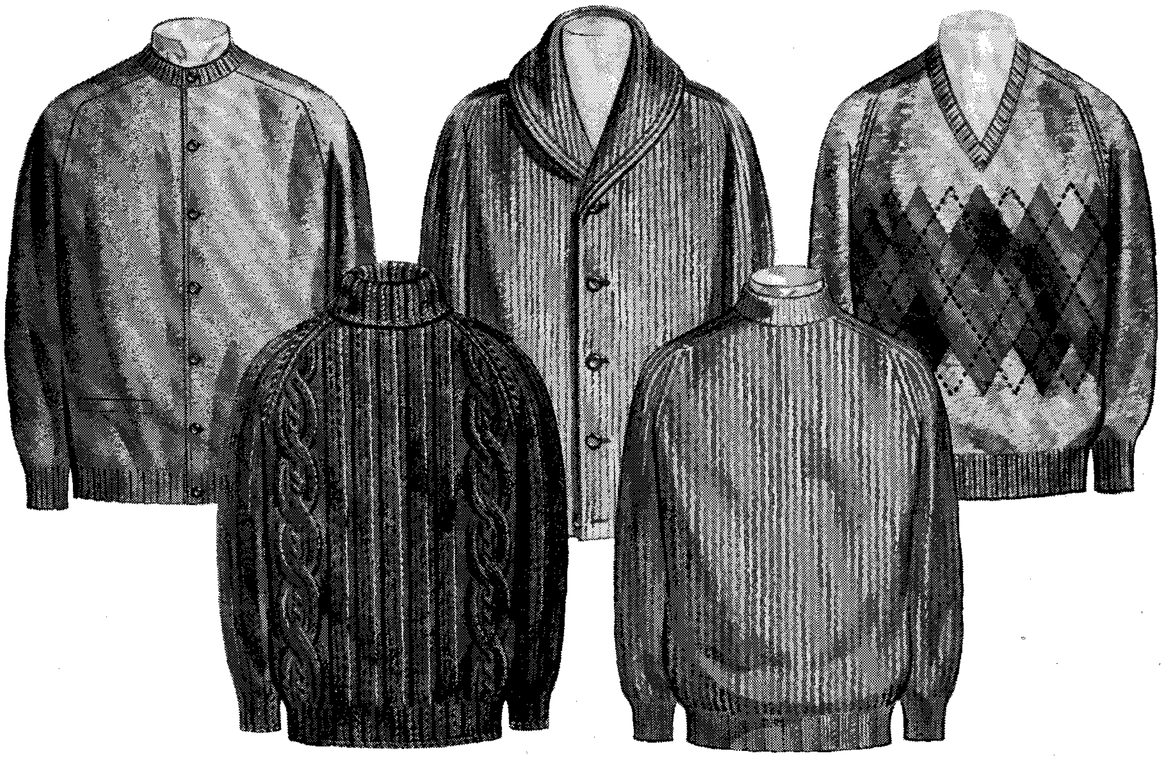
**LONG RUNS**—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —How much, sir? asked the old woman. —A quart, Stephen said. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** He watched her pour into the measure and thence into the jug rich white milk, not hers. Old shrunken paps. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** She poured again a measureful and a tilly. Old and secret she had entered from a morning world, maybe a messenger. She praised the goodness of the milk, pouring it out. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Gideon Singer plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Tony Roberts and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

## BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 14—Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "In the Night," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 242-9050.)... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "La Sonnambula," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Episodes," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

**MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Scramble," "Signals," and "Objects."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Walkaround Time," "Signals," and "Objects."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Scramble," "Signals," and "Second Hand."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7:30: "Objects," "Signals," and "Tread." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

**BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO**—A company of eighty-five dancers, singers, and musicians in



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a one-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 11-13, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 14-15, at 2:30 and 8.)

**Paul Sanasardo**—With his company, in a program of works by Manuel Alum. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**Barney Google's,** 225 E. 86th St. (722-9819)—Some trim and heartfelt Dixieland can be heard here Wednesday, Nov. 11, and Wednesday, Nov. 18, from nine until four, played by a band led by comic-writer-actor-clarinettist Woody Allen. Mr. A.'s outfit—a sextet or a septet—alternates with a rock group that is more typical of the entertainment in this darkling barn, where bibulous armies surge by night. Dinners. Dancing.

**Bitter End,** 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Folk rockers Alive and Kicking will be onstage through Monday, Nov. 16. Elephant's Memory is an eclectic bunch that is capable of some solid rock as well as of lines like "The final potato is peeled for the stew of my mind." It arrives on Wednesday, Nov. 18. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. The room is not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort. Coffee and tea are staples.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. Cedar Walton is on electric piano, and Herbie Lewis on bass until Tuesday, Nov. 17, when the Charlie Brown trio steps in. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one.

**Guitar,** 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Chuck Wayne is on guitar, working with a bass player. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

**Half Note,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Zoot Sims, whose melodious tenor sax has been upholding a vigorously inventive jazz tradition for years, leads a quartet that includes Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

**Red Garter,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully played. Sundays, from six to nine, a Dixieland band tootles away. Closed Mondays.

**Red Onion,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

**Slugs',** 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Roy Ayers' vibraharp sometimes threatens to trundle down the road to Dreamland. His introspective playing is at the heart of a group he calls the Ubiquity. On Tuesday, Nov. 17, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, a livelier band, will move in. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

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**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the David Amram quartet (jazz in Academe) plays until Tuesday, Nov. 17, when the Bill Evans trio (jazz in Arcadia) will take over. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs, rock is the shape of things. Swinging sounds—and dancing—from ten Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The schedule: Through Saturday, Nov. 14, Holy Modal Rounders and Alexander Rabbit; Sunday, Nov. 15, 7th Century, and the Rubber Duck Company; Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 17-21, J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt. A different spirit on Mondays, when Symphony Sid brings in Latin bands.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Through Sunday, Nov. 15, the stage will be occupied by a dozen singers and musicians from Nigeria, under the leadership of Victor Uwaifo. On Tuesday, Nov. 17, John Blair, a singer and violinist, will bring in four people whom he has named his Choir. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers what is known as soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

### DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

**C'Est Moi,** 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

**Directoire,** 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Hippopotamus,** 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Assiduously scoring points in the Fairest-of-Them-All stakes, as is usual in the world of the discothèque. Frills and furbelows have an Anglo-Indian look. Dinners are elaborate, and crowds dance to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

**L'Interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued (records only). Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Salvation Too,** 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—A restaurant called the Penthouse Club changes its identity after ten, when people start dancing to records and continue until three or four. The rooms are decorated with wicker fauna, and the view of the Park is fine. Reservations are recommended.

**Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, six singers and musicians called the Collage come out and do some polystyrene pop. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

**Thursday's 24,** 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted, gleaming new playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

**Wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Records alternate with E Pluribus Unum through Sunday, Nov. 15. Emmis takes over on Wednesday, Nov. 18. Closed Mondays.

**Yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years except for a few cosmetic touches. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance. Action from nine-thirty to three-thirty nightly. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.

### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

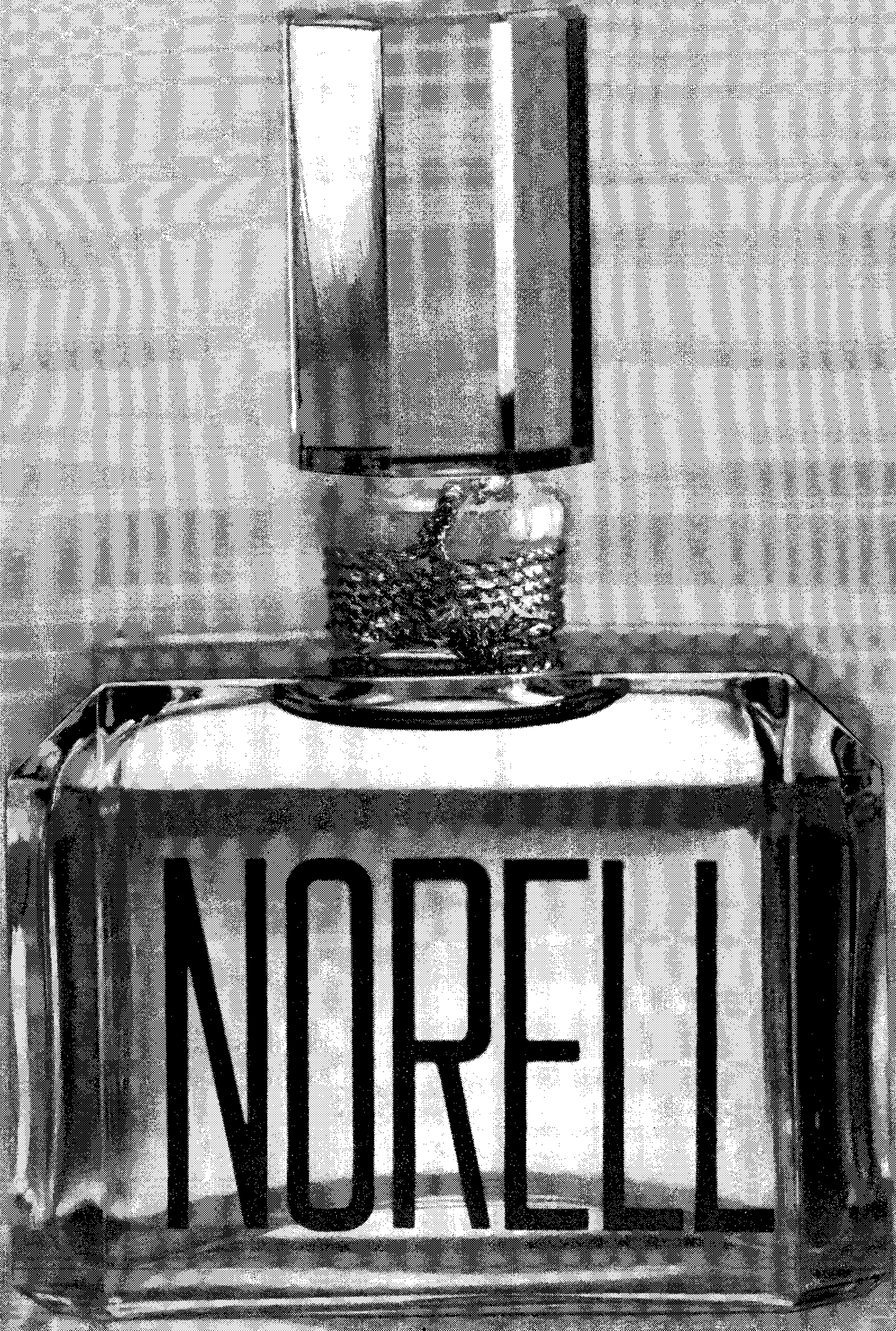
**Alpine Cellar,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—For five days of the week, the Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. But on Sundays (six to ten) and Mondays (seven to eleven), quite the other way: the mild-mannered Talbot Brothers (practically the entire night life of Bermuda during the season), on their annual crooning visit to the States. Dancing.

**Château Madrid,** Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—As so often before, Los Chavales de España. And what fools these immortals be, bouncing their gentle jokes, themselves, and their crescendo brass instruments about in jolly good fellowship! Twice a night, and every night. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), from whose Pierian spring issues a never insistent stereophonic sound that is all languishing Latin lyricism and the Mod music that goes with it. For either sitting or prancing, nine to four, and a fine idea.

**Copacabana,** 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Thursday, Nov. 19, Jack Jones, that midnight-matinée idol, zooms in for a series of song recitals that will be video as well as audio. The show goes on (zap!) twice a night, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which has that open-all-night Las Vegas feeling, there is Las Vegas lounge music for homesick travellers.

**Downbeat,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—More Beat than Down, now that the temple at which its followers worship is made of Rock. The group called Gas Mask, the current high priest, gives way, on Friday, Nov. 13, to the Third Rail (at last the perfect name for an applied-electronics crew). Dancing; closed Sundays.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The power plant built out of a grand piano by the febrile fingers of Erroll Garner will cease its dinner and supper sessions in the honorable old Persian Room on Tuesday, Nov. 17, and so will the three sidemen who augment the awesome displays. The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will stay on. On Wednesday, Nov. 18, at ten-fifteen, Patti Page does her first set of trills. Thereafter, twice a night for her, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—"Dames at Sea," the young musical onstage here, is not the greatest show on earth, but it's nearly the greatest show *under* earth, nestled in this admirable cellar. The parody of those song-and-dance Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movies is without fault. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller wrote it to the hilt, and a cast led by Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson play it to the hilt. The entr'acte music is the piano of Baldwin Bergersen, a composer in his own



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

right. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; and at three and seven-thirty Sundays. Bar service, and edibles, too. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays), in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At nine the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday and Tuesday nights belong to another fiddler.

**RAINBOW GRILL**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The life style of Frankie Vaughan as he sings his dinner and supper sets in this mountain fastness suggest that his portion of the British Isles became a colony of ours circa 1950. Dancing as well, to music hot (and cool) right off the wire. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The canaries who chirruped their way through dinner and supper in the Maisonette have been discontinued (oh, well, the audience never listened), but the dance music is still Right On. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The only change in La Boite this season has been the acquisition of Ray Hartley, a young-man-about-town pianist given to his own special arrangements of the worthier tunes of the era. No dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the team of Barbara & Ernest, very new, very self-conscious, manage—with a certain skill—some unusually extracurricular songs on a casual schedule, nine-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Johnny Mathis, his voice the sound of woodwinds on the night air, is in the Empire Room during dinner, supper, and (on Saturday, Nov. 14) again at half past one. Dance music, too. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

**CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren run a generous course—seven or eight to one or two is their schedule—in the restaurant every evening but Sunday and Monday. Dancing. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two, but no Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

### SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

**IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): A renaissance—dance tunes once again in a celebrated pleasure dome, and night after night. The course: seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Sundays and Mondays by one band, eight-thirty until a late curfew the rest of the week by good old Phil Wayne's band. Further to brighten this corner: Tony Bujka, violinist, and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, pianist-accordionist, who deploy between five-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to midnight, for him, every evening but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar every night on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Piano on the deck above the cellar, every night but Sunday.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**ABE AJAY**—Constructions of geometrical shapes in complex modular arrangements; starting

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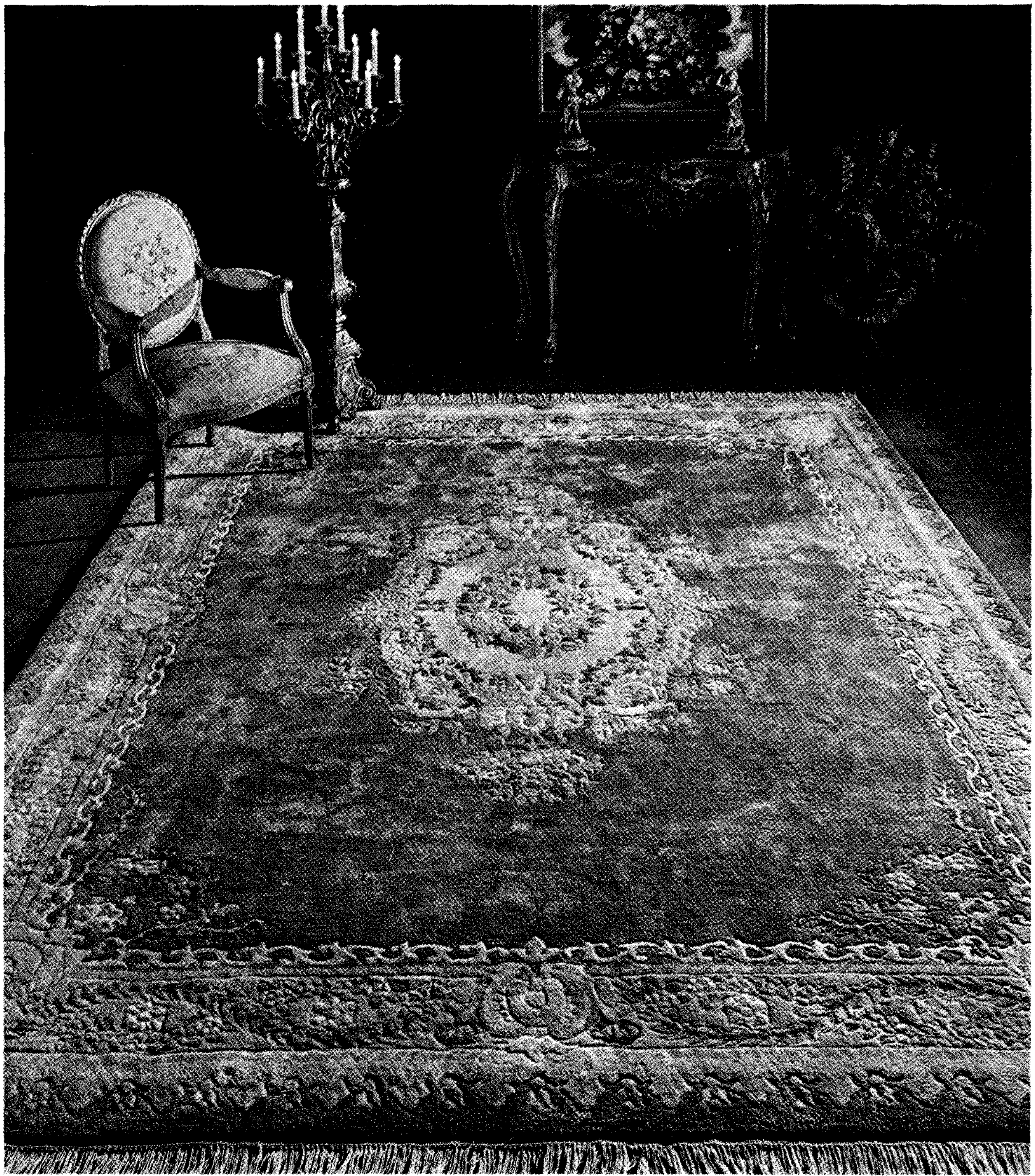

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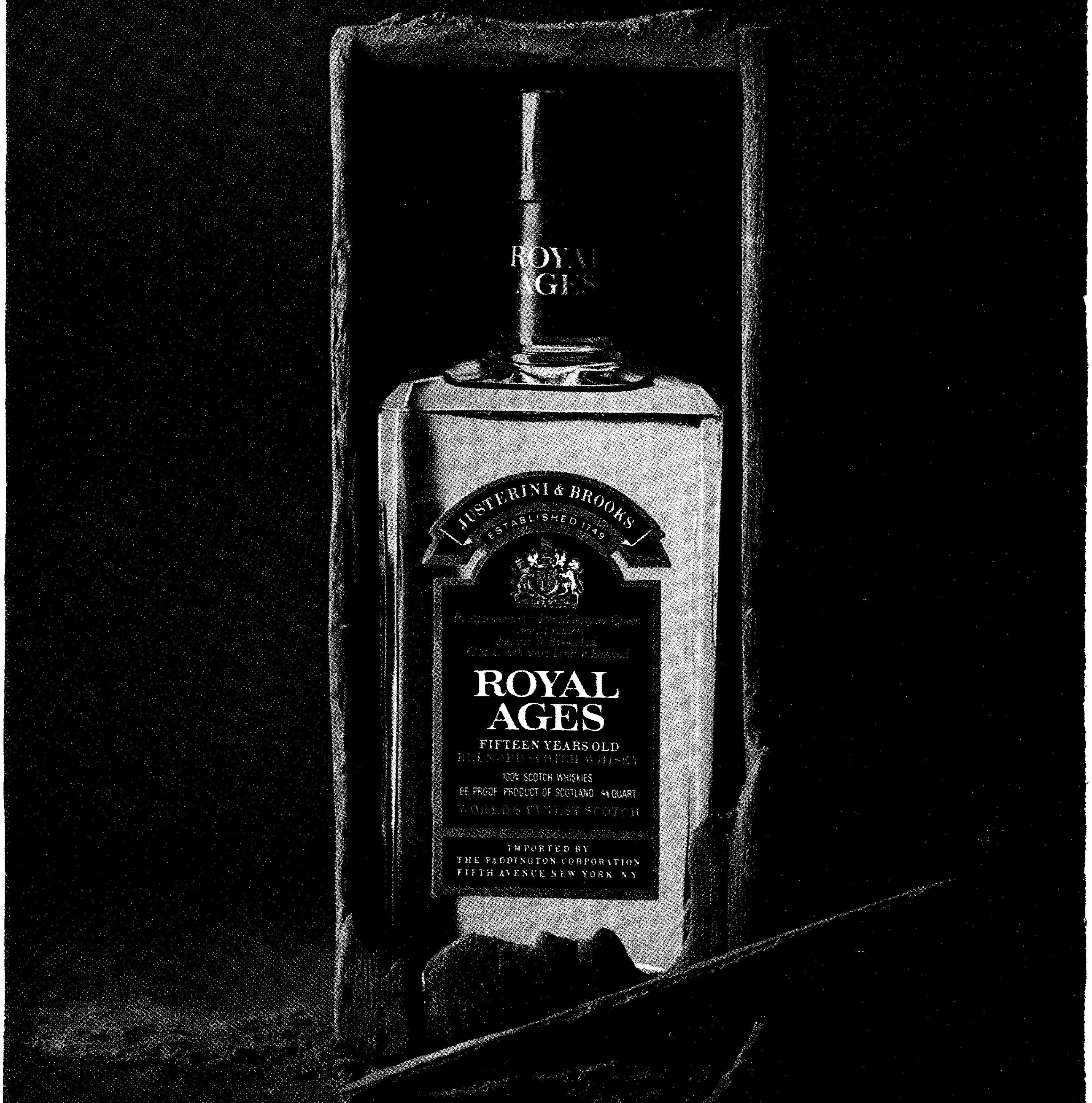
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesday, Nov. 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Pierre Alechinsky**—Paintings and drawings with Expressionist figurations; through Saturday, Nov. 14, (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

**Milton Avery** (1893-1965)—Drawings of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Nov. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Walter Darby Bannard**—Color-area paintings; through Dec. 3. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Rudolf Bauer** (1889-1953)—Geometrical abstractions by a German artist who was featured at the Guggenheim in the thirties; through Dec. 19. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Max Beckmann** (1884-1950)—Paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by this German Expressionist who taught in the United States; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jack Bosson**—Large, heavily painted lyrical abstractions; through Sunday, Nov. 15. (55 Mercer Street. Daily, 2 to 6.)

**Louis Bouché** (1896-1969)—Thirty-six landscapes, still-lifes, portraits, and figures in interiors by a prominent realist; starting Monday, Nov. 16. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Warren Brandt**—A ten-year survey of abstractions, figure studies, and still-lifes in oil, gouache, and watercolor. Also drawings and photographs. Through Nov. 30. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7.)

**Claudio Bravo**—"Hyper-realistic" paintings of packages and still-life drawings; through Dec. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Breer**—Plastic objects in various shapes and sizes that move imperceptibly; through Dec. 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Alexander Calder**—Recent gouaches, ranging in subject from flower pieces to abstractions, and mobiles, including some early ones; through Nov. 28. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Enrique Castro-Cid**—Figure and still-life studies on canvas and paper; starting Saturday, Nov. 14. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Ben Cunningham**—Abstract paintings that stress color; through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Dash**—Landscapes of eastern Long Island; through Dec. 5. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Max Ernst**—Paintings, drawings, collages, sculptures, and graphics done between 1917 and 1963 by this Surrealist; through Dec. 2. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Herbert Ferber**—Large sculptures, together with models of projects; starting Saturday, Nov. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Sam Francis and Sam Richardson**—A representative selection of oils and gouaches by Mr. Francis, an Abstract Expressionist, and fragments of "made" nature in plastics by Mr. Richardson; through Nov. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Freiman**—Scenes of Nantucket, New York City, and Paris; through Nov. 24. (Price, 30 W. 57th St.)

**Ruth Gikow**—Paintings of contemporary life, most having to do with the young generation; through Friday, Nov. 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Duayne Hatchett**—Abstract sculptures in polished stainless steel or aluminum; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Theo Hios**—Oil paintings and prints emphasizing nature's violence; through Friday, Nov. 13. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

**David Hockney**—Etchings illustrating Grimm's fairy tales by a well-known British artist; through Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Gary Hudson and Alan Sonfist**—Lyrical color paintings by the former and demonstrations of biological, chemical, and physical processes by the latter; through Nov. 28. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**Guén Inokuma**—Abstract paintings on the theme of the city; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

**Kyohei Inukai**—Simple designs in bright colors suggesting biological processes, also related sculptures in plastic; through Wednesday, Nov. 18. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Robert Kaupelis**—Paintings and drawings based on the figure; through Dec. 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Leon Kroll**—Paintings from 1908 to 1929; through Nov. 28. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

**Robert Mangold**—Two series of paintings, one of picture frames, the other of "X"s; through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Marcia Marcus**—Large simplified portraits, also landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Brice Marden**—Paintings consisting of panels in single colors; through Nov. 25. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Iri and Toshi Maruki**—Eight large panels depicting scenes in Hiroshima after the Bomb; through Dec. 15. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)

**Jan Matulka**—Still-lifes and landscapes by an artist who worked with Stuart Davis; through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Walter Meigs**—Romantic landscapes; starting Saturday, Nov. 14. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Laszlo Moholy-Nagy** (1895-1946)—A copy of his "light-space modulator" in working order, plus "photograms," collages, and paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Isamu Noguchi**—Fifteen recent sculptures, mostly in marble and granite; through Nov. 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Ann Norton**—Sculptures, chiefly bronze, some stone, in Abstract forms hinting at figures; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jerry Okimoto**—Hard-edged paintings attached together in such a way that, when seen at a distance, they resemble chairs, tables, boxes, and so on; through Nov. 28. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

**Claes Oldenburg**—Large outdoor pieces and smaller sculptures, models, and drawings of comically handled everyday objects; through Nov. 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

**Philip Pearlstein**—Nudes and some portraits; through Nov. 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Picasso**—Thirty-seven works on paper in various mediums, done between 1967 and 1970, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Museum of Modern Art; through Nov. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Hobson Pittman**—Still-lifes and interiors; through Nov. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Leslie Powell**—Watercolors of subjects encountered on trips in this country and abroad by a veteran New Yorker; starting Tuesday, Nov. 17. (Walcott-Fields, 14 Fifth Ave., at 8th St. Daily, 2 to 9.)

**Robert Rauschenberg**—Twenty new drawings in color, and collages; starting Tuesday, Nov. 17. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

**Omar Rayo**—Geometric paintings, some on shaped canvases, as well as embossed graphics; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Odilon Redon** (1840-1916)—A benefit show of fifty-seven paintings, mostly oils of flower

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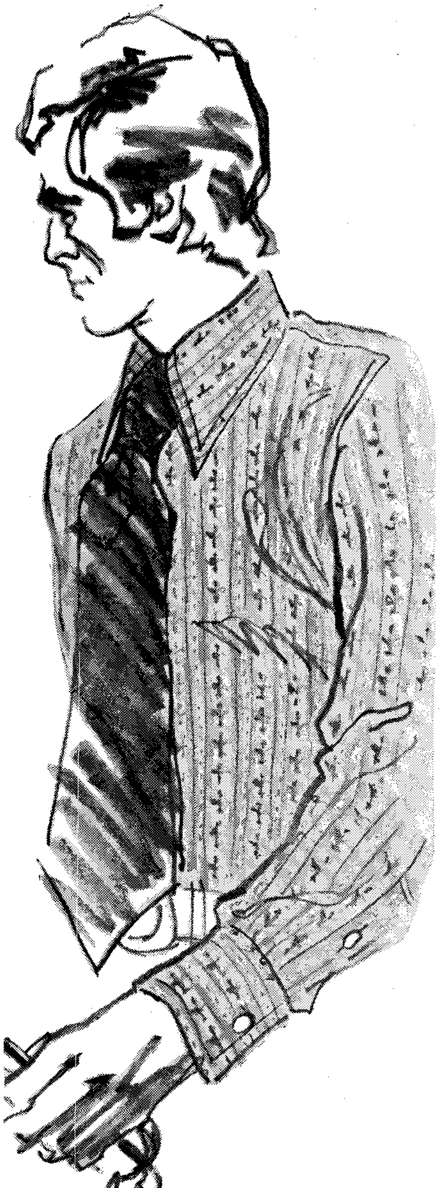

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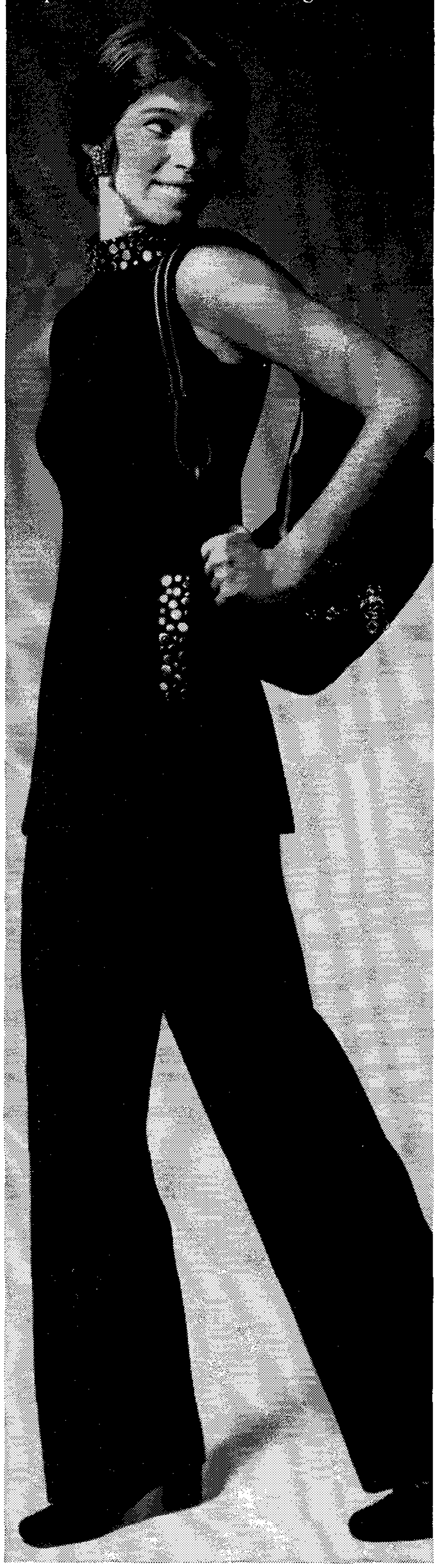

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

subjects, from this master's late period; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

**Robert Reid**—Numbers and letters of the alphabet in landscapes; through Nov. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**James Rosenquist**—Two large paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 14. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Mark Rothko** (1903-70)—A major exhibit of twenty-one paintings, dated from 1947 to his death; starting Friday, Nov. 13. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Egon Schiele** (1890-1918)—An exhibition of lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, and rubbercuts, plus gouaches, watercolors, drawings, and documentary material related to the prints; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Richard Segalman**—Figures and still-lifes; through Dec. 5. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Ben Shahn** (1898-1969)—Sixty brush drawings covering the whole range of this artist's work and including political motifs, illustrations for stage plays and books, poster studies, and sketches for murals; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Leon Polk Smith**—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Dec. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Hyde Solomon**—Abstract seascapes; starting Saturday, Nov. 14. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Moses Soyer**—A comprehensive exhibit of work done in the past ten years by this leading painter of the New York scene; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

**Louis Tytell**—Landscapes; through Nov. 25. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Jacques Villon** (1875-1963)—More than a hundred graphics—scenes from Parisian life, café performers, portraits, landscapes, and so on; through Thursday, Nov. 19. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

**Ruth Vollmer**—Mathematical forms in wood, Plexiglas, aluminum, and other materials; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Max Weber** (1881-1961)—A large selection of this New York Cubist's lithographs; through Nov. 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **AMERICA-ISRAEL CULTURE HOUSE**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings, serigraphs, and gouaches by four Israeli artists indebted to Surrealism; through Sunday, Nov. 15. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, watercolors, and prints by German Expressionists—included are Kandinsky, Kirchner, Schmidt-Rottluff, Nolde, Feininger, Jawlensky, and Pechstein; through Nov. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Monet, Rousseau, Beckmann, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Dec. 31. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Forty oil paintings, watercolors, and pastels by Americans from Copley to Harnett, Prendergast, and Hassam; through Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: A loan exhibit of nineteenth-century paintings by Blakelock, La Farge, Wyant, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten of the gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Pol Bury, and Jorn; starting Tuesday, Nov. 17. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by thirteen younger California artists who work in color effects; through Nov. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and watercolors by German Expressionists—Jawlensky, Klee, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schiele, and Schlemmer, for instance; through Nov. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists of the late nineteenth century inclined toward symbolism—Moreau, Redon, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones, Ryder, La Farge, and a number of others; through Dec. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Thirty drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth by Guido Reni, Tiepolo, Delacroix, Puvis de Chavannes, and the like; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SONNABEND**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Works in black and/or white by twelve artists (Arman, Lichtenstein, Reinhardt, Stella, Warhol, and Wesselman, for example); starting Saturday, Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a famous British collection of Italian master drawings by Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Correggio, Bernini, Tiepolo, and Piranesi, among others; through Nov. 28.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration, entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries"—it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; starting Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings of fireworks and royal, religious, and popular festivals, ranging from Medici Court scenes to contemporary fireworks displays; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The famous series of three hundred and forty-seven etchings done by Picasso in 1968 (some visible on request only), plus two hundred and twenty-five prints and illustrated books from various sources; through Nov. 29. A good complement to this exhibit is the Picasso show (ending Saturday) at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective consisting of a hundred and forty works by Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ A survey of the works from 1958 to the present of Carl Andre, a sculptor known for his floor pieces in brick and steel plates, plus examples of his "concrete" poems; through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading realist of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 29. A good complement to this is the show (ending Sunday) of his photographs at the New York Cultural Center. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-one paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering fifty-five years of work by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints by Louise Nevelson, including large walls, bronze reliefs, movable terra-cotta figures, Plexiglas sculptures, boxes, and early paintings; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Eighty drawings presented by Jackson Pollock to his analyst in the course of treatment from 1939 to 1940; through Sunday, Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five prints done in Edo, Japan, between 1650 and 1850 by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**Arts and Letters,** Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-six paintings by such artists as Lee Krasner, Benny Andrews, and Ben Cunningham, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; starting Friday, Nov. 13. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**Asia House,** 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of Asian art representing a cross-section of the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III—about one-third are metal and stone, another large group consists of porcelains, and there are some paintings; through Dec. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**China House,** 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Finch College Museum of Art,** 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, sculptures, house furnishings, and jewelry in the decorative style of between the wars known as "Art Deco;" through Nov. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, printed music, and portraits; starting Tuesday, Nov. 17. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts,** 29 W. 53rd St.—Face coverings, from African, American-Indian, Oriental, and South American masks to tattoos, makeup, and space helmets; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Museum of Primitive Art,** 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred works in a variety of mediums, commissioned by the Container Corporation of America over the past thirty years from such artists as Magritte, Shahn, Guston, Man Ray, Rosenquist, Trova, and Bayer, and published as advertisements in national magazines; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ More than two hundred photographs by or about Thomas Eakins, whose paintings, sculptures, and drawings are currently at the Whitney; through Sunday, Nov. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

**New-York Historical Society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Placido Domingo, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Shirley Love, Carlo Bergonzi, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 1:30: "La Traviata," with Gabriella Tucci, Luciano Pavarotti, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 7: A new production of Wagner's "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Helge Brilioth, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, Ezio Flagello, and John Macurdy. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Montserrat Caballé, Reri Grist, Nell Rankin, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannette Pilou, Frederica von Stade, Octaviano Naghiu, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello, and Edmond Karlsrud. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 7: "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Helge Brilioth, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, Ezio Flagello, and John Macurdy.

**New York City Opera**—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Mary Cross Lueders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Michele Molese, John Darrenkamp, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2:15: "La Cenerentola," with Kay Creed, Lois Crane, Jerry Jennings, and Thomas Jamerson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Fredricks. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 255-5820.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 15, at 1:15: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Blanchard, John Stamford, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Mary Cross Lueders, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Philharmonic Hall—Milton Katims conducting on Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 13, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 16, at 7:30 (all with Gina Bachauer, piano). . . . ¶ Robert Shaw directing an all-Brahms program on Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 20, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 23, at 7:30 (all with Judith Raskin, soprano; Tom Krause, baritone; and the Camerata Singers).

**Melbourne Symphony Orchestra**—Willem van Otterloo conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Ronald Turini, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

**Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra**—William Steinberg conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30, with Michael Rabin, violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30, with Lorin Hollander, piano.)

**Boston Symphony**—Seiji Ozawa conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, and Friday, Nov. 20, both at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30, with Maurizio Pollini, piano.)

**American Symphony**—Leopold Stokowski directing, with Jascha Silberstein, cello, and the American Symphony Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

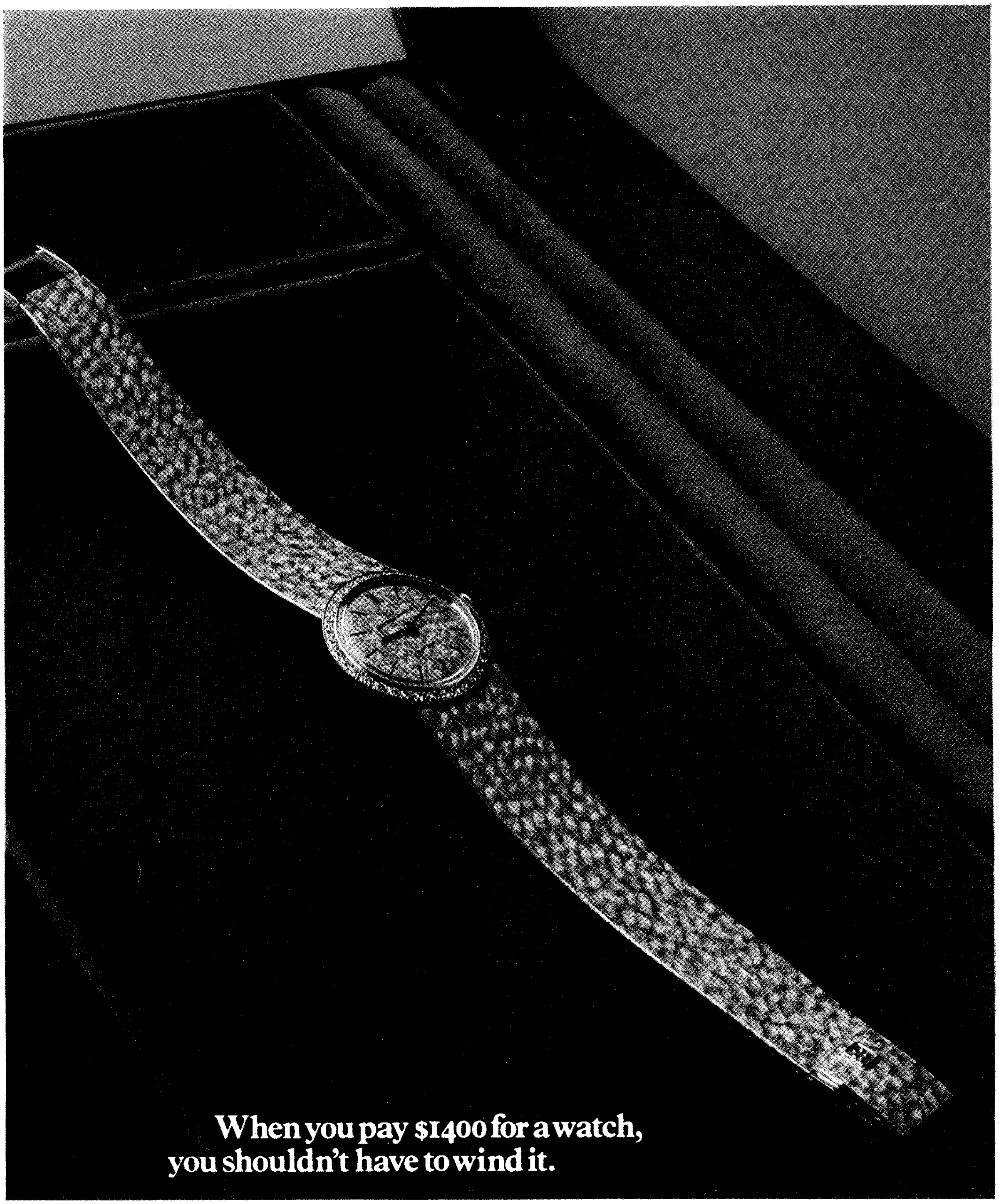
**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

**Virtuosi di Roma**—Renato Fasano conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Eugene List, piano, and Carroll Glenn, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

**Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra**—Johannes Somary directing, with Leslie Guinn and Arthur Burrows, baritones. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

**"Missa Solemnis"**—Charlotte Bergen directing an orchestra and a chorus in a performance of Beethoven's mass, with Esther Hinds, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Gene Bullard, tenor; and Richard Mundt, bass. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd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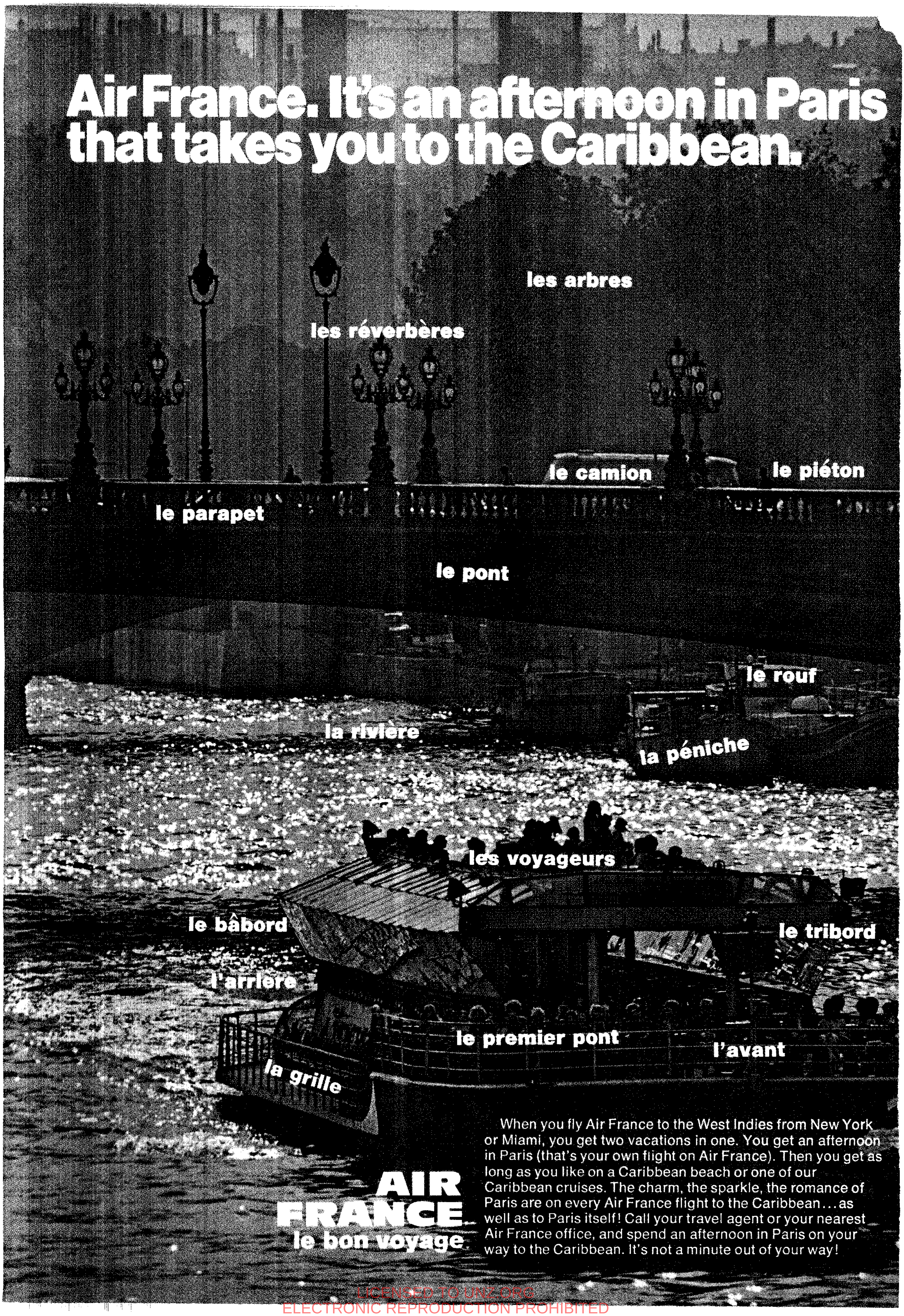
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

### RECITALS

**Charles Bressler and Albert Fuller**—Tenor and harpsichord, in a recital of "musical images," with Fortunato Arico, viola da gamba. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

**Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Ro[illegible]**—Piano, vio[illegible] series of [illegible] thoven c[illegible] negie Hall [illegible] Nov. 14; [illegible] Wednesday, [illegible], at 8:30.)

**Yvonne Loriod and Olivier Messiaen**—Pianos, playing Messiaen's "Les Visions de l'Amen," as well as works of other composers. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8:40.)

**John Williams**—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

**Alarius Ensemble of Brussels**—A program of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

**Concert of Swiss Music**—Performed by Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Gilbert Kalish, piano; Arthur Bloom, clarinet; the Lark Woodwind Quintet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:15.)

**Zara Doloukhanova**—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

**Bernard Kruysen and Albert Fuller**—Baritone and harpsichord, in an all-Monteverdi program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

**National Association for American Composers and Conductors**—A program of music by Malloy Miller, Walter Ross, Sherwood Shaffer, and Frank Bencriscutto, performed by the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble, conducted by Paul Price. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Rudolf Firkusny**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Nicolai Petrov**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

**Bert Lucarelli**—Oboe, in a program called "The Romantic Oboe." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 9.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—Kyung Wha Chung, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gary Karr, contrabass; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7.)

**Jan Peerce and Sergiu Luca**—Tenor and violin, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

**Daniel Barenboim**—The sixth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

**American Brass Quintet**—A program of baroque and contemporary music. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Rosalyn Tureck**—The second of two keyboard lecture-concerts on the work of Bach, this one entitled "The Art of the Fugue," with Gerald Tarack and Herbert Sorkin, violins; John Graham, viola; and Robert Sylvester, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

**William Masselos**—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

**Jean and Kenneth Wentworth**—Piano, four hands. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30, twentieth-century music. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century music.)

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gram of two piano quartets and a piano quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**Robert Casadesus**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

**Walter Trampler**—Viola, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

**Note**—Grant Johannesen will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 16, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

## MISCELLANY

**New Image of Sound**—The first in a series of six programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by Arlette Sibon-Simonovic, on the Ondes Martenot, and Yuji Takahashi, piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:40.)

**An Entertainment for Elizabeth**—An Elizabethan masque presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of twenty-seven includes singers, dancers, and instrumentalists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:30.)

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Ten Years After, Buddy Miles, and Brethren**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 13, at 8.

**Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, Sha-Na-Na, and J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt**—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

**Billy Taylor and Others**—A benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 5:30.)

**Traffic, Cat Stevens, and Hammer**—Fillmore East. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

**Vic Damone**—With Pat Henry. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

**Leon Russell, Elton John, and McKendree Spring**—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 12, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Phoenix. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: Knicks vs. Cleveland.

**Boxing**—George Foreman vs. Boone Kirkman, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 9:30; a closed-circuit telecast of the Joe Frazier-Bob Foster heavyweight championship bout in Detroit will start at about 10:30.)

**College Football**—SATURDAY, NOV. 14: Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Oregon, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Fordham, at Gaelic Park, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Holy Cross, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 21 (all games at 1:30): Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick.

**Professional Football**—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 1.)

**Hockey**—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 15, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Toronto.

**Racing**—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 7. The Ladies Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 11; the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 14; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 14. The Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 14. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Washington, D.C., International, Wednesday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:30).

**Trotting**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:12.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**Celebration of the Arts for Children**—The first in a series of three weekend programs. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 12:30 and 3:30: "Moon Walk," a rock musical. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 22, at 12:30 and 3:30: "Moorrock #10," a British animated short film; "Baron Munchausen," a Czechoslovakian film; and Tom Glazer, ballad singer. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**Music**—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Aida," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2:30.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting a program that will include the première of William Mayer's ballet, "The Snow Queen," danced by Ursula Melita's Ballet des Jeunes, and narrated by Gilbert Mack. The opening children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

**Stage Shows**—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Puss in Boots." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, Nov. 15, and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Peter Pan." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE: "The Silver Button," Thursday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ "Babes in Toyland," Wednesday, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ "Snow White Goes West," Thursday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ "Young Mark Twain," Friday, Nov. 20. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10:30.) . . . PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "The Littlest Clown." (Stairway Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Saturdays at 11 and 1, and Sundays at 1.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Adventures of Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

**Hayden Planetarium**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Universe of Atoms." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Veterans Day at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

**Note**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Veterans Day from 10 to 12.

## ET ALIA

**United Nations**—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public

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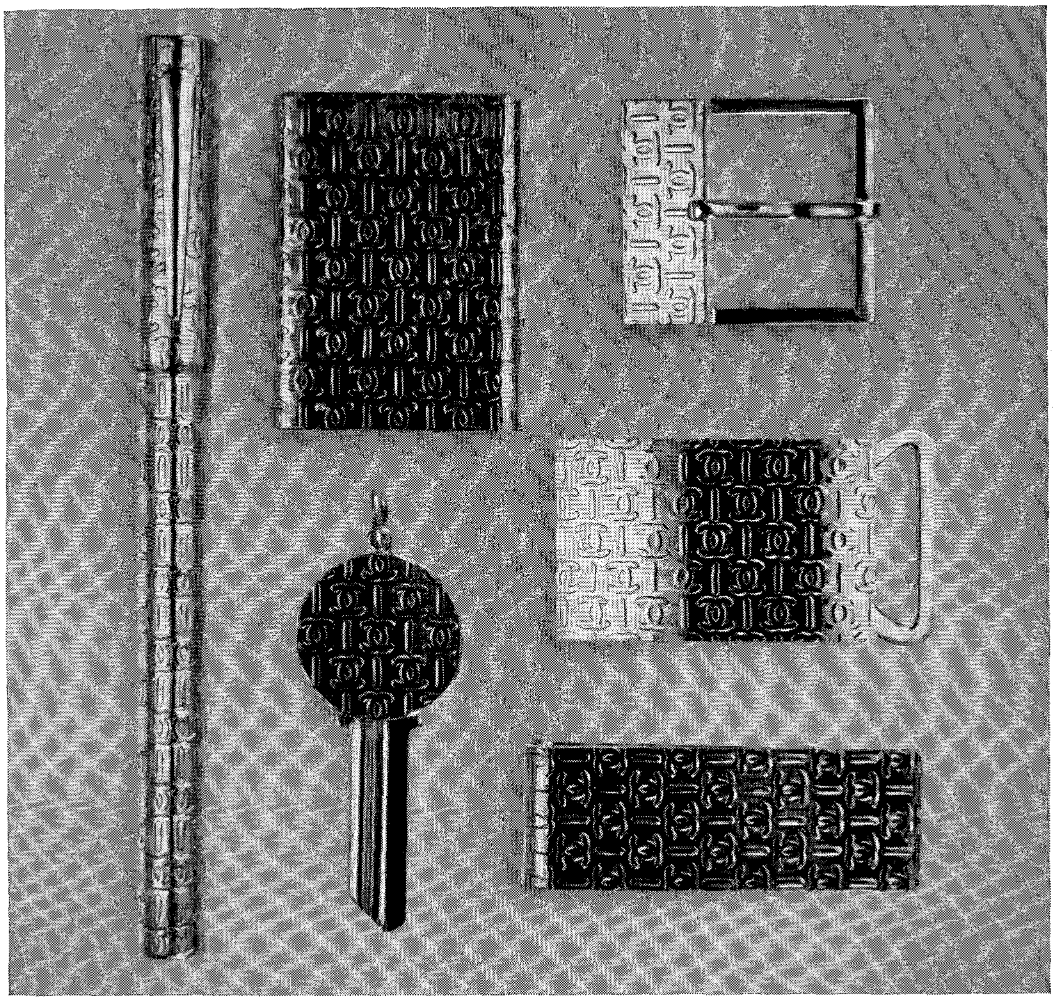

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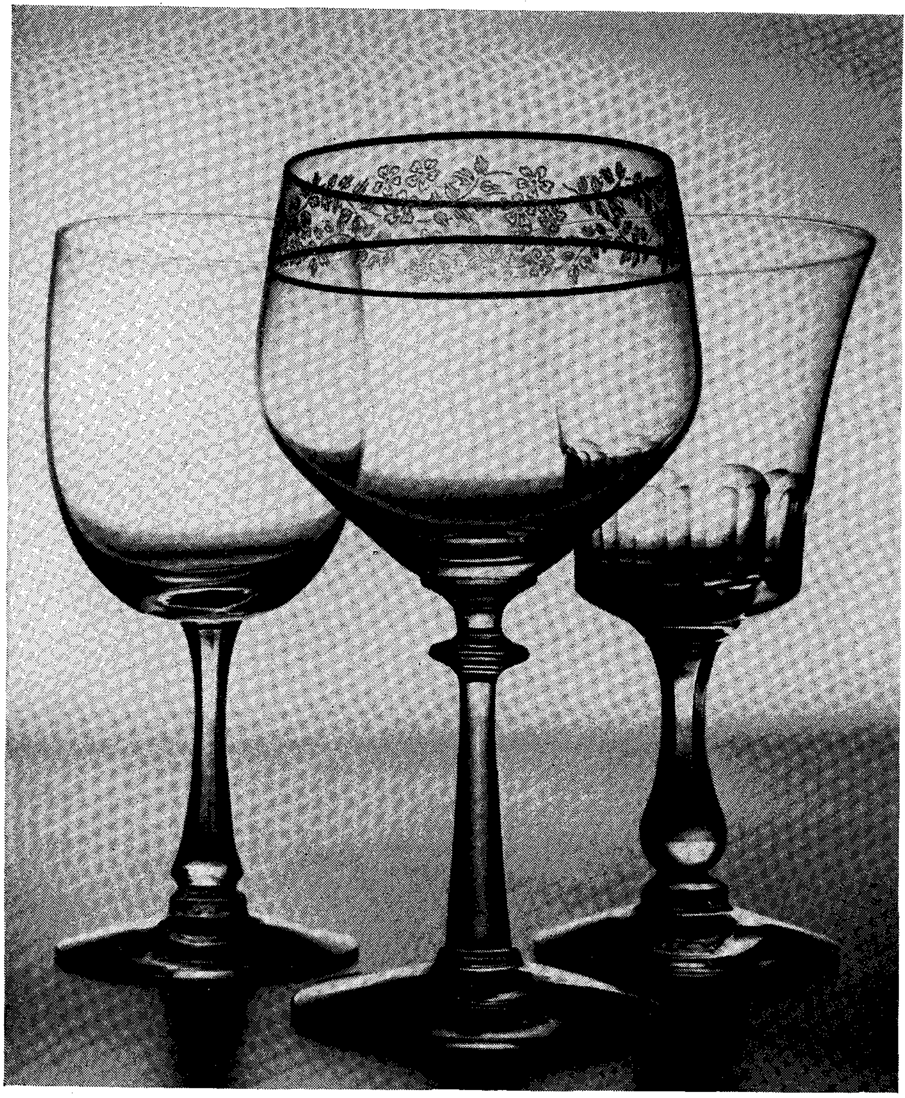

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

**POETRY READINGS**—Michael Brownstein, Joseph Ceravolo, and Tony Towle reading from their own works, and John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch reading from the works of Frank O'Hara. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)...¶ William Stafford reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

**FLOWER SHOW**—The Thanksgiving Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York on Wednesday, Nov. 18, from 12 to 4. (128 W. 58th St.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 11, at 8: German Expressionist and other twentieth-century drawings, sculptures, and paintings; from a number of sources, including the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum....¶ Thursday, Nov. 12, at 2: Barbizon and other nineteenth-century paintings, from various owners....¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 2: Oriental art, belonging to several collectors....¶ Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from many sources....¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: Contemporary paintings by such artists as Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, and Franz Kline; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 13....¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 10:15 and 2: *Objets de vertu*, watches, and miniatures, from the estate of Consuelo U. Ford and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 14.... **NOTE:** On Saturday, Nov. 14, at 1:30, there will be a benefit auction of drawings, including works by Peter Arno, Charles Addams, William Steig, Charles Schulz, and Milton Caniff, at PB-84, 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 11-13, from nine to five.)

**FILM LIBRARIES**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Beggar on Horseback" (1925) and "Paths to Paradise" (1925), both incomplete films....¶ Nov. 12 at 2 and 5:30: "The Criminal Code" (1931), with Walter Huston....¶ Nov. 12 at 8: "The Kiss Before the Mirror" (1933), with Nancy Carroll and Frank Morgan....¶ Nov. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Arrowsmith" (1931), with Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman....¶ Nov. 14 at 11:30: "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi....¶ Nov. 14 at 3 and 5:30: "It's the Old Army Game" (1926), with W. C. Fields. ...¶ Nov. 15 at 3:30 and 5:30: "Spying the Spy" (1917) and "The Scar of Shame" (1926)....¶ Nov. 16 at 1:30: "His People" (1925), with Rudolph Schildkraut....¶ Nov. 16 at 3:30: A program of three short films. ...¶ Nov. 16 at 6 and Nov. 17 at 2: "Night Must Fall" (1937), with Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell....¶ Nov. 17 at 5:30: "The Cruise of the Jasper B." (1926), with Rod la Rocque and Mildred Harris.... ¶ Nov. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Dawn Patrol" (1930), with Richard Barthelmess.... ¶ Nov. 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Little Caesar" (1930), with Edward G. Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—"The Agony and the Ecstasy" (1965), with Charlton Heston and Rex Harrison. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

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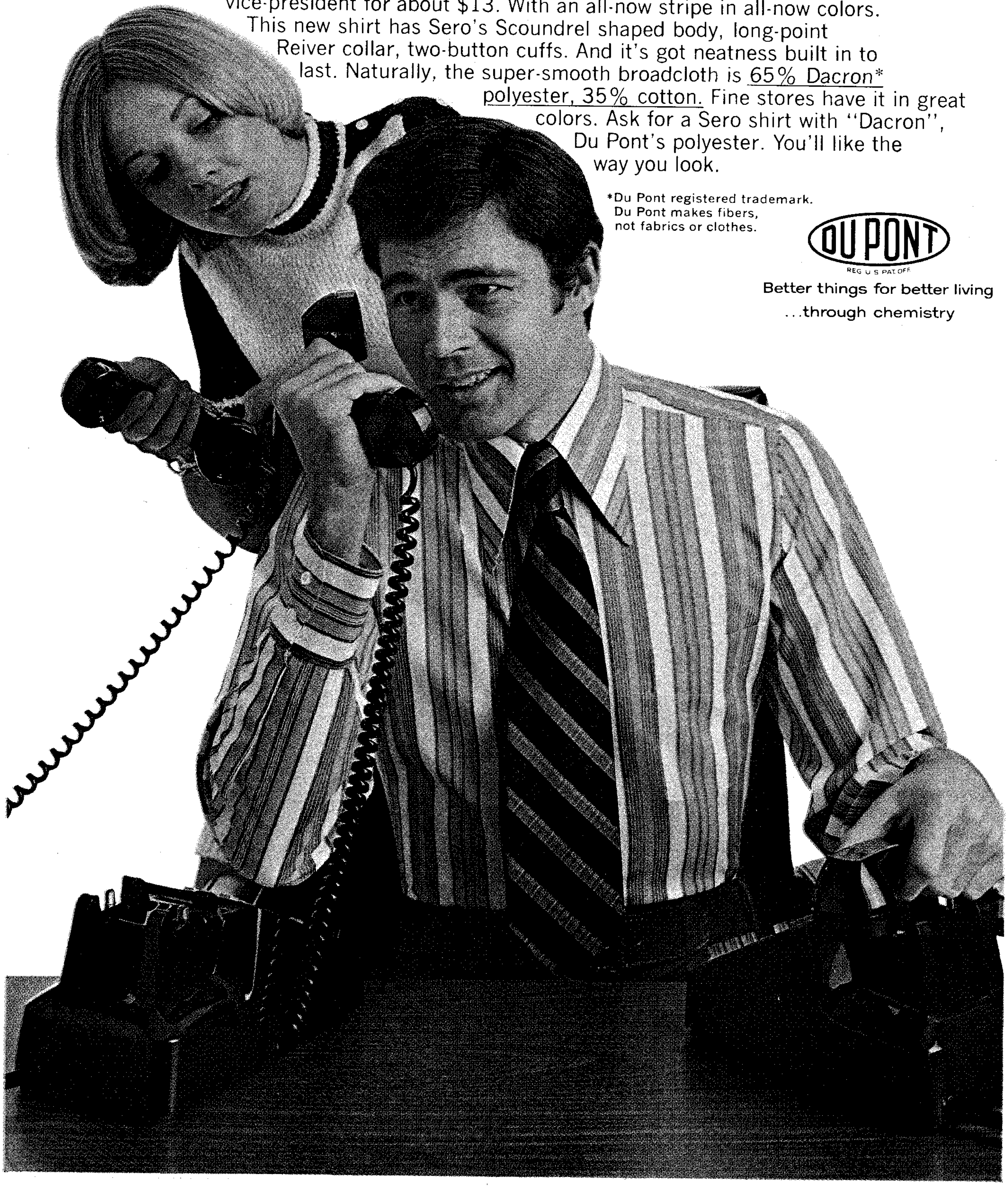


# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | | |

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Sterile Cuckoo" and "Goodbye, Columbus."

**Charles**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 17: "Fellini Satyricon" and "Life, Love, Death."
From Nov. 18: "R.P.M." and "The Virgin Soldiers."

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 17: "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Nov. 18: "Lovers and Other Strangers."

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop."

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe."

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Five Easy Pieces."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Pizza Triangle."

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cromwell."

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"WUSA."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Great White Hope."

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Where's Poppa?"

**R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Lickerish Quartet."

**Ciné Malibu**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Little Fauss and Big Halsy."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"This Man Must Die."

**Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Twelve Chairs."

**72nd St. Playhouse**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Perfect Friday."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Five Easy Pieces."

**Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Threesome."

**Loew's Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 17: "The McKenzie Break."
From Nov. 18: "Dirty Dingus Magee."

### WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Nov. 18: "The Rise of Louis XIV."
From Nov. 19: To be announced.

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"L'Enfant Sauvage" and "Stolen Kisses."

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 12: "Red Desert" and "Juliet of the Spirits."
From Nov. 13: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" and "Raven's End."

**5th Ave. Cinema**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Groupies."

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 17: "Performance."
From Nov. 18 (tentative): "Borsalino."

**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 12: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "Secrets of Women."
Nov. 13-15: "Wild Strawberries" and "Persona."
Nov. 16-17: "The Naked Night" and "Summer Interlude."
Nov. 18-19: "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Brink of Life."

**R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 17: "Girly."
From Nov. 18: "Lovers and Other Strangers."

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

**Cinerama**, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 17: "Patton."
From Nov. 18: "Lovers and Other Strangers."

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Nov. 18: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."
From Nov. 19: "Scrooge."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

**Cinema 57 Rendezvous**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Five Easy Pieces."

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 17: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From Nov. 18, at 8: "Bombay Talkie." *(Opening night by invitation only.)*

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

**Lincoln Art**, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Tristana."

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"First Love."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Catch-22."

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 17: "Pieces of Dreams."
From Nov. 18: "Burn!"

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 17: "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Nov. 18: To be announced.

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 17: "Hello, Dolly!" and "Danger: Diabolik."
From Nov. 18: "Women in Love" and "Support Your Local Sheriff."

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 11: "Adalen 31" and "Tropic of Cancer."
Nov. 12-14: "Strike" and "Sansho the Bailiff."
Nov. 15-17: "The Girl with the Hatbox" and "Ohayo."
From Nov. 18: "Arsenal" and "The Idiot."

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 17: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "The Happy Ending."
From Nov. 18: "The Revolutionary" and "Rider on the Rain."

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 12: "Camille" and "Anna Karenina."
From Nov. 13: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."

**Midtown**, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 17: "Performance."
From Nov. 18 (tentative): "Borsalino."

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

**Adalen 31** (1969)—An extraordinarily sensitive re-creation of a strike and riot that altered the course of Swedish political life, seen through the eyes of an adolescent boy whose father dies in the events. Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," made this admirable and beautiful, though not, perhaps, altogether satisfactory film. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Nov. 11.)

**Anna Karenina** (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't good, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Thalia; through Nov. 12.)

**Arsenal** (1929)—Alexander Dovzhenko was the poet of the great Russian revolutionary film movement—not a mushy-headed poet but a poet whose startling imagery had a heat and pitch that Eisenstein and Pudovkin never approached. This classic film is an original and experimental celebration of social revolution. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 18.)

**Bombay Talkie**—A film about an Indian pop singer, starring Shashi Kapoor and Jennifer Kendal. Directed by James Ivory. (Little Carnegie; starting Nov. 18, at 8.)

**Borsalino**—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. The spoof falters. In French. (Greenwich and Midtown; starting Nov. 18, tentative.)

**Brink of Life** (1957)—Ingmar Bergman directed this study of women in a maternity hospital—and a gory, dreary film it is. With Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, and Bibi Andersson. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 18-19.)

**Burn!**—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur*, who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 18.)

**Camille** (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Thalia; through Nov. 12.)

**Catch-22**—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Sutton and Paramount.)

**Cromwell**—The actors waddle around in their Puritan bloomers, then stand still to make speeches at each other. Richard Harris plays Cromwell as a sullen prig who hates power; the movie never explains how he got it. Ken Hughes wrote and directed, both academically. (Fine Arts.)

**Danger: Diabolik** (1968)—A dubbed Italian thriller, with John Phillip Law, directed by Mario Bava. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 17.)

**A Day at the Races** (1937)—The Marx Brothers running a sanitarium. This is the one with Groucho as Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush, and it has some classic routines. With Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones. (Thalia; starting Nov. 13.)

**Diary of a Mad Housewife**—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Beekman.)

**Dirty Dingus Magee**—A comedy Western directed by Burt Kennedy. With Frank Sinatra and

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

George Kennedy. (86th St. East; starting Nov. 18.)

**L'Enfant Sauvage**—François Truffaut's new film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Waverly.)

**Fellini Satyricon**—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Charles; through Nov. 17.)

**First Love**—Turgenev's fine novella about an adolescent boy's crush on his father's mistress, fragmented and made nearly incomprehensible by director Maximilian Schell's penchant for enigmatic passions and romantic gush. Dominique Sanda plays the mistress as some sort of high-strung decadent nympho. (Paris.)

**Five Easy Pieces**—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (34th St. East, U. A. East, and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

**The Girl with the Hatbox** (1927)—Anna Sten in a little-known satirical comedy about a milliner who wins a lottery. Directed by Boris V. Barnet. (New Yorker; Nov. 15-17.)

**Girly** (1970)—An English thriller, directed by Freddie Francis, with Ursula Howells. Originally titled "Mumsy, Nanny, Sonny, & Girly." (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 17.)

**Goin' Down the Road**—Don Shebib is so good at blending actors into locations that one has to remind oneself that this is an acted film and not a documentary. The story is about the lives of two totally unhip boys from Nova Scotia who come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Perceptively acted, though the story is too familiar and the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

**Goodbye, Columbus** (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Cinema Village.)

**The Great White Hope**—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (Baronet.)

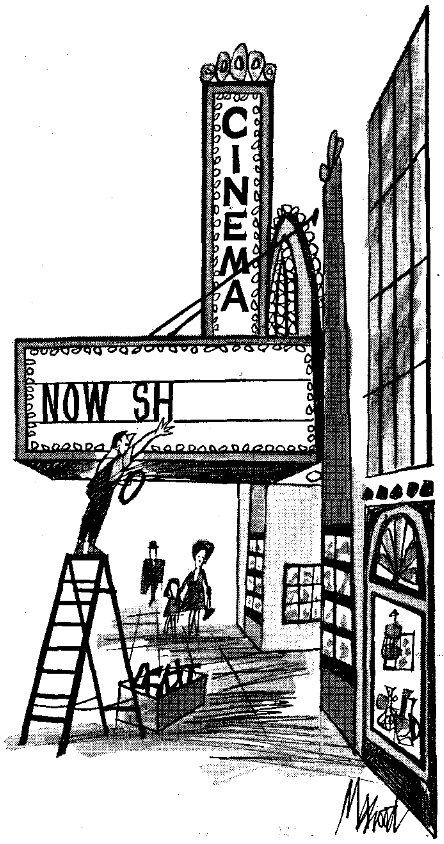
**Groupies**—A documentary about the young girls who follow rock stars around the country. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

**The Happy Ending** (1969)—Richard Brooks wrote and directed this flamboyantly misconceived story of a Denver lawyer's wife (Jean Simmons) who has gone on pills and booze because her life is empty. It's a sort of female version of "The Arrangement," and it's meant to be a message movie for woman's liberation, but this kind of movie never liberated anyone. With John Forsythe, Shirley Jones, and Nanette Fabray. (Symphony; through Nov. 17.)

**Hello, Dolly!**—A great star (Barbra Streisand) in an impersonal big circus of a show. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 17.)

**The Idiot** (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 18.)

**I Never Sang for My Father**—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Festival.)



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**It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World** (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Symphony; through Nov. 17.)

**Joe**—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Murray Hill.)

**Juliet of the Spirits** (1965)—Federico Fellini's unconvincing look at a mousy wife's fantasy life. (Her unconscious seems to be stuffed with left-over décor from M-G-M musicals.) A peculiarly ungallant film, and a poor one. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 12.)

**Life, Love, Death** (1969)—A killer of prostitutes is turned in to the police by his mother-in-law and, finally, executed. Directed by Claude Lelouch, whose serious intentions are undermined by his penchant for photographing through windshields and rear-view mirrors. In French. (Charles; through Nov. 17.)

**The Lickerish Quartet**—*Luxe* porno. Directed by Radley Metzger. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

**Little Fauss and Big Halsy**—Michael J. Pollard and Robert Redford as buddy-buddy motorcycle racers in a crass attempt at a raunchy youth picture. Sidney J. Furie directed this disastrous bucolic wheeler. (Cinema I.)

**Lovers and Other Strangers**—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. (Gramercy, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Guild; starting Nov. 18.)

**The McKenzie Break**—Brian Keith in a competent adventure film about a group of German U-boat men trying to break out of a prisoner-of-war camp in Scotland. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (86th St. East; through Nov. 17.)

**Monterey Pop** (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's *cinéma-vérité* record of the 1967 Pop festival, with Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding, Simon & Garfunkel, The Who, and Ravi Shankar. (Kips Bay.)

**The Naked Night** (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 16-17.)

**A Night at the Opera** (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." (Thalia; starting Nov. 13.)

**Ohayo** (1958)—Fairly funny color comedy by Ozu about modern middle-class life. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Nov. 15-17.)

**The Owl and the Pussycat**—Barbra Streisand and George Segal in the Bill Manhoff play, directed by Herbert Ross. (Loew's Ciné.)

**Patton** (1970)—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed, in a handsome, almost imperial, style, by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Guild; through Nov. 17.)

**Perfect Friday**—A British crime comedy with Ursula Andress, Stanley Baker, and David Warner, directed by Peter Hall. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

**Performance**—James Fox as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol, who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes at the end. (Greenwich and Midtown; through Nov. 17.)

**Persona** (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. Yet it has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is the actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 13-15.)

**Pieces of Dreams**—Celibacy and pill problems, a welfare worker (Lauren Hutton) who lives in a glassy penthouse, and Peggy Lee singing the title song all prove too much for the parish priest, played by Robert Forster, and he drops out. Directed by Daniel Haller. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 17.)

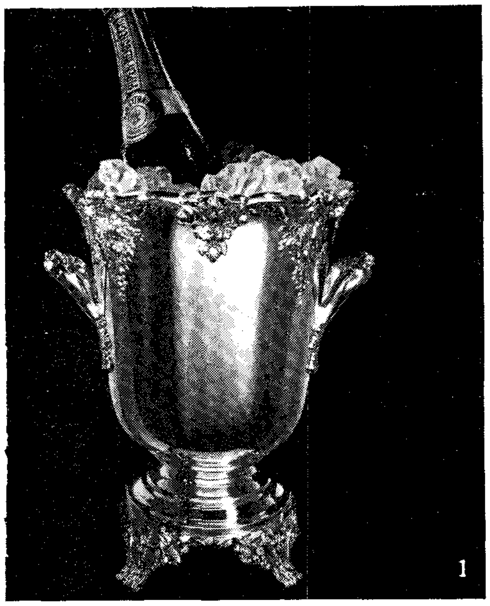
**The Pizza Triangle**—A comedy with Marcello Mastroianni and Monica Vitti. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

**The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes**—Robert Stephens as Holmes and Colin Blakely as Watson, directed by Billy Wilder, from a script he did in collaboration with I.A.L. Diamond. (Music Hall; through Nov. 18.)

**Raven's End**—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (dating from 1964, long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 13.)

**Red Desert** (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's hazy illustration of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the pollution so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 12.)

**The Revolutionary**—Jon Voight, rather expres-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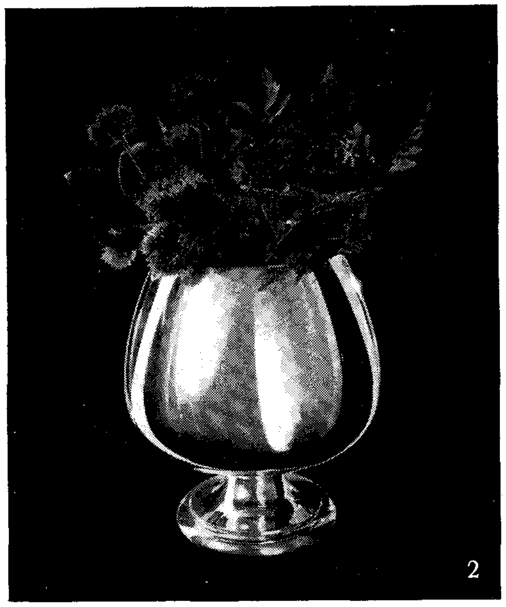
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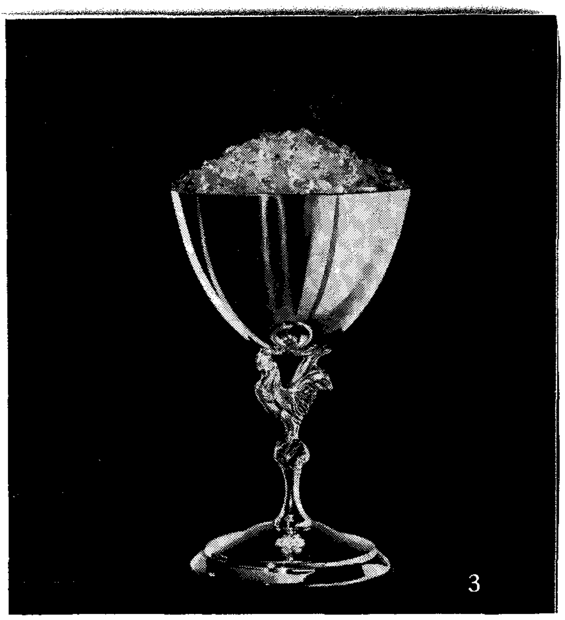
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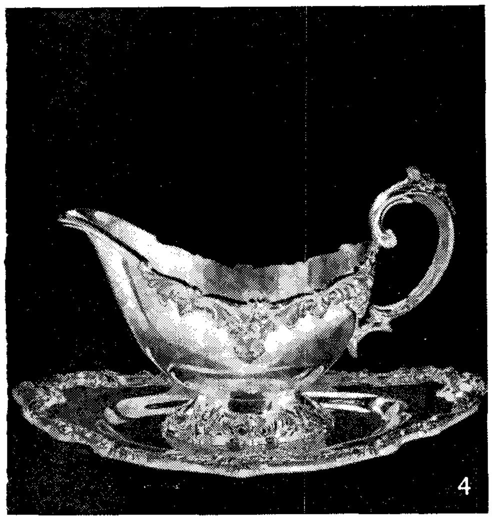
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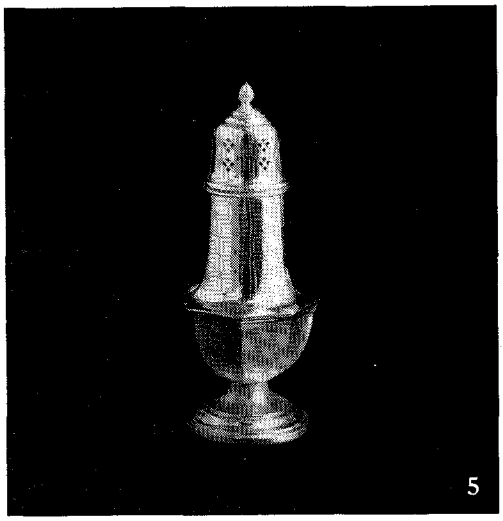
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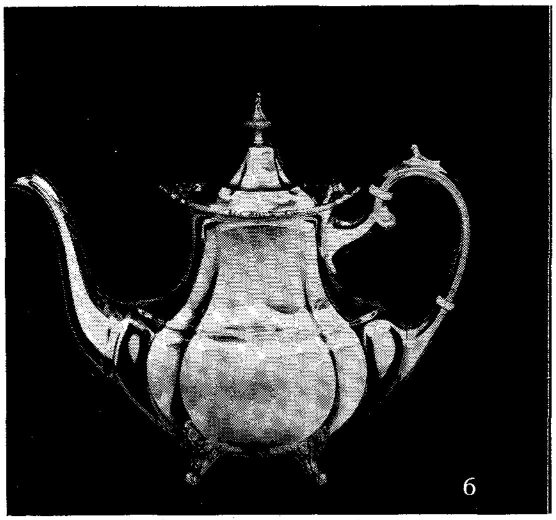
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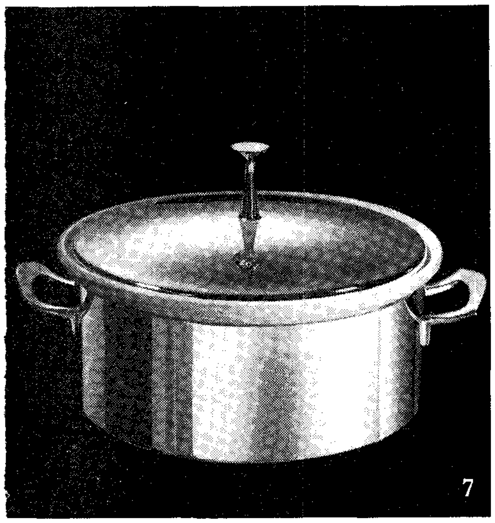
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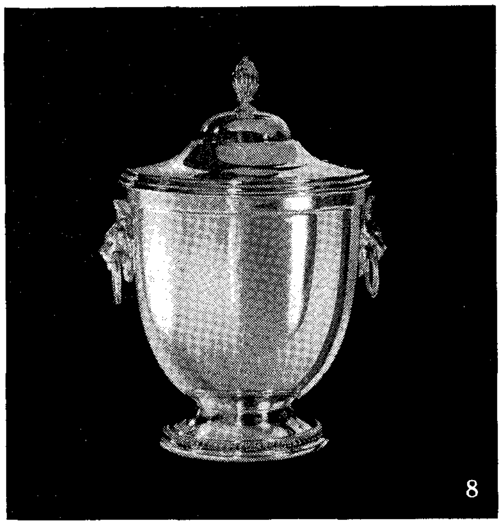
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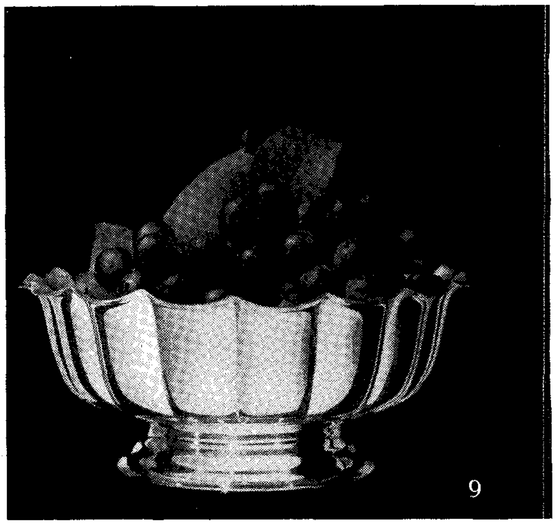
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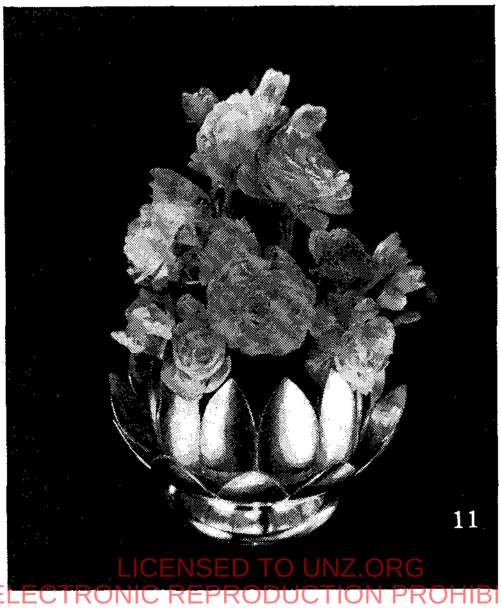
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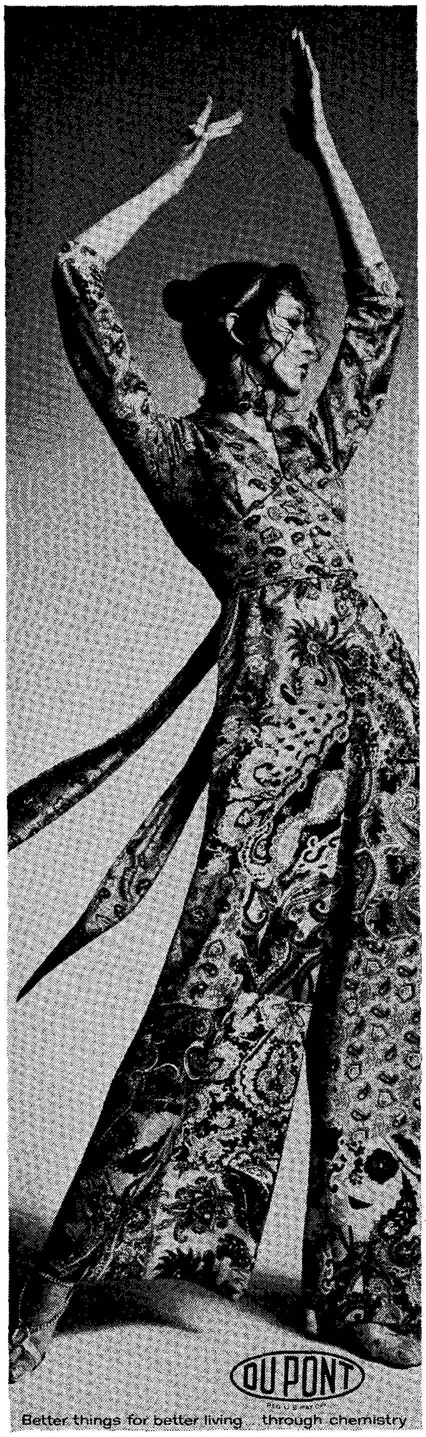
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sionless, in a film, directed by Paul Williams, about the changing course of a young radical from a bookish, well-heeled leftist into an activist. (Symphony; starting Nov. 18.)

**Rider on the Rain**—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (Symphony; starting Nov. 18.)

**The Rise of Louis XIV**—One of the most interesting documents about history and power that the cinema possesses. Rossellini made it in 1965-66 for French-Italian television. The view is Brechtian, sly, funny, very intelligent; life in the splendid palaces is seen in all its mixture of *luxe* and squalor. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 18.)

**R.P.M.**—Coarse jokes and a campus riot. Anthony Quinn and Ann-Margret. Directed by Stanley Kramer, from Erich Segal's rubbish. (Charles; starting Nov. 18.)

**Ryan's Daughter**—The new David Lean film from a Robert Bolt script, with Robert Mitchum, Trevor Howard, Sarah Miles, and Christopher Jones. (Ziegfeld.)

**Sansho the Bailiff** (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of a master film artist. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Nov. 12-14.)

**Scrooge**—With Albert Finney and Alec Guinness. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 19.)

**Secrets of Women** (1952)—Eva Dahlbeck, Anita Björk, and Maj-Britt Nilsson tell the stories of their marriages, in this early (and uneven) Ingmar Bergman comedy-melodrama. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 12.)

**Smiles of a Summer Night** (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 12.)

**Song of Norway**—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. He should be hired immediately to do the musical version of "Tora! Tora! Tora!" (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

**The Sterile Cuckoo** (1969)—Bad title but good little movie. Liza Minnelli plays a smart, funny, disordered college girl who fastens onto an ordinary, decent boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from a fine script by Alvin Sargent. (Cinema Village.)

**Stolen Kisses** (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and casually pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly.)

**Strike** (1925)—Eisenstein's brutal, brilliant first film. One of the most startling débuts in the history of movies. (New Yorker; Nov. 12-14.)

**Summer Interlude** (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 16-17.)

**Support Your Local Sheriff** (1969)—Burt Kennedy directed this Western spoof from a script by William Bowers. Joan Hackett tries to do something fresh, but the picture is stale, though amiable. With James Garner. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 24.)

**This Man Must Die**—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Threesome**—An English language film, made in Denmark, about an unstable American girl (Judy Brown) who cracks up in Europe. (Orpheum.)

**Through a Glass Darkly** (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 18-19.)

**Tora! Tora! Tora!**—A solemnly superficial account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Trash**—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II.)

**Tristana**—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward, played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of a crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anti-clericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

**Tropic of Cancer** (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (New Yorker; Nov. 11.)

**The Twelve Chairs**—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Tower East.)

**Two or Three Things I Know About Her**—Marina Vlady, as a lower-middle-class wife turned part-time prostitute, is in the center of Godard's lyrical essay-film, but the "her" of the title is Paris as well. Social comment, made in the most personal of styles, delicately. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 13.)

**2001: A Space Odyssey** (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Little Carnegie; through Nov. 17.)

**The Virgin and the Gypsy**—Christopher Miles' film of a short D. H. Lawrence novel transmits the true feeling of a Midland rectory family, a tribe practicing proscription and sarcasm. The virgin daughter is Joanna Shimkus, the gypsy Franco Nero. The picture is a bit busy but very intelligent, with Lawrence's strength and a passing silent humor of its own. (Art and Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Regency; through Nov. 17.)

**The Virgin Soldiers**—With Lynn Redgrave and Hywel Bennett. Directed by John Dexter. (Charles; starting Nov. 18.)

**Where's Poppa?**—A comedy with George Segal and Ruth Gordon, directed by Carl Reiner. (Coronet.)

**Wild Strawberries** (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 13-15.)

**Women in Love**—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 18.)

**WUSA**—A garish example of liberal exhibitionism. Stuart Rosenberg over-directed this overwritten (by Robert Stone) story of a right-wing political plot in New Orleans. Joanne Woodward has a scar on her face, Paul Newman drinks because he can't face himself, Tony Perkins is quietly going mad, and Cloris Leachman is a crippled newsy. (Plaza.)

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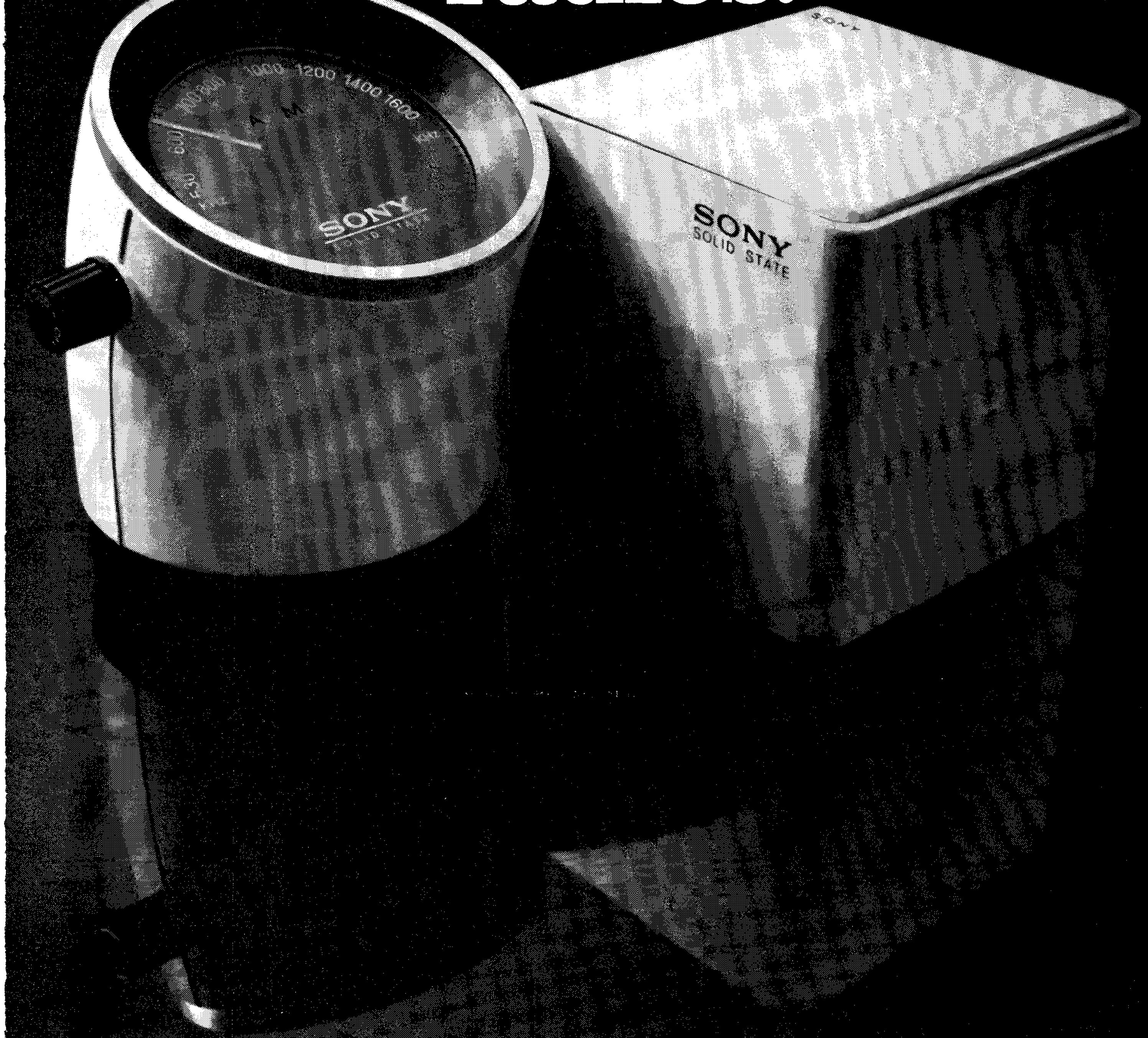

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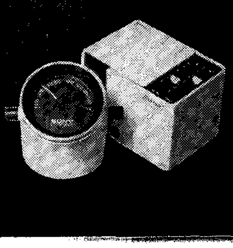

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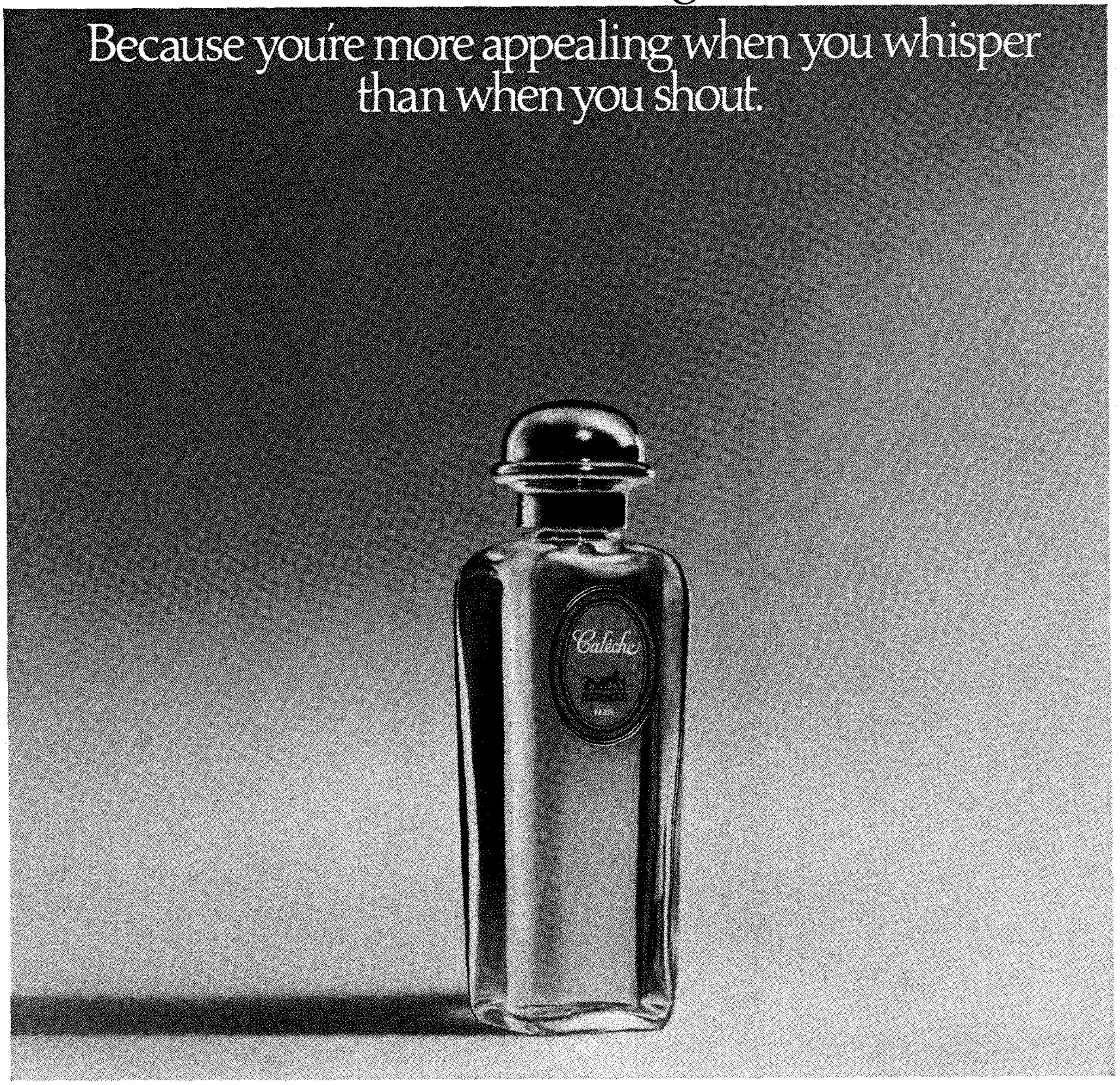

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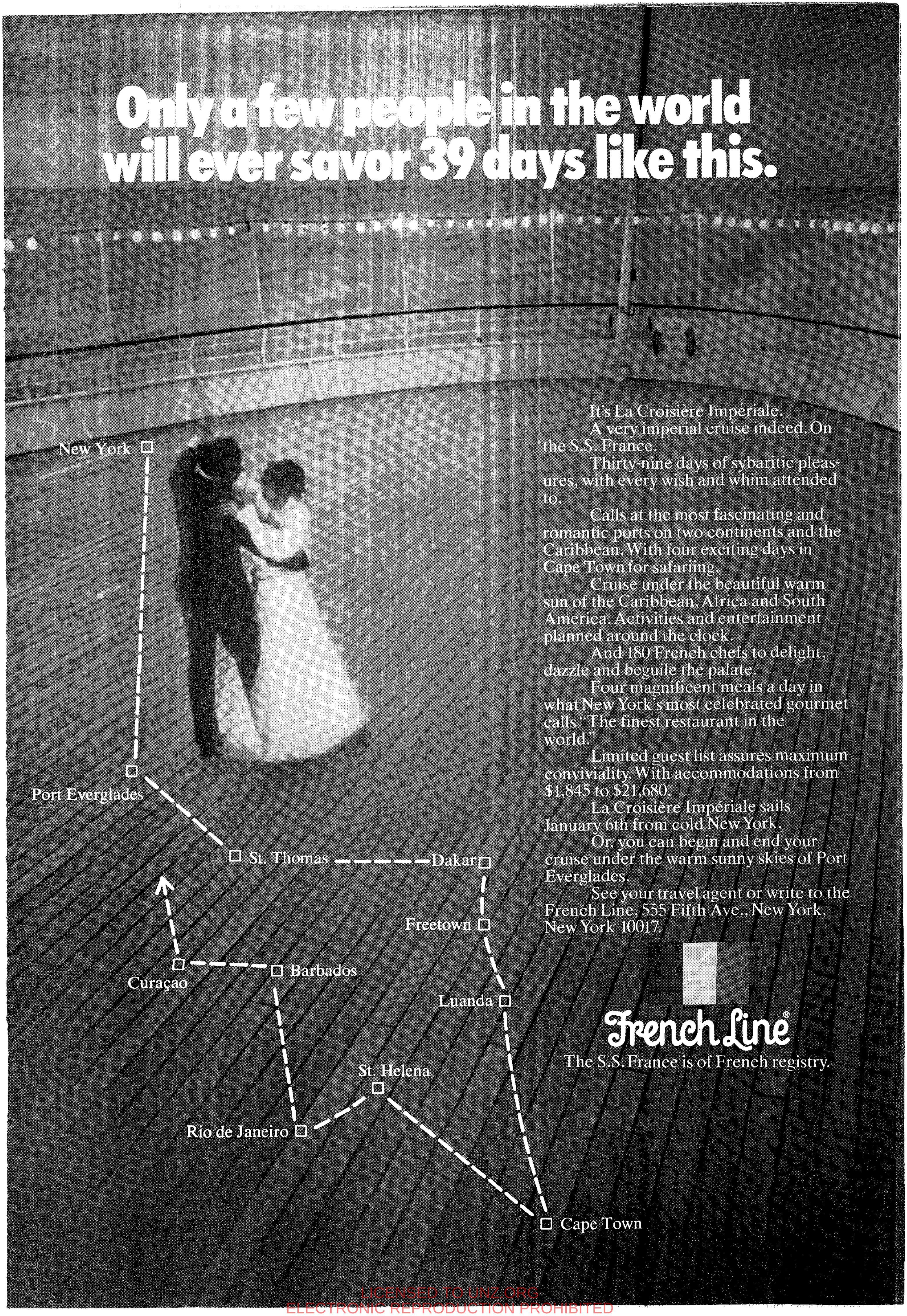
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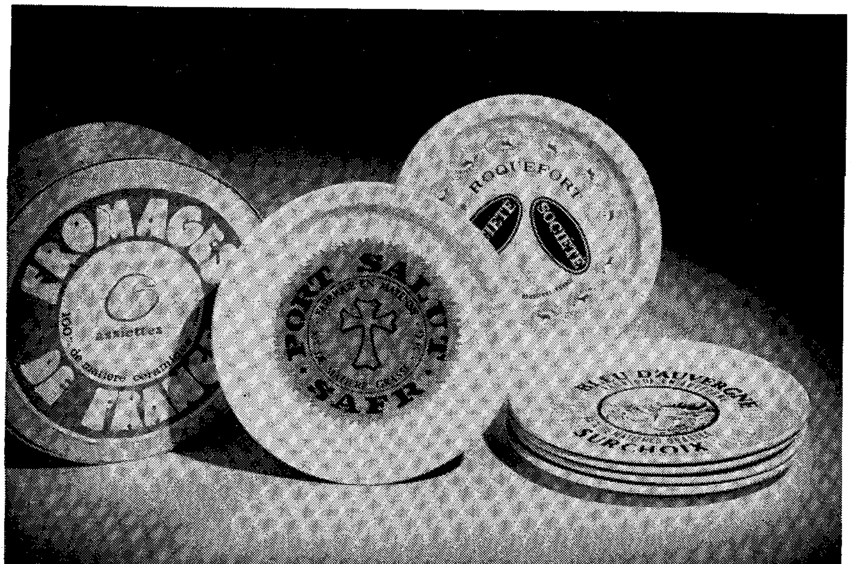

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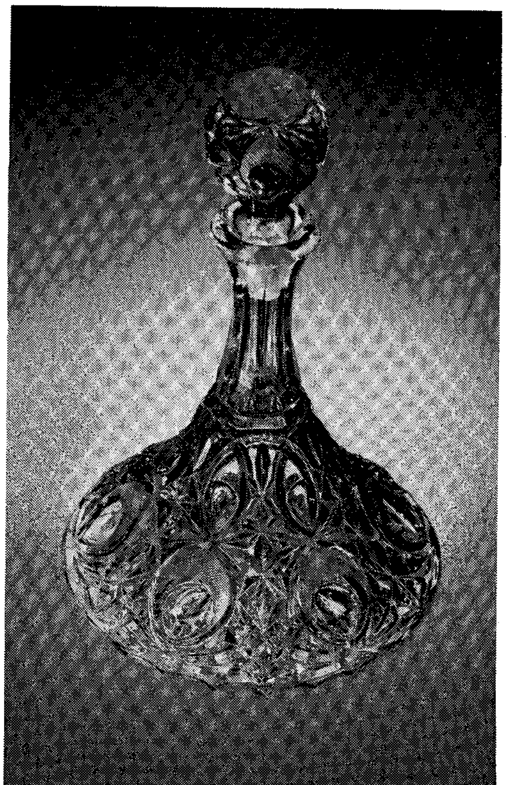

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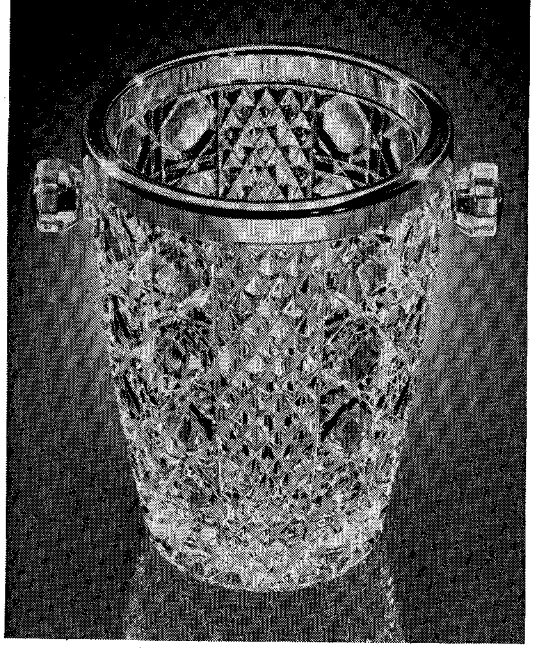

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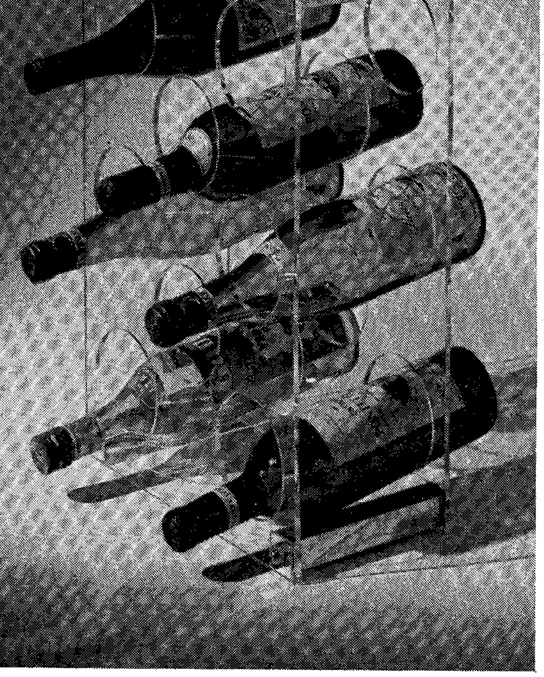

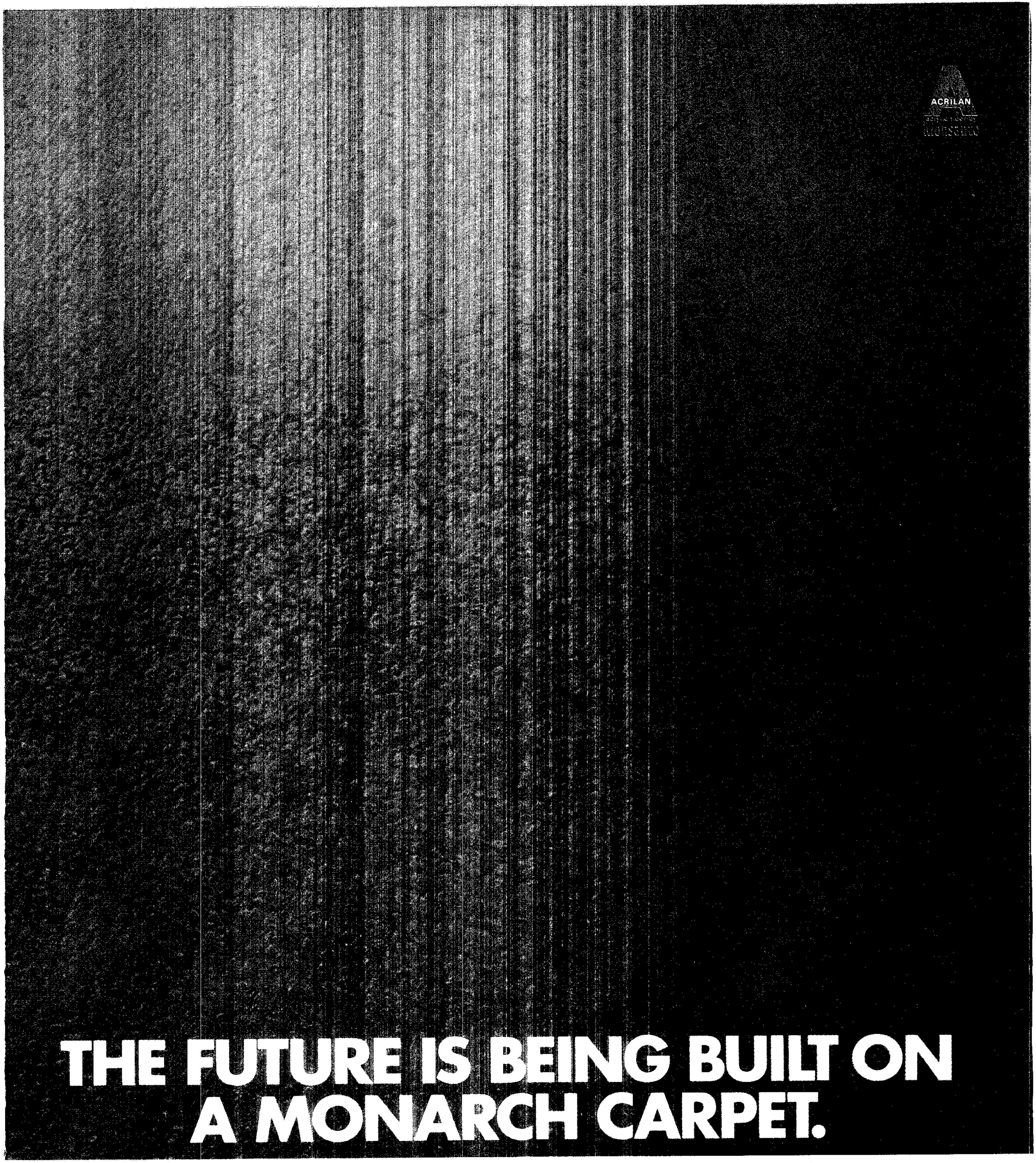

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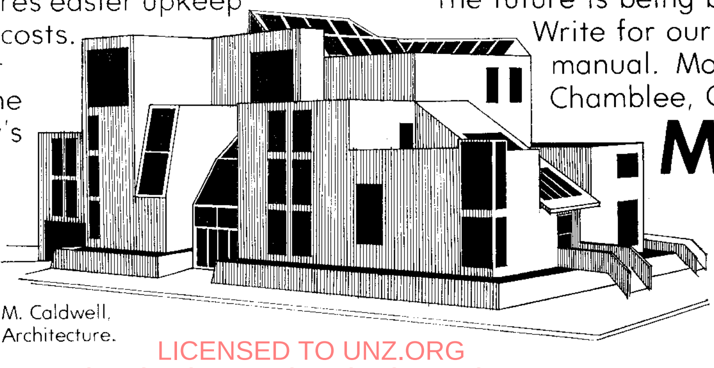

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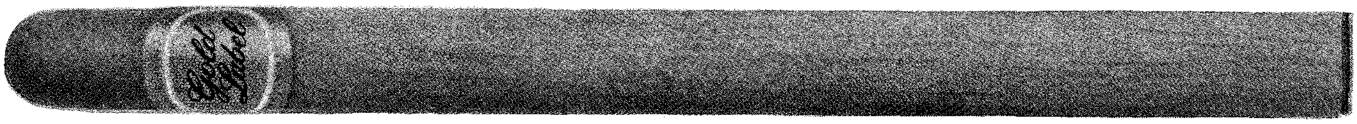

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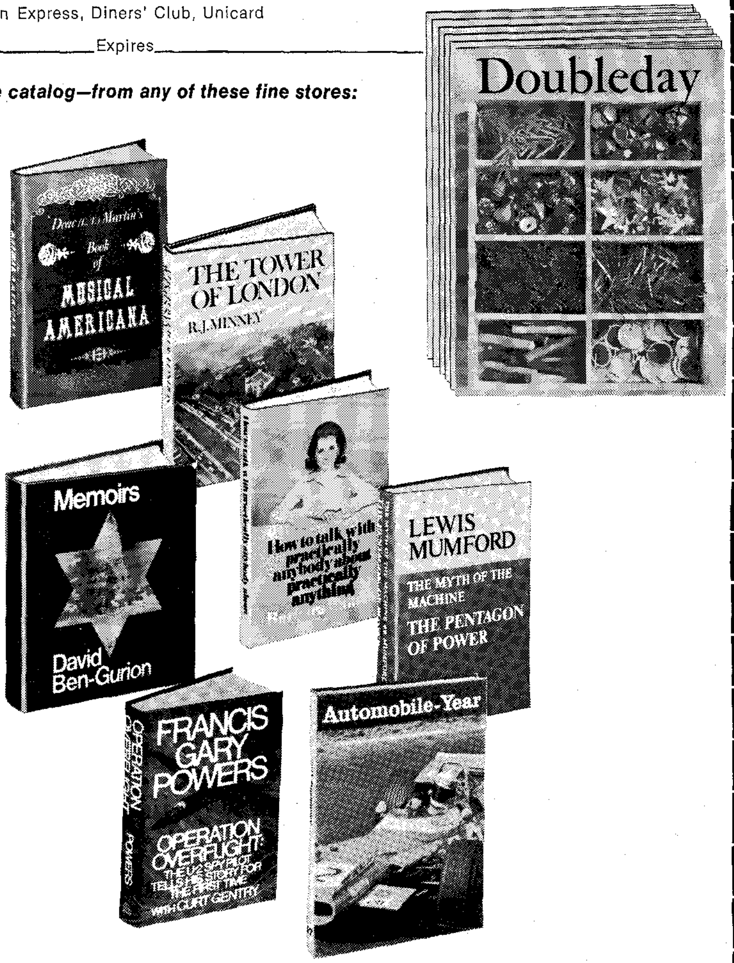

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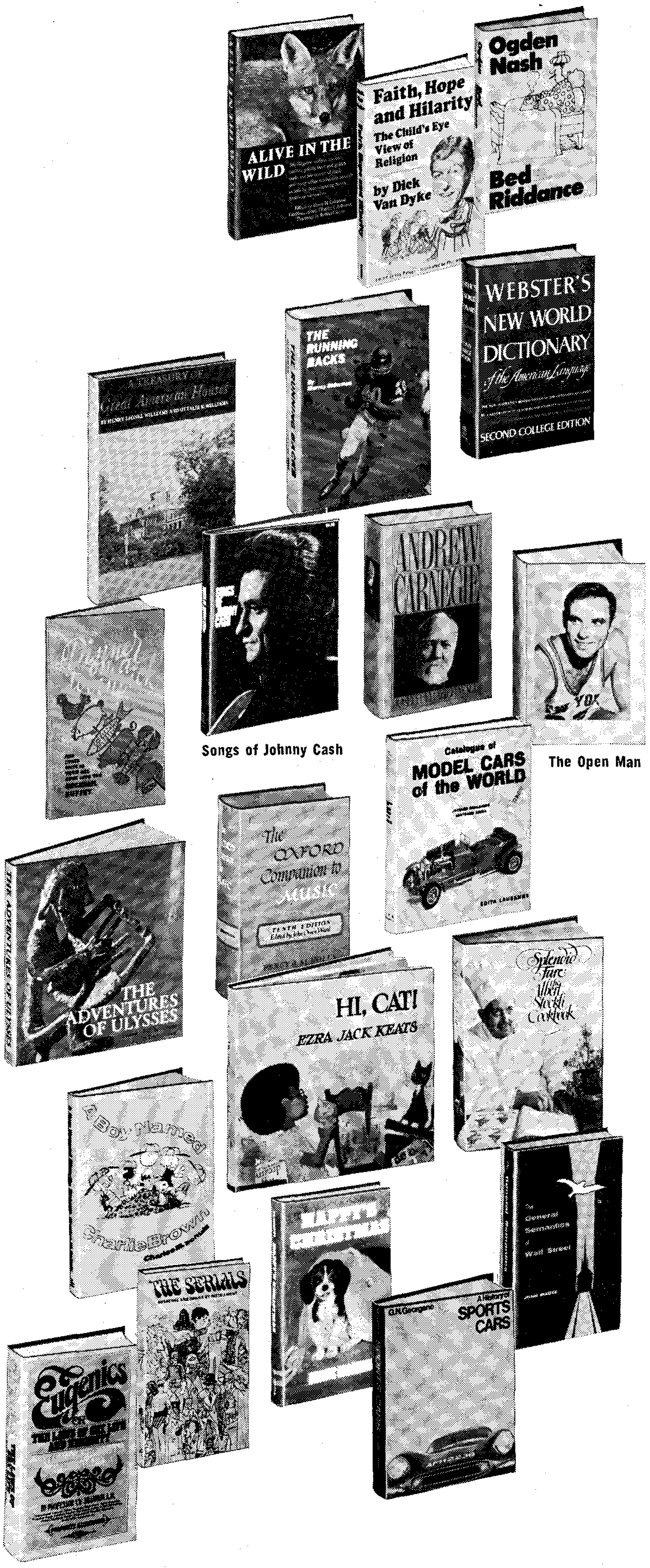
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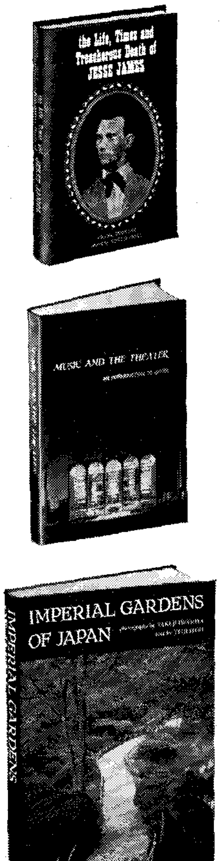
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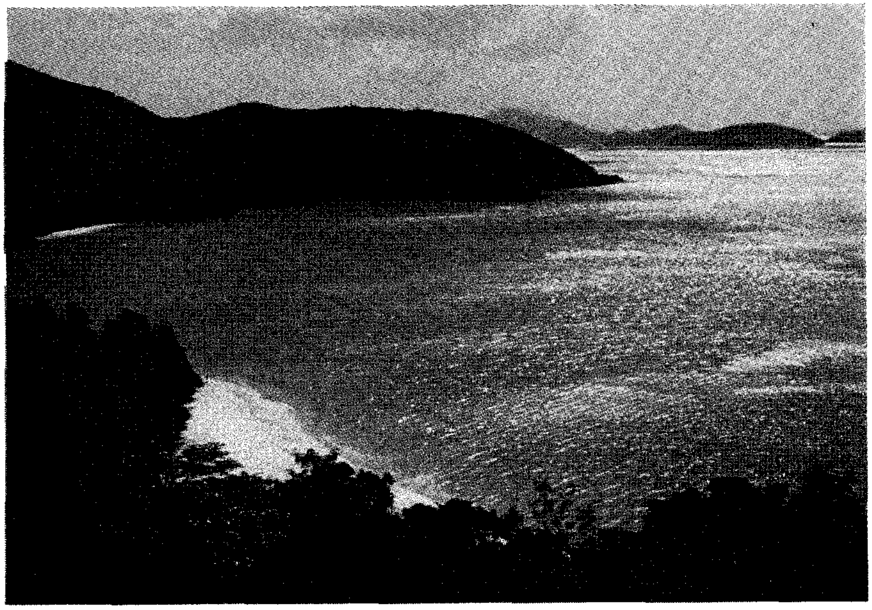

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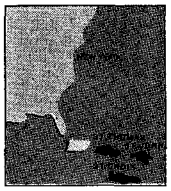

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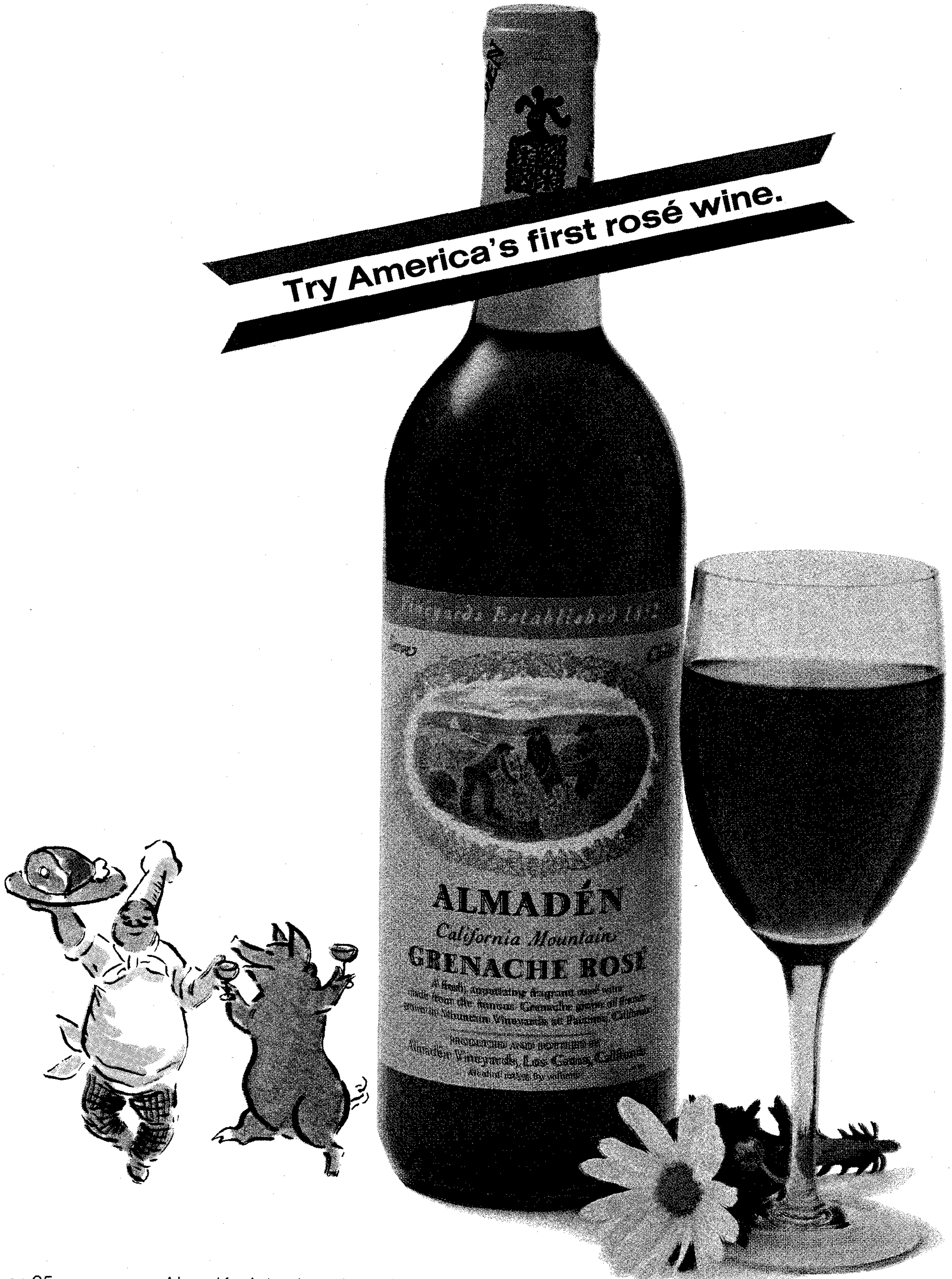
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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

POLITICAL campaigns are vexing occasions for those who take a serious interest in the English language. Very rarely—in the Stevenson campaign of 1952, for example—the common tongue is enriched by political discourse. More frequently—as during the campaign just ended—political language is impoverished even as the political vocabulary grows. The catchword this autumn was "permissiveness"—the thing those candidates who enjoyed the special protection of the President and the Vice-President were running against. In a speech in Phoenix, Arizona, three days before the election, Mr. Nixon summarized his message to the electorate as follows: "For too long—and this needs to be said and said now and here—the strength of freedom in our society has been eroded by a creeping permissiveness—in our legislatures, in our courts, in our family life, in our colleges and universities."

Though the very syllables have a nasty, reptilian sound, no one seems to know precisely what permissiveness is, and this, it is safe to say, accounts for the usefulness of the term as a rhetorical target. Thirty and more years ago, "permissiveness" had a tolerably precise meaning. It referred to a fashion in child-rearing whereby children, particularly infants, were allowed to do more or less as they pleased. This kind of permissiveness found favor only with a portion of the upper middle class, and the present bumptious generation was born after the vogue for it had begun to fade. As for Black Panthers, they were born too poor, as Supreme Court justices were born too early, to be exposed to it. The only candidate who ran against something resembling this kind of permissiveness, Dr. Max Rafferty, was defeated for reëlection as State Superintendent of Public Instruction in California. In any case, the rearing of infants falls outside the realm of public policy, so it must be assumed that the President and the Vice-President were talking about something else. Neither Mr. Nixon nor Mr. Agnew came forth with a definition of permissiveness, and the meaning it has in their minds, if any, has to be pieced together. By way of circling around permissiveness and trying to get it to stand still for a moment, we went back to the campaign speeches of the Messrs. Nixon and Agnew, and emerged with the following clues:

1. Democrats, especially "radical-liberals," are in favor of permissiveness, and Republicans, except for Charles Goodell, are against it.

2. It is not the same thing as crime, smut, or terrorism, but it is the cause of all these things.

3. It isn't exactly illegal, but there probably ought to be a law against it.

4. Saying that student violence or black violence may spring from something other than simple malevolence or criminality constitutes permissiveness, but saying the same thing about hard-hat violence does not.

5. One way to fight permissiveness is by appointing strict constructionists to the Supreme Court, as long as they are not too strict about the Constitutional clauses relating to the war-making power, illegal searches and seizures, and equal protection under the law.

6. It is permissive to spend a lot of money on education, hospitals, and environmental protection but not permissive to spend it on military hardware of any kind.

7. Unemployment and inflation, unlike other social ills, are not caused by permissiveness. There is no such thing as "permissive enterprise."

8. Permissiveness is unpatriotic.

Our clues did not suggest much of anything, except, perhaps, that "permissiveness" is a way of lumping together all the things that disturb or frighten people and then blaming those who disagree with the Administration for the whole bundle. Thin gruel, that, and not what you would call a definition. We turned in desperation to Webster's Third, where, sandwiched between archaic and technical definitions, we found that "permissive" means "granting permission: allowing freedom (as of choice, development, behavior)." We gave up our search there. We doubt whether we'll ever find out what permissiveness really is. We'd hate to think that it's simply a pejorative term for

freedom, and that *that* is what people were campaigning against.

## Identification

A LADY of our acquaintance who had been going to Best's for years to have her hair done was upset when the store went out of business, and was greatly relieved last week to receive the following letter:

> I am now working at Bloomingdale's and will be glad to continue to serve all my old clients. You should know, however, that my name is now Leonard.
>
> With fond regards,
>
> JOSEPH

## The Academy

THE Brooklyn Academy of Music—founded in 1859, opened in 1861, burned to the ground in 1903, rebuilt, and reopened in 1908—was once considered the finest musical theatre in America. Acoustically brilliant and so well laid out that there was not a bad seat in the house, the Brooklyn Academy attracted all the great stars of a golden era—Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden and Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Isadora Duncan and Anna Pavlova, Edwin Booth and Maude Adams and Sarah Bernhardt, not to mention the roughriding Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the frost-defying Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, and the well-travelled Burton Holmes. In 1920, Enrico Caruso gave his penultimate performance on the Academy's stage; suddenly stricken during the final act of Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," he could not take his curtain call. It might have been an omen. Ten years later, the Depression clamped down, the Metropolitan Opera stopped coming to Brooklyn, and the Academy entered upon its long, sad decline.

Although periodic efforts were made to revive the old place, pessimists said that sooner or later it would follow the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and the Brooklyn Navy Yard into undeserved oblivion. Then, four years ago, a new director of the Academy and a new chairman of its board launched, not without trepidation, an ambitious program. Overnight, it seemed, the somnolent Academy became the country's leading dance center. No fewer than nine dance companies performed there during the 1968-69 season, and the following season three dance groups—those of Merce Cunningham and Alvin Ailey, and Eliot Feld's newly formed American Ballet Company—became resident performers. The Academy also sponsored, in 1968, the only New York performances in four years by The Living Theatre, and, in 1969, the only American performances ever by Jerzy Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theatre. (Grotowski was supposed to perform at the Academy, which had arranged for his American visit, but he decided that he wanted to perform in a church, as he had just done in London, so his company actually made its New York début in the Washington Square Methodist Church.) Another experimental theatre workshop, the Chelsea Theatre Center, moved in 1968 from Greenwich Village to a transformed lecture hall on the Academy's fourth floor, and since then it has put on twenty-one plays there—most notably last season's highly regarded production of LeRoi Jones' "Slave Ship" and this year's admired production of "Saved," by Edward Bond, the play whose banning by the Lord Chamberlain led, as a result of various appeals, to the abolition of censorship in the English theatre.

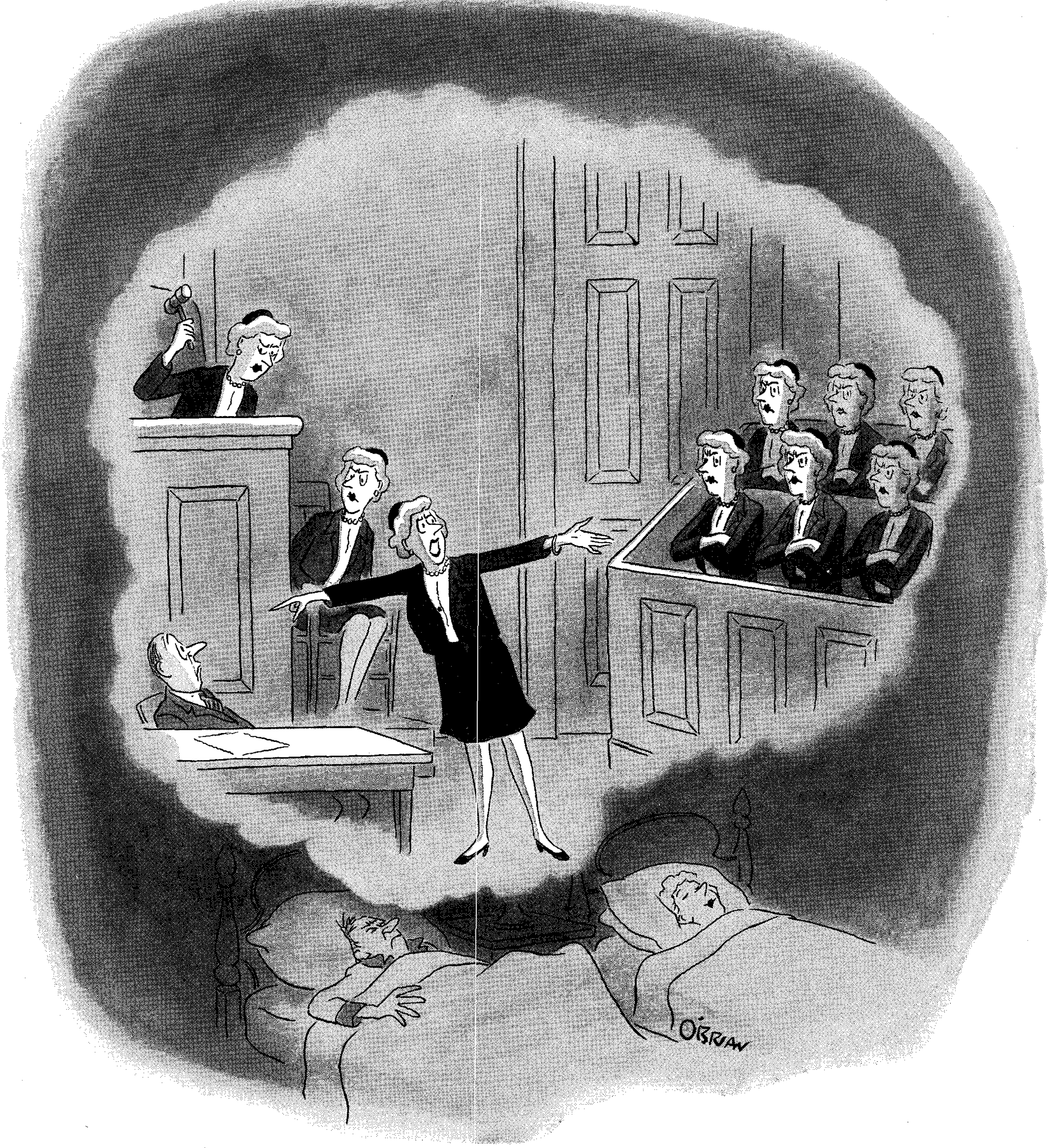
At the center of all this vigorous, avant-garde, and not, in Brooklyn, altogether uncontroversial activity is Harvey Lichtenstein, an engaging entrepreneur with a sharply defined, somewhat operatic face and a smile guaranteed to melt flint. Now in his fourth season as the director of the Academy, Mr. Lichtenstein was clearly in the thick of it all when we called on him in his spacious office at the Academy, but he agreed to tell us a little about himself and his program, and he began by saying that although he lives in Manhattan at present, he was born and brought up in Brooklyn, in a section that is now part of Bedford-Stuyvesant.

After Lichtenstein had graduated from Brooklyn Technical High School and Brooklyn College, his interest in a girl who was taking classes with Martha Graham led to his becoming a dancer himself for a few years. Marriage and fatherhood eventually nudged him into public relations and fund-raising, and then into administrative work with George Balanchine's New York City Ballet. His success in organizing subscription campaigns for the Balanchine company, and also for the New York City Opera, brought him to the attention of other people in the performing-arts field. One of these was Seth S. Faison, a young insurance broker (and lifelong Brooklynite), who had become chairman of the Academy's board in 1966, and who was instrumental in getting Lichtenstein appointed as the Academy's new director.

"Seth was up against what he calls the Brooklyn syndrome—the tendency on the part of old families here to feel that Brooklyn is dead or dying, and that their job is just to keep things going a little longer," Lichtenstein told us. Keeping things going meant booking five Boston Symphony concerts a year, a few one-night recitals, lectures, and travelogues, and a smattering of "Tito Chico" evenings—Mr. Faison's term for ethnic-song-and-dance ensembles—and this, Mr. Faison decided, was no way to attract the new audience that the Academy needed if it was to survive. It seemed to him that the new audience would have to come from two groups: the comparatively young, moderately well-to-do couples who were renovating and moving into the old brownstones of Brooklyn's Cobble Hill, Boerum Hill, Carroll Gardens, and other neighborhoods, and the Borough's very large middle-class black community. Lichtenstein agreed fully with this line of thinking, and set out with great energy to act on it, aided considerably by two substantial grants he was able to wangle from the Rockefeller Foundation and the Ford Foundation.

"That first dance season, in 1968, was a scary time for us all," Lichtenstein told us. "It really seemed such a huge step, and there were some nights when my heart just broke because nobody came. But that's really changed now. The joint was sold out for Merce Cunningham's final performance last year, and there were nearly two hundred standees. The students have discovered us, you see. We have a policy whereby any seats that haven't been sold an hour before curtain time can be bought by students for a dollar apiece, and the word has got around. So many students turned out for Martha Graham this season that the box-office line extended into the street every night and we had to hold the curtain. A lot of the audience came over from Manhattan, of course—young people who can't afford New York prices and aren't tied to status symbols like Lincoln Center's State Theatre, with all those rhinestones. We still have a long way to go in developing our Brooklyn audience, but we're making progress, and it's one of the things I'm mainly interested in right now."

He paused a moment, apparently for reflection, and continued, "It seems to me that the performing arts must change a great deal in terms of how



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they are done and for whom. How do you reach an audience today? There are a whole lot of new problems here, and not many artists are considering them. The artist is inclined just to do his thing, and sometimes that's enough, but I wonder whether today artists shouldn't be thinking beyond that, and exploring the whole concept of how to communicate with a particular audience. It's more than just putting on a new ballet or play; it has to do with making theatre more important to people than it has been for a long time. Maurice Béjart, whose ballet company we're introducing here this winter—it's enormously popular in Europe, but it has never performed in the States—is doing some of that, I think. In Europe, his dancers often appear in sports palaces or circus tents, reaching out for a new audience in new ways. Anyway, we've got a lot of plans and a lot of ideas, and if we continue to get the sort of backing we've had, this is going to be an exciting institution again. It's funny—even with all that's going on over in Manhattan, there's still a place for the Brooklyn Academy."

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OVERHEARD in a City College administration building, one corridor-walker to another: "So we asked if we could have the complete registration figures by Tuesday night, but the computer said it had already programmed a lot of other things for Monday and Tuesday."

## *Speaker*

ISRAEL'S Foreign Minister, Mr. Abba Eban, is back at the Plaza, where we had a talk with him in late June of 1967, right after he had made a now famous speech before the United Nations General Assembly about Israel's position following the Six-Day War. Last week, we went to see him again, after he had made another speech before the General Assembly about the Middle East. Between these two speeches, Mr. Eban has made twenty-five other long speeches before the General Assembly or the Security Council, and has also spoken at dinners, rallies, meetings, and press conferences here, and on various television-interview programs. Eloquence, everybody agrees, is what Mr. Eban has, to a degree unequalled by anyone since Winston Churchill and Adlai Stevenson.

Mr. Eban greeted us in the sitting room of his suite, where he was about to have some coffee. He poured a cup and offered it to us, without insistence. He poured a cup for himself, added a little cream, and took a sip. Then he put a long cigar in his mouth, lighted it, and drew on it. He looked somewhat thinner than he had three and a half years ago. Otherwise, he seemed the same. The same economy of movement, gesture, facial expression, and words. Nothing done simply for effect. The same calm. The same control. His horn-rimmed glasses were firmly in place. His hair was neatly parted on the left and combed to the side. He had on black shoes, black socks, gray pants, and a tight-fitting electric-blue cotton-knit polo shirt, open at the collar.

We asked him about the polo shirt.

"If you wear a shirt like this, it gives you the illusion you are resting," he said. "I don't dress this way when I go to the United Nations."

We asked him where the cigar came from.

"Cuba. Israel has no inhibitions. We still have diplomatic relations with Cuba."

"How many do you smoke a day?" we asked.

"Three or four."

"Do you smoke anything else?"

"A pipe. Actually, 'smoking a pipe' is an expression. To smoke it, you need the simultaneous presence of the pipe, the tobacco, and something to light it with. I don't smoke one very often. The pipe is regarded as proof of political probity. Harold Wilson's defeat in England sort of shook the pipe smokers." He grinned.

"Do you know of any American politicians who are pipe smokers?" we asked.

"No. With most Americans, the pipe is replaced by a dog. Here, the dog is proof of political reliability." He grinned again.

We asked Mr. Eban how old he was when he started to talk.

"The usual age, whatever it is. I grew up speaking and reading both English and Hebrew. I used to speak in the Cambridge Union. At Cambridge, for the first time, I became aware that people were interested in my style and method of expression."

"How many languages do you speak?" we asked.

"I speak French, Spanish, and Arabic as well as English and Hebrew," Mr. Eban said.

"And you speak the same way in all?"

"If you have originality of expression, I think you speak the same in all," he said. "It's not a technique. I think it's really a function of intellect, and having a musical sense. It's a result of the shape of your mind and the gathering of resources by reading fine prose. My entire foundation is literary. In the British universities, the emphasis was on Latin and Greek. I read the Greek classics when I was twelve or thirteen. When I go to Greece now, I can read the signs, but I can't understand the language, because of what has been done to it over the years. Hebrew is the only language that has been retained in its purity. A Hebrew document written two thousand years ago can be understood by any child in Israel. That is not true of any other language. It makes the Arab theory that we don't exist and don't have a connection with the country quite ridiculous."

"How do you account for the uniqueness of Hebrew?" we asked.

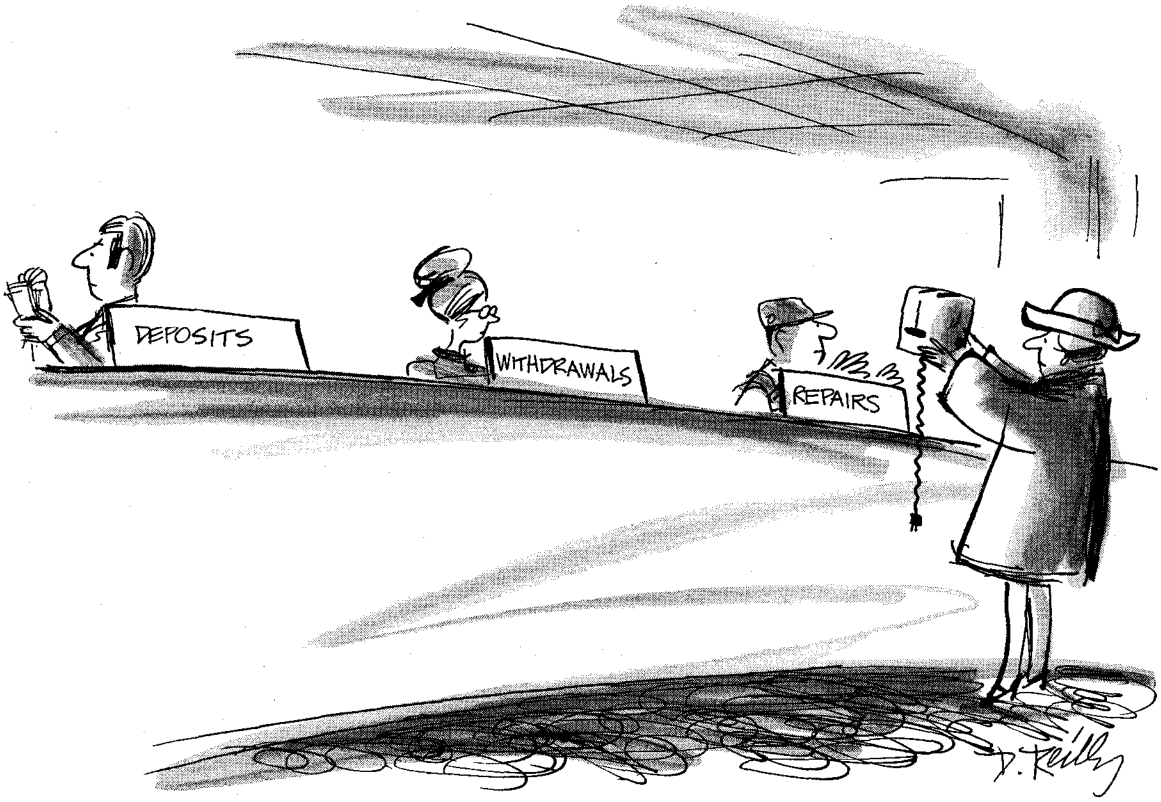
"It's the language of a people that could preserve its identity for thousands of years and under unfavorable conditions. It is a unique triumph of persistence."

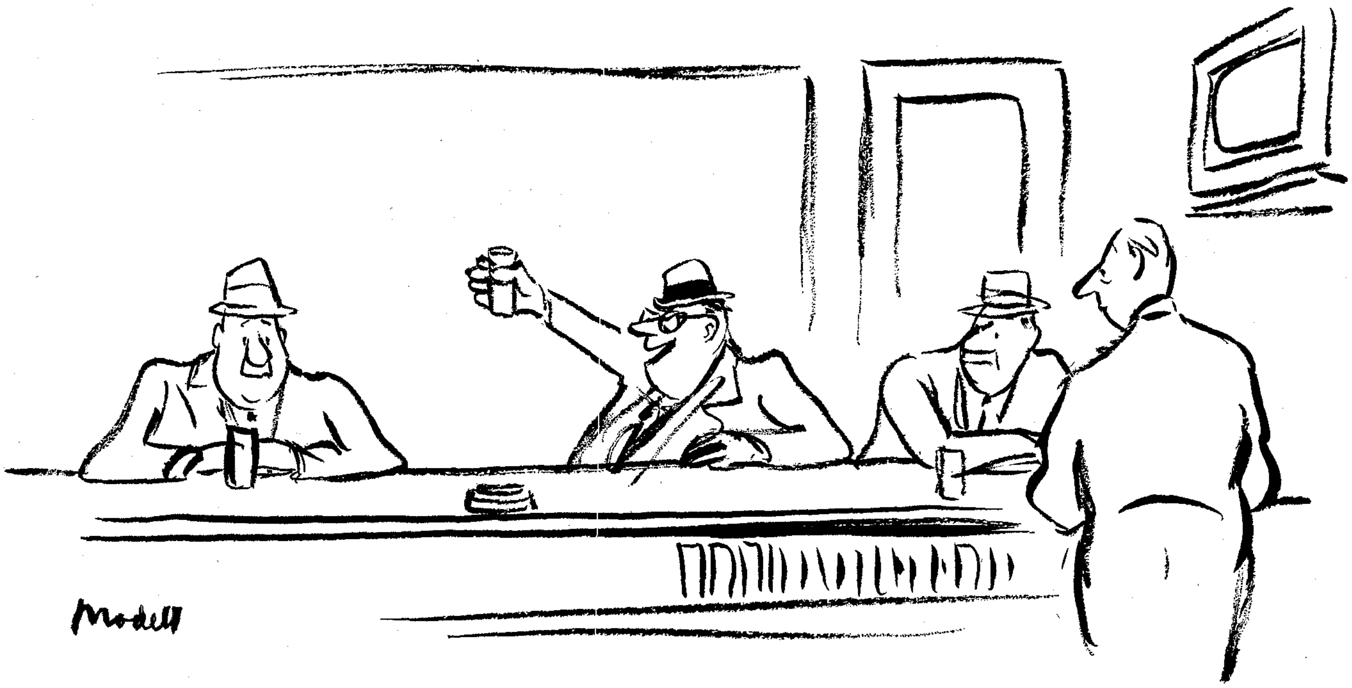
"How would an education in English and Hebrew literature account for the way you learned to speak?" we asked.

"Both English and Hebrew are rhetorical languages," he said. "Someone once said that Hebrew calls for 'the sound of trumpets.' It's difficult to say anything trivial in it. Although"—he paused and smiled—"some of our newspapers make a valiant and successful effort." He drew quickly on his cigar and took another sip of coffee. "If a book written in Hebrew three thousand years ago is still read all over the world today, there must be some quality to the language."

We asked Mr. Eban to give us a few facts about his educational influences.

He told us the following: He grew up in England, and spoke Hebrew and English interchangeably because his grandfather, a fanatic Hebraist, took pos-





*"To them! Now they have a senator."*

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session of every hour he had between school sessions. Mr. Eban spent three years at Cambridge as an undergraduate, specializing in Oriental languages, and two years there as a lecturer in Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian literature. In 1940, he was an infantry officer in a battalion guarding the east coast of England against Hitler. In 1941, he was an Intelligence officer in Cairo until he fulfilled his Zionist dream by being posted to Jerusalem.

During the Second World War, Mr. Eban also worked as an Allied Headquarters officer with Jewish volunteers in the Middle East and in Europe. After the war, he joined the Jewish Agency in Jerusalem, which was the national body seeking national independence for the Jews in Palestine. He was a member of the Jewish Agency Delegation to the United Nations General Assembly which presented the Jewish case at the deliberations leading up to the Assembly's decision to establish the State of Israel. In 1948, Mr. Eban was appointed Israel's representative to the U.N., and, with the admission of Israel to the U.N., which he piloted through the Security Council and General Assembly, in 1949, he became her Permanent Representative. In 1950, he also became Israel's Ambassador to the United States. Mr. Eban is married to the former Suzanne Ambache, who was born in Ismailia, Egypt, near the Suez Canal. Her parents, however, were born in Palestine. The Ebans have a son, Eli, twenty, who is finishing his military service in Israel, and a daughter, Gila, sixteen, who attends high school.

We asked Mr. Eban what Eli and Gila thought of his job.

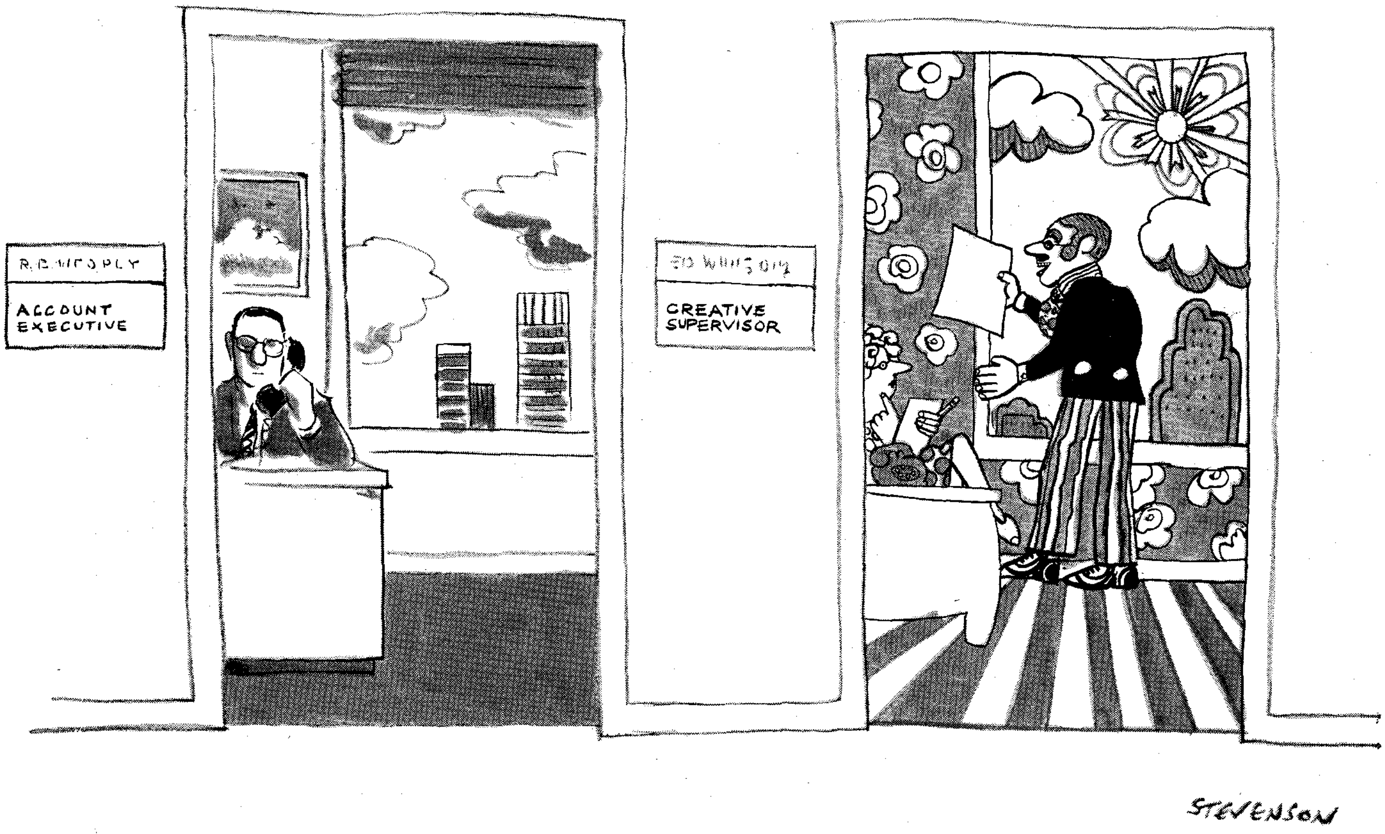
"Like most children, they would prefer not to have that kind of crazy life," he said. "Being the son of a doctor, and having watched my father being disturbed at all hours of the night, I decided that I did not want to be a doctor, because I did not wish to be disturbed at all hours of the day and night. I am now a Foreign Minister and am disturbed at all hours of the day and night. So . . ." He waved his cigar in a kind of circle at the four walls of his sitting room. "The general system I followed until recently, and in agreement with my children, was to have my wife come with me on every second trip here. But now we're so choked by security precautions it ceases to be fun. I came here on September 18th for the opening of the General Assembly. In order to do things behind the scenes, you have to have the scenes. A great deal of work is done, and a great deal of travel is avoided, by the fact that the Foreign Ministers congregate here. I was here for two and a half weeks, until our Prime Minister came and I had an opportunity to go home, for ten days. My family was glad to see me, and it broke the separation. I get homesick. I call my wife a lot. The difficulty with so much travel, of course, is the disturbance of the biological clock. You're alert, sleepy, hungry all at the wrong times. I had to write a speech here last week. I started at ten at night. By the Israeli clock, it was actually five in the morning. I found I could not do it. So I sent the secretaries home, and I went to bed. I woke at five in the morning and dictated the speech into a machine. I came to the conclusion that five in the morning is very good for work. Not only does the telephone not ring but you don't *expect* it to ring. It produces a sort of guaranteed tranquillity."

"How much sleep do you need?" we asked.

"Seven hours. The great enemy here is the television set. You get hypnotically attached to endless conversation shows and endless ancient movies. The other night, I watched David Susskind's program on the mini- versus the midiskirts. I didn't have the courage to turn it off. The temptation is intensified by the fact that you have so many television stations here. In Israel, we have only one. Here, when I record an interview on television, I can never find it among the thirteen channels. I've missed seeing myself on television. There was one program with William Buckley. He started off with questions that were longer than my answers, and I wondered who was being interviewed. I had to get it turned around. Afterward, I was congratulated for not having been intimidated by him. I hadn't known he was supposed to be intimidating."

"Do you get out at all?" we asked.

"Things are less tense than they were in 1967, so I've been able to go to see some shows. I prefer them to



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movies, because the movies will eventually get to Israel. I like to walk, and often walk to Doubleday's or to Rizzoli's. I'm surrounded these days by guards of all kinds, and when I go into a shop they all go with me. I'm sure the clerks sometimes have the impression that it's a holdup. On the street, when I go for a walk, the guards are all around me. They usually try to stop people who want to come over to me, but some people come over nevertheless and give me political advice. Yesterday, one lady advanced and said, 'Don't you remember me? I saw you on television last night.' "

"Do you enjoy making speeches?" we asked.

"I'm sustained by the reaction of the audience," he said. "Except for formal speeches, like the one at the U.N. last week, I speak from notes. I prefer not to write a speech out. One virtue of not writing out a speech is that you cannot ever repeat it. I usually seize on somebody in the audience who is showing animation or approval, and I keep my eyes on him or on her. It's like a musician playing or an actor acting. It's the visible evidence that you are making an impact on people's minds which sustains you. I've been reading de Gaulle's book 'Mémoires d'Espoir.' In it, he says that he would write a speech, memorize it, distribute copies of it, and then deliver it without looking at it." Mr. Eban looked a little impressed and then grinned. "All government is expression," he said. "Men can be influenced in two ways: one, by force; two, by expression in speech or writing."

We asked Mr. Eban where he was on August 7th, when the ninety-day cease-fire agreement went into effect.

He said he was in Tel Aviv, where, a few days earlier, the Israeli Cabinet had met and voted for the cease-fire and for the start of negotiations. "There was some excitement, as it resulted in six Cabinet members' leaving, out of twenty-three. The majority feel that the peace map does not have to be the same as the war map. As there was a cease-fire, it was possible for me to see a play. My wife and I went to see 'So Sorry We Won,' by Ephraim Kishon, who is Israel's leading playwright. It's a satirical reflection on the Six-Day War. When the playwright heard I was coming, he came to the show himself and watched my reaction with solicitude, to see if I laughed in the right places. It was unnerving. After the play, we went to a hotel to have a drink. There was a certain strange tranquillity on the streets. Young people walking, looking jubilant. We had become accustomed to turning on the radio and hearing news of this one lost and that one gone. In the lounge of the hotel, a B.B.C. man thrust a microphone in front of my face, and I had to say, 'Let's have some reserve in our celebration.' The next morning, I went on television and spoke. I said, 'Look, it's a cease-fire. It's an agreement to stand still, but it isn't peace.' "

"Do you think it will continue?" we asked.

"There is no policy which says that on the ninety-first day of the cease-fire period we have an obligation to fire," he said. "Most people believe the cease-fire will be prolonged. If it's for only three more months, it will then have been for six months. Breaking it will be more difficult."

"Are you hopeful?" we asked.

"Yes, of two things: one, that the cease-fire will continue; and, two, that our balance of strength will be maintained by the United States. Nations act in their own interest. If you look at the two alternatives to maintaining the balance of strength, one is not to care about Israel's survival. Apart from the moral position, that brings the United States' commitment to all countries into question. The other alternative would be for the United States to take physical responsibility itself, and I don't think the United States is looking for that kind of commitment. Therefore, seeing that Israel is strong enough to hold on is both the most sensible and the easiest thing to do in the American interest." Mr. Eban barely touched his cigar to his mouth.

"What does 'Abba' mean?" we asked.

" 'Father,' " he said. "I was given the name when I was seven days old."

# THE BROWNING-OFF OF PELHAM MANOR

(WRITTEN AFTER LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS AS THE RESULT OF A TOO CLOSE STUDY OF THE REFLECTIONS OF CHARLES A. REICH)

I ACHIEVED Unconsciousness I before I knew anything was up. I was in the womb and restless all during Unconsciousness I. The thing was badly designed, ill-ventilated, and on top of that I failed to relate to my mother. Hers was just like every other womb—no character of its own, unless you want to count me. A person can't develop properly in a womb that's just like every other womb all up and down the block. It's impossible.

When I finally escaped from Unconsciousness I and achieved Unconsciousness II, I couldn't believe that there could ever be anything else. My life style was apparent the minute I was delivered: I was born with a corporation. Old Dr. Campbell noticed it right away.

"Look at his little fat belly," he said to my mother. "He's got a corporation already."

"That's his natural corporate state," replied Mother. "You can't blame the little fellow. He's had things pretty good for nine months; why shouldn't he plump up a bit around the middle?" Mother always took my side in everything.

I played Unconsciousness II to the hilt. It was a fabulous time—everybody busy, a big war on, a round of cotillions and Loew's State, plenty of racial discrimination, America really on the move, plenty of status for those who wanted it, plenty of status quo for those who didn't. A memorable time. I could have gone on indefinitely in Unconsciousness II. But the handwriting was on the wall. It was clear that *things* were crumbling all around. You could feel it at the dances at the Westchester Woman's Club. The milk wagon lost its horse and the early sound. The sprinkling cart lost its water and the smell of dust laid. Father lost his shirt. Unconsciousness II was my signal to get moving, and in a forward direction. Once you have achieved Unconsciousness II, there is no turning back. You have to go on, on. But where? Where?

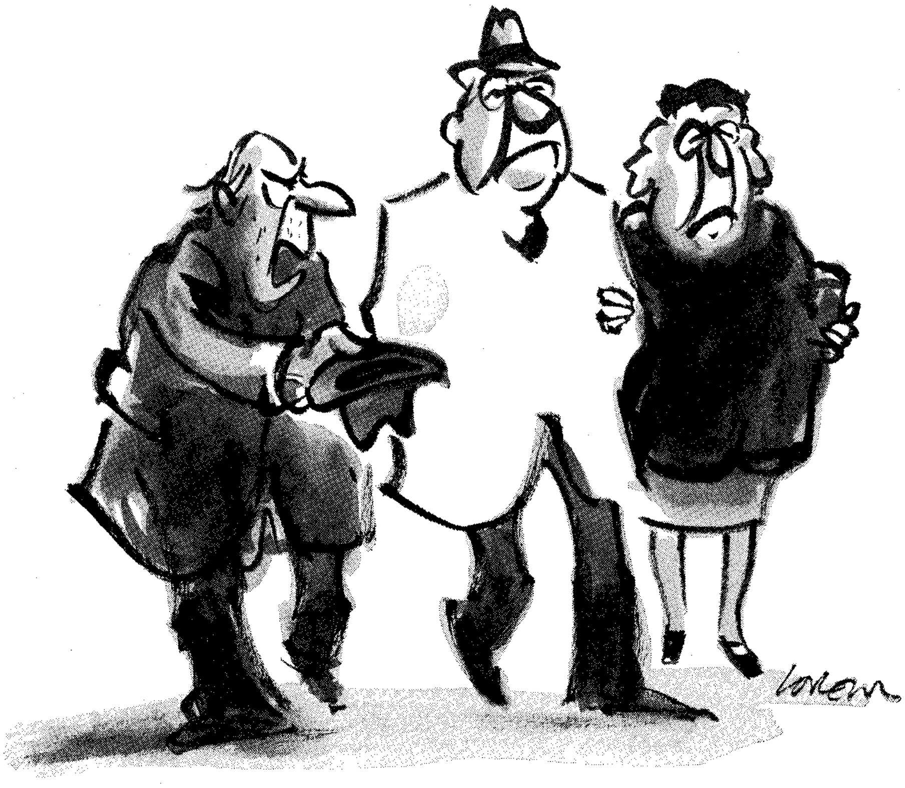
My thoughts had been turning more and more to Pelham Manor. And it was there, in Pelham Manor, that I found my identity. I was on my bike at the time, on my way to go swimming in the Sound. I had recently changed my sartorial style—did it quite abruptly. Started having my shirts cut to measure and my suits built by a custom tailor. I became impeccable. Impeccability, it would seem, was my thing. I even had my shoes made, in London. At last people knew what my feet really looked like. It made all the difference, with those eleven toes.

But Unconsciousness I and Unconsciousness II are just the prelude for the great time—Unconsciousness III. It was a drug that released me. I had grown quite old, quite stupid, and my hay fever was becoming increasingly bothersome. Naturally, I leaned toward the antihistamines, and of course they are drowsy-making. One afternoon in mid-July, in that fateful year, I fell asleep at the wheel of my car while on a trip. Unconsciousness III had gathered me to its arms. At last, all the banalities and inequities of my corporate past were gone. I was out cold.

I'd be out still if my car hadn't left the highway and hit a power pole and a telephone pole, in that order. This brought me to and put me in the hospital, where I belonged. But the memory of Unconsciousness III lingers, like a faint and sweet aroma. Nepenthe. Sleep. Loss of steering. Absence of material things. Total bliss.

The force of the collision broke both poles and knocked out all the power and all the phones in Pelham Manor. My car had got the power structure right in the groin. Things were never the same again in Pelham Manor—this was what the place had needed all along. Without power there were no appliances to get out of whack. Without light to read by, advertisements lost their knack of making people feel unhappy or inferior. It was a time of new birth for Pelham Manor—the warm deep freeze, the dead phone, the stilled water pump, the darkened television. Lassitude flowered. Commuters no longer rode into the city only to be made unhappy in high offices. Everybody loved everybody. The antagonisms derived from affluence were gone. Students loved the police. Children loved their parents. Agnew loved the radic-libs. (He loved some of them so much he ate them.) Arab loved Jew. Everywhere there was lack of discrimination, lack of current, absence of material values, lack of telephoning. Men stayed home and raked leaves. The insufferable sameness of green lawns became merely a pleasant browning-off. Ivy that had been stifling the people of Pelham Manor curled up and lost its grip. Pelham Manor browned off like a piece of toast in a broken pop-up. It was a time of wonder and fulfillment in Westchester County, and all because of me—a stupid old drowsy man in a custom-built suit and an unguided automobile. How strange life is in America!

—E. B. WHITE



*"If I were a goddam blue whale, I'll bet you'd fork over fast enough."*

# AMERICAN EXPRESS

ALTHOUGH Miss Elizabeth O'Shea had been a long time getting to New York, she was still sure of her destiny, for she was, she knew, not a sprinter in the arts but a long-distance runner, whose pace at the beginning had to be restrained. Miss O'Shea was plain, slow-speaking, and violent. On the floor of her one-room apartment, she sometimes built small, intricate houses of matchsticks, placing each stick with deliberation. When finished, she examined the structure to see exactly which piece could, if joggled, bring it down. Once sure, she did not touch the piece but lowered her foot on the mass and ground it into splinters. In this way, she reminded herself of the difference between will and chance.

Miss O'Shea was thirty, unmarried, and tall, with a well-proportioned body that was neither fat nor thin. Her hair could not be called blond or brown but something in between, and her eyes were neither blue nor green but changed with the light and with the color of her clothes. She lived alone, without pets or plants or television, and was beginning to show a few harmless eccentricities. She carefully avoided drafts and revolving doors, and she talked to books and records in the quiet of her room. "Yes, I see," she said to a recording of Conrad Aiken reading his poems, "but you *talk* too much."

At the magazine where she worked, people thought she was pleasant, distant, and lacking in humor. They had little to say about her, because she said very little. One of the office boys observed that she was like a person who is walleyed. "She is there, and she's looking at you, and she's listening to you, but it's like one of her eyes is going the other way." Actually, Miss O'Shea should have been compared to a cross-eyed person, because the distracted quality was due to a looking inward, not outward. She was trying to discover who she was, and she was having difficulty, because there were so many selves to choose from. There was only one certainty in her life, the certainty that she would one day be a poet and, in the course of becoming so, would discover that she was descended from a family of muses.

As a child, she had been supported and reared by a stepfather, a military man of practical and persevering discipline. Her mother, a sweet and rather fluttery beauty, was present continuously during Miss O'Shea's growing up, but never seemed very real and never, under any circumstance, wished to talk about her first marriage. All Miss O'Shea knew, from childhood memories she preferred to forget, was that her father had often been belligerently drunk. He had not been heard from in twenty-four years. The deliberate workings of her memory extended no further than those twenty-four years, to the point at which she had been given her stepfather's name. On that day, she spoke the name to a boy who lived on her block. "Elizabeth O'Shea," she said very clearly, listening to the new sound. And the boy, who was a few years older, laughed and fell to the ground, hugging himself, and then stood up, taller than she, and said, bending over and biting off each word, "That's not your *real* name."

At that instant, the child Elizabeth experienced the conciseness of pain, a ripping sensation in the chest which seemed to split her down the middle and reveal her insides, revealing them, moreover, to be dirty. Shaking, she pulled up her dress and looked at her stomach. It was not broken. She looked at her dress. It was clean. Even her hands and knees, usually dusty, were spotless. Rubbing her hands together until they became hot and blotched, she felt the hotness rising to her head. She *was* clean; no child was cleaner. "That is my name," she said firmly.

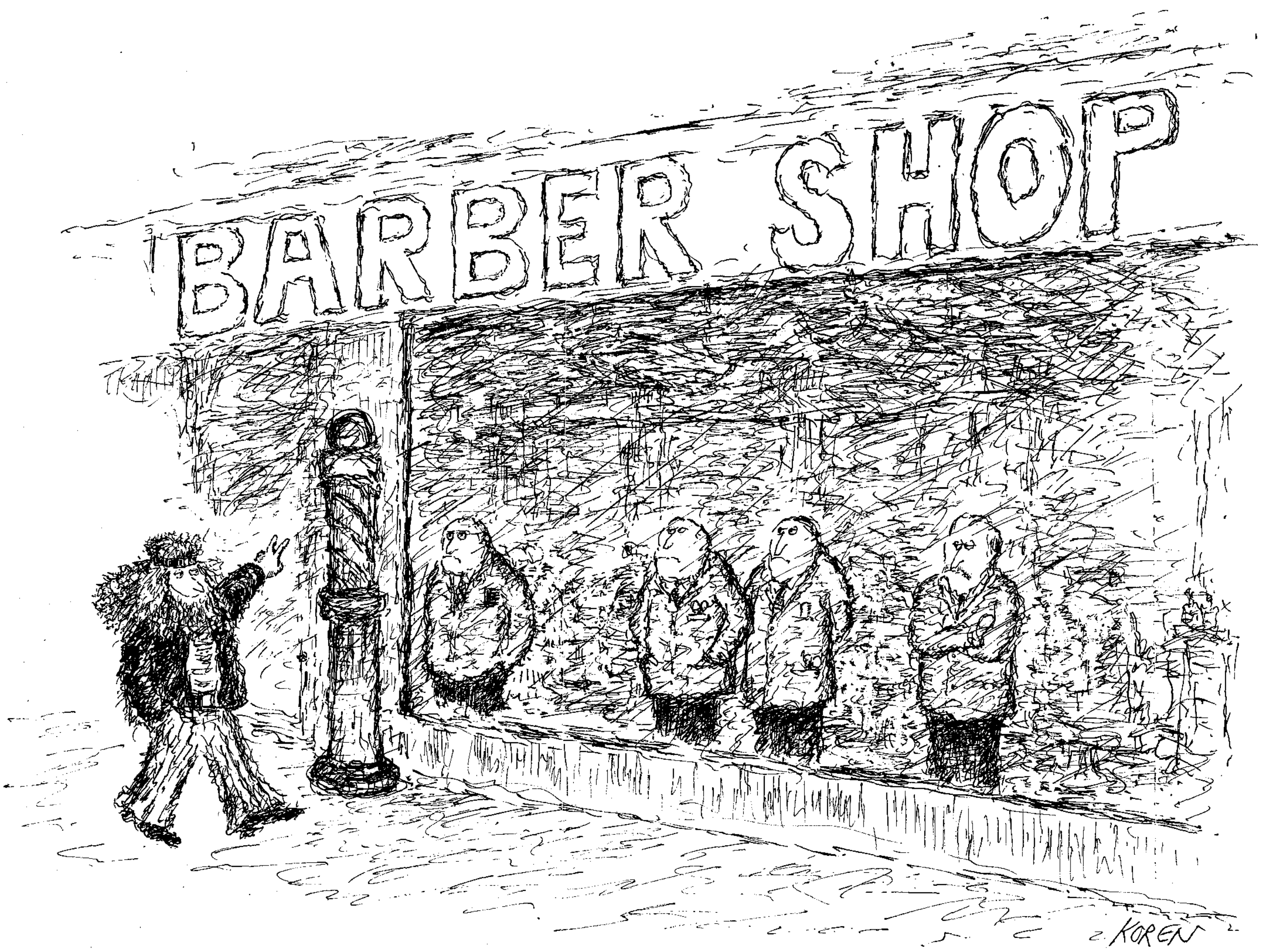
"That's not your *real* name."

Laughing still, the boy mounted his bicycle and rode away. Watching him, Elizabeth knew, with a rocking and simple awakening, that she would lead two lives, an outside one and an inside one. The outside would be determined, strong, and watchful, and the inside would not be disturbed again.

Because she knew nothing about the world and was unaware that a child, like a primitive, is integral with his name, because it has an import of who he is and what he will be, Elizabeth at the age of six could only conclude that there was something vitally wrong with her and her past, and that this wrongness was certified by the fact that her mother would not speak of the past and her stepfather did not want to hear of it. O'Shea, then, would certainly be her name. She would live every minute of her life as O'Shea, although her full and proper name was Elizabeth Margaret-Alicia Livingston, and she would go to her death, whatever that was, as O'Shea. Having made the decision—which many years later she could recall in detail, right down to the stale odor of the brown corduroy knickers the boy wore, and the smell of licorice on his breath, and the tack-tack-tack of the playing card stuck in his bicycle wheel spokes—she went into her stepfather's house and said, in a singsong, "O'Shea, O'Shea, O'Shea." After writing three big "O"s with her mother's lipstick on the wall above her bed, she removed the clothes from a Raggedy Ann doll and stuck a pin, directly and easily, into the center of the red heart printed with "I LOVE YOU" on the doll's chest.

MISS O'SHEA grew from a plain child into a plain girl, and as she grew she travelled and lived in many places with her mother and stepfather. With each change of place, she became progressively more accommodative, blending easily into new neighborhoods, schools, and playgrounds every two or three years with none of the problems some of the other service children had. She was never insolent, rebellious, or brash. As she grew, she discovered three truths: that no home is permanent; that there are two kinds of people in the world, officers and enlisted men; and, finally, that you must decide to be one or the other. From the beginning, Miss O'Shea, an officer's child, chose the enlisted side. The best of the enlisted men, she saw, not only were less intelligent than officers, and more adept at ordinary fakery—saying "yessir" when they were thinking "no"—but had achieved a deeper, more fundamental kind of disguise and submission, which left everyone at their mercy and often left them alone and free.

By steadily saying "yessir" and *meaning* it, they could not be penetrated, even by those of their own rank. They were like combat camoufleurs who not only disguise an object by adjusting its color and texture (making, for example, an airstrip lie dark and dull beneath dark, dull planes) but also alter the very form of the object so that it becomes something else or disappears (changing the airstrip's surface outline by applying paint or cinders in irregular patterns carried out over its borders, and causing, incidentally, confusion to allies as well as enemies). Accordingly, Miss O'Shea adjusted. In school, she dropped the "g"s from words ending in "ing," took up athletics with a false and hearty vigor, and affected stupidity outside the classroom, to counteract the effect of her good grades on her classmates. She was called an absentminded brain and a good sport and was simultaneously accepted and ig-



nored in military-post schools, where enlisted men's children were the majority and the popular leaders, and, later, at boarding schools, where noncertified delinquents set the trends. With no friends and no enemies, she went on to a private, expensive Western college, where the leadership, if not the majority, belonged to ambitious young scholarship students from large urban high schools, who codified, immediately, whatever was popular and established it as a campus style. With relief, she began pronouncing "g"s again. Abandoning the athletics and the feigned forgetfulness, she assumed the spectator sportsmanship of the mid-nineteen-fifties, cheering at football and baseball, enjoying neither. On long, empty evenings, she taught herself to sew and embroider. She tried writing poems, producing explosions of words, showing them to no one. In her sophomore year, while other girls in her dormitory were being deflowered or engaged, she began to believe she was destined to be a poet. She did not mention this to anyone, of course, and she took few courses in English and no courses in writing, because she was afraid of revealing herself and of appearing impractical to her parents. Instead, she concentrated on history, which she could not retain, and economics, which she could not understand. In her senior year, however, she tried to explain. "I've been thinking that I'd like to be, I mean, I'd like to try to do some writing," she said to her parents.

"Writing?" asked her mother. "To whom?"

"Elizabeth," said her stepfather, "that is an excellent idea, writing. But why don't you get some experience first? What *have* you got to write about? Without some experience in the world, you would just get to be arty, and if there's anything I can't stand, it's artiness. Get a job."

Miss O'Shea went East after graduation and got a job as a copy girl on a Washington newspaper, running errands, answering telephones, sharpening pencils, and occasionally doing reporting assignments scorned by the staff reporters. Discovering that her tendency to blend without mixing was invaluable in reporting, she approached her assignments with prodigious care, vigilance, and determination, and soon was elevated to the staff. Once more, she dropped the "g"s, affected indifference and slang, and became a familiar sight in every police station and courthouse within a radius of thirty miles of the city.

"Hullo, Jack. What's on the book?"

"Four drunks, a statutory rape, and a coupla cracked fenders."

"That it?"

"That's it. When you gonna marry me, doll?"

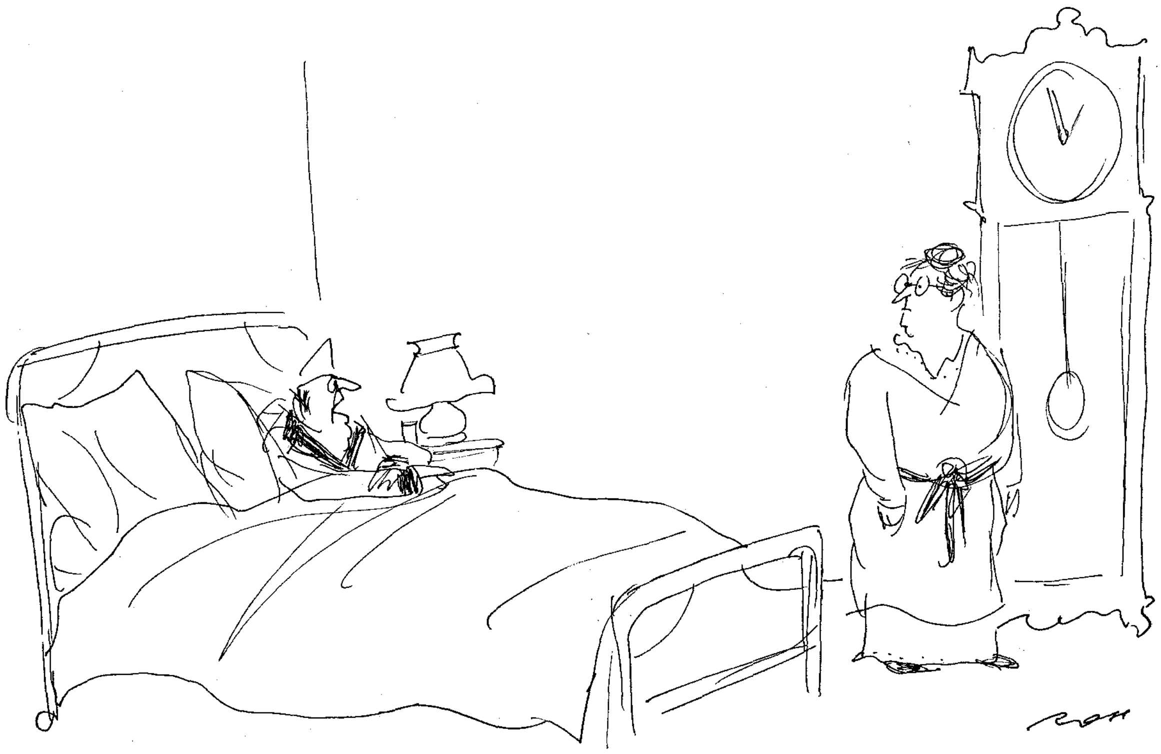
"When you getcha solid-gold police badge."

She became a completely accurate, unfailingly reliable, and totally colorless writer, the delight of her editors, and she was assigned to the District Building, Washington's city hall, which was for ambitious young reporters the stepping stone to Capitol Hill. Here she acquired another style.

"Morning, Commissioner."

"Morning, Miss O'Shea."

"Commissioner," she said sadly, sympathetically, "is it true that you are holding back a report of major significance from the Urban Renewal Office relating to the upgrading of the Sandstone Area under Section Forty-four of Article Ninety-one of the Urban Renewal section of the Housing Act?" Sighing, she went on, "And that



"*While you're up, turn the clock back a few years.*"

you are holding it back because you own six blocks of slum land you want to get rid of before the report is out and condemnation proceedings begin?"

"Who—*off the record*, I'd like to know what shrinking bastard told you that. *On the record*, I say this—*and take this down*—I say that my office is duly processing the report, giving all care and consideration to the multiple facets of procedural complications and to the necessity and urgency of interdepartmental study and coördination, with the intention of focussing on the prime objective of what is best for the health and welfare of the citizens of this city."

"You forgot to say, 'and for the financial stability of our municipal governmental structure.'"

"And for the et cetera."

"Thank you, Commissioner."

"Any time, Miss O'Shea."

One day, while she was dutifully recording the polysyllabic vapors of the commissioners and faithfully translating them into monosyllabic exposés, Miss O'Shea looked up from her typewriter and saw a kind, divorced, alcoholic newspaperman leaning over her desk. He told her he had observed that she had a truly remarkable posterior. She laughed and, that evening, went out with him, had a drink, had another, told him her real name, and spent the next four years as his mistress. During those years, she became more attractive, frequently fatigued, and increasingly less interested in her work. When she was exactly twenty-seven years and six months old, her menstrual period was three weeks late. Her lover cried and said he could not support another child, because he could hardly afford to support the three he already had. He suggested that she take something to stop the pregnancy. Vinegar and hot baths, he had heard, were remedies.

Miss O'Shea, whose knowledge of current events and local news was surpassed only by her ignorance of physiology, went into her kitchen, removed a bottle of vinegar from the cupboard, and, while her lover blew his nose and wiped his eyes in the other room, she took a long swallow. The liquid blazed in her throat and seared its way to her stomach, and she thought, Dear God. I begin to understand the Crucifixion. She poured the brown fire into a measuring cup, watching it rise almost to the half-cup mark, and drank it all, choking eleven times. Then she went to the bathroom, passing her lover without seeing or hearing him burst into tears again, and began running the hot water in the tub. When it was full and steaming, she put her right foot into it, was scalded, screamed, and pulled her foot out immediately. She laughed wildly, added some cold water, and, when the temperature was more bearable, entered the tub slowly, letting each inch of her skin get used to the heat before the next inch was submerged. She was still sitting in the tub, a vacancy in her face, when her lover came to the door of the bathroom, said he was sorry for everything, so sorry, and said he was going out to find some pills. (He had no way of knowing that the pills he would get from a friend—another newspaperman, who got them from a bartender, who said, "I don't know what they are, but they're supposed to do the job"—would affect the digestive tract rather than the reproductive organs.) While he was gone, Miss O'Shea remained in the tub for hours, falling asleep with her head on her arms, leaning over the side. When she woke, the water was cold, and she felt as though she had forgotten something that happened in the future, and, in the forgetting, had lost both the future and the past.

The next day, she went to work frightened and tense, working harder than ever to overcome the fright. The pills sent her intestines into fluid hysteria, and she became very tired. Her walk and her speech, normally quick, slowed, and she felt an unconcern settling upon her, fatalistic, accepting, wondering. The thought of having a child inside made her gentler. While in this state, she was called away from the city hall to help report a fatal stabbing. Her assignment was to interview the mother of the boy who had been killed, and she found the mother sobbing in a cold slum flat made colder by a hole in the living-room window. There was one radiator in the room, putting out a timorous warmth, and Miss O'Shea sat on it, feeling the warmth through her coat, taking notes as the woman described how she had put her fist through the window when she learned from the police that her son was dead in the street. While the woman's story moved onto the pages of her notebook, Miss O'Shea thought, The real world is a nightmare that no one believes, and I will go to a doctor, and I will ask him to tell me about having a child, and I will eat the right foods and follow his directions and give birth.

Miss O'Shea made an appointment the next day with a doctor—for her lunch hour, so that she would not have to lie to her editor, since she was so harassed by the demands of her work and by her own fatigue and fear that she was incapable of invention. As she was driving to the doctor's office, she felt a loosening and a dull pain inside, and, thinking it was the pills again, pulled into a gas station and went into the toilet. Rain was beginning to fall, sending long lines of water down the outside of a window high on one wall of the tiny, gray room, and a smell of ammonia came from the woodwork. She was bleeding. Dizzy and confused, she opened the door to leave, collapsed on the threshold, and woke to find an attendant daubing her forehead with a wet paper towel. When she got to the doctor's office, he said, after examining her, "Well, it may have been an early miscarriage, or it may have been merely menstruation delayed by anxiety. In any event, the old home remedies and the pills had nothing to do with it." She thanked the doctor, who was paternal and amiable, and went home. For four days, she stayed in bed, and people assumed she had the flu. Her lover, whose alcoholism had been moving from epic to apocalyptic nightmares, had retired to an institution to dry out. His condition improved considerably when she called him and repeated the doctor's words. Later, after he returned to work, his evenings began to be taken up with Alcoholics Anonymous meetings and voluntary administrative work for the National Council on Alcoholism. One day, several months after her illness, he said to her, "Elizabeth, I do not want to be a drunk anymore."

"No," said Elizabeth.

"I believe I'm going to be all right."

"Yes."

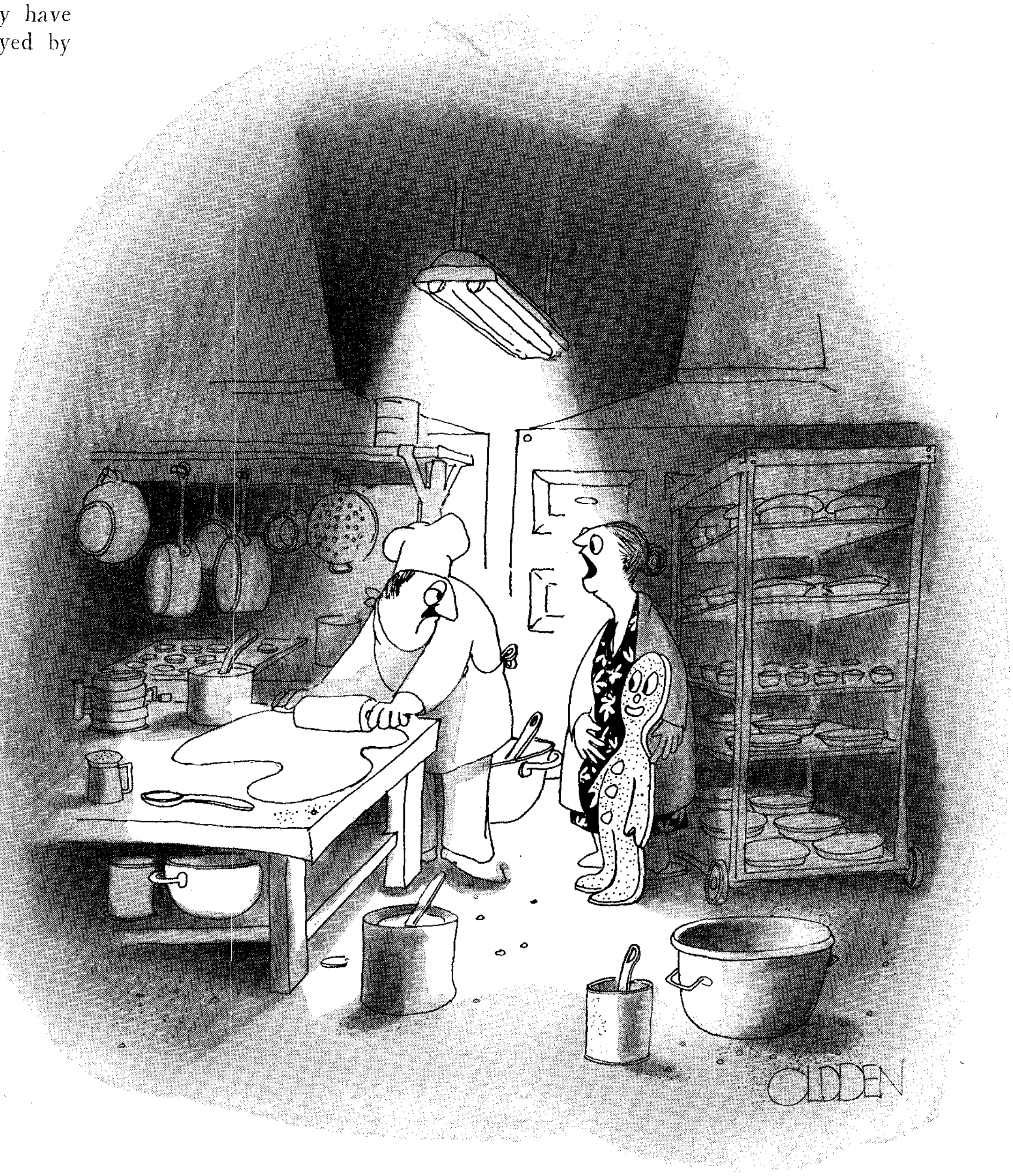
"I'm grateful to you, Elizabeth. I love you. I don't want to leave you."

"No."

"But I have to do it alone."

That evening, Miss O'Shea went to the storage room in the basement of her apartment building and opened a trunk full of old clothes, schoolbooks, and mementos. Bending over the trunk, under the dim halo of a dusty ceiling bulb, she rooted through layers of cloth and books, inhaling mothballs and the damp, lost smell of the basement. She knelt down and sorted the contents into a neat pile on either side of her on the floor, one pile to discard, one to keep, trying by these motions to bring order and sequence to her mind. As she lifted the last item, an old blue wool bathrobe covering the bottom of the trunk, she found, squashed into a corner, the Raggedy Ann doll, still smiling. The sight of it froze her, and she remained leaning on her elbows on the trunk's edge, holding the bathrobe in both hands, staring. When her arms became numb, she lifted the doll out, put everything else back in the trunk, locked it, and went upstairs to her kitchen. Dropping the doll into a trash can, she opened a cupboard drawer, took out a nine-inch carving knife, and went into the other room of the apartment, walking directly and quickly to the studio bed. She began stabbing methodically, first with direct downward strokes that pierced the bedcover, then with lateral slashes that tore the cover to pieces and ripped the mattress. Using her hands and the knife alternately, she dismembered the mattress. Then she sat down at her desk and wrote out a notice of resignation from her job.

TWO weeks later, she threw out the trunk, sold her furniture and car, and moved to a cheap furnished room, where she wrote poems that were



*"I'd like to get a professional opinion."*

earnest, wild, without form, and having very little sense. Although her urges were genuine and her honesty irreproachable, the poems came out as nothing more than artificial fury superimposed on banality. They were long strands of disconnected and abstract statement with no resolution, sureness, or power. Over the years, she had submitted so scrupulously to fact and to the opinions of the people she loved that she had become everything she had submitted to. What had begun as mere camouflage became, through daily practice, herself. When she realized this, she was twenty-eight years old, alone in a cheap furnished room, and it was too late to wonder what she was becoming, because she already *was*. All of her contriving to retain her inner self, by means of adaptive responses in the outer self, had resulted in a person who was reacting constantly to the world of action and fact, responding so thoroughly that she had become an abstraction all the way through every layer of herself. She was dynamic, fast, dedicated, urban, thoroughly informed, and integrally a part of her time, and she was nobody in particular but a reactor. She concluded, therefore, that if there was a difference between will and chance, it was hardly worth the effort of distinguishing, because a person was undone either way.

## BOY BY A RIVER

Lymph, bled from a dead chalk,
and gauzes of watered milk
slubbered a certain turf
among dry hills, far off,
and lived, kindling his river.

But he was young—such inklings never
trickled into his bigger knowledge.
He brazened the estuary's edge
by a rusty wharf, and could stare
only to seaward. For there

where he lived it was a wide
sliding on the silent tide;
or, shrunk to its thews, sawed itself raw
across broken rock and the bare
ribs of picked ships. And all he knew

of meadow brooks that grew
pure between upland pasture—
of barley fields upriver
that spared through their flints thin
tributaries of cress hidden

from fish—he had learned from a friend
the fresh waters had lately drowned,
who had spoken of simple shallows
where the swimming was good. Those
reaches would flow through his mind

always; already their pools wound
a body round in an endless whirl
for his memory. In time, he would while
a summer's hour tracing the source,
and with his man's strong hand force

back for an instant the feeble
killer into dumb earth. It would dribble
in his tight fingers slowly,
then he would dry them. Now he let fly
his stones that the brimming ebb

accepted with a sip. In the crab
holes he supposed they would rest,
too deep, too heavy to move. The last
of the white and rolling bones might be
shifting somewhere near. This he

believed, though for years he'd refuse
all else he was told of the river. His
eyes fixed on the cormorant he knew,
he would be old before the blue
jewel of a kingfisher filled them

and he followed with the wind upstream
that lifted ripples into the flood.
There were lost otter runs, his friend had said,
and long golden mullet that laze
under the banks where wildfowl graze.

—Ted Walker

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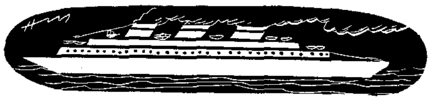
When her savings were gone, she lived on unemployment-compensation checks that arrived erratically. The only thing that kept her from despair and immobility was a sense of humor not related to laughter but occupying some odd cell of its own in her mind, popping up now and then to say, "You are destined." She could not comprehend the presence of this sense, but because she prided herself on having no self-pity, she thought perhaps the absence of self-pity had left an open space in her brain into which the destiny idea had fitted itself.

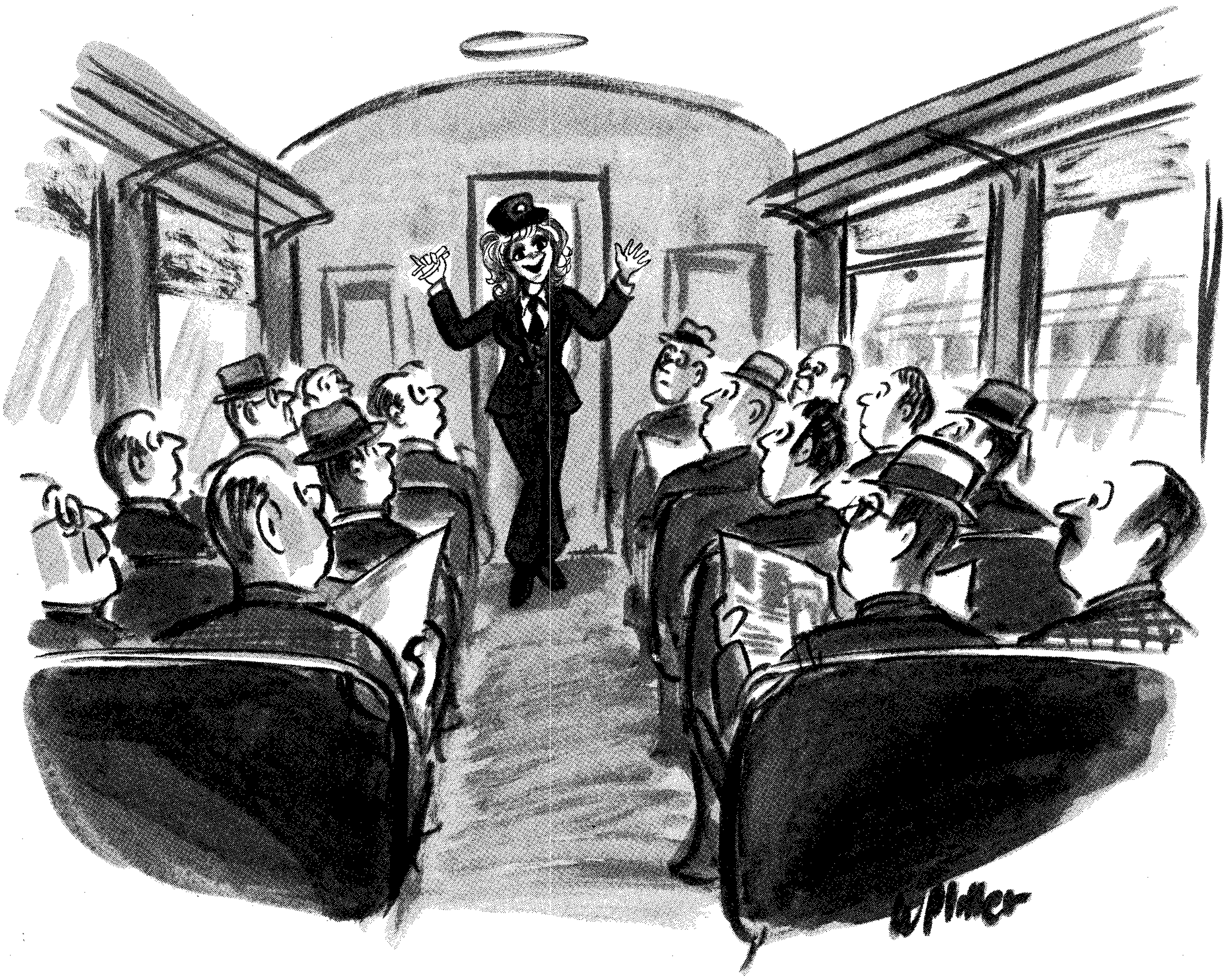
Miss O'Shea became plain-looking again and lost interest in her appearance. She read no papers, went nowhere, except to the grocery. She was acutely aware of changes in her body.

At twenty-six, she had noticed the beginning of a granulation in her complexion; what had been a uniformly round, smooth surface began to break, barely noticeably, into many, many tiny parts, as if a miniature web were laying itself over her skin. It was not observable, she had thought, by anyone but herself, and it was only the smallest kind of universal unevenness, the gentle beginning of age. At twenty-seven, she had noticed a line appearing in her neck, falling like a graceful earring made of a single strand of curved wire, from her left earlobe to the middle of the neck. At twenty-eight, two horizontal lines grew in her forehead, and the two vertical furrows she had always had between her eyebrows became very deep, giving her an expression of constant concern.

Now, as she passed her twenty-ninth birthday, a softness on either side of her jaw changed the regular outline of her chin, giving her a nascent puffiness that seemed a pout, a resignation. The muscles of her upper arms and thighs relaxed, and her buttocks dropped. She became, for the first time, deeply interested in cleansing creams, lotions, oils, and old wives' tales of milk baths and egg yolk and cucumber rinds. Her skin was drying, and her hands had a tried look. Because they were slender and the veins were near the surface, she saw that when she held them loose at her sides the blood shifted downward almost too quickly and filled the veins into a relief of light-blue ropes wandering and crossing. Other blue veins, small and resembling forked lightning, appeared in her thighs, and a bumpy blue knot showed up on her right shin. For the first time in her life, she felt herself tiring before she was tired. Always before, she had been able to jump out of bed, run to the bathroom, wash, put on lipstick and mascara, dress, and hurry to work without breakfast, all of this automatically, without being fully awake. Now she needed time. Without time, the lipstick became smeared or the mascara box fell into the basin.

She began to be interested in plants and seeds, watching with amazement sprouts come out of the dirt of potted plants. The unfolding of petals became an astonishing and sad event. Death was on her mind. Sometimes when she watched the progress of a flower from bud to bloom to wilt, she was enervated by panic. And yet, she reasoned, a dead flower drops seeds, which are a part of itself, and that part grows and





*"Good morning, sweeties! I'm Sherri, your new Penn Central conductor. If any little old things like delays, derailments, engine conkouts, or fires make you feel icky-poo, you just come and tell little ol' Sherri."*

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blooms and dies and throws a part of itself into another growth and death, and on and on. Here, then, was experience. All that time she had spent in the world was nothing more than an abstraction; she could have learned much more by remaining alone, observing small, animate objects. "Damn you all," she said quietly to all the people of good will and caprice whom she had wanted to please, particularly her practical self. They were wrong, and there was no sufficiently damning malediction for them. They had been deathly wrong, and soon she would not even remember that wrongness, because the past would shift and cloud and become wrapped in vapor, and she would forget even this moment of recognition as she pursued the inadvertent, haphazard, calculated making of her life.

When her unemployment checks ended, she stopped paying her rent and bought food with the cash she had managed to save from all the checks. She began spending a great deal of time in drugstores, sitting at the counter and watching her face in the mirror above the Coca-Cola machines and malted-milk mixers and rows of pear-shaped glasses. Her face, she thought, had become an entity in itself, another person, who would move and smoke and drink coffee entirely without direction or control by her. Studying it, she felt like a zero, an observer without form. She saw the face turn, the muscles in its neck standing out gently as the head moved, then return to a full straight-ahead gaze, and she was looking into her own eyes. After a while, she looked down and snuffed out a cigarette, then looked up at the clock on the wall above the mirror, so that it would seem to other people that she had a purpose, that she should be somewhere at a specific time. It was a good act; she felt assured. The act itself, entirely without meaning other than performance, infused a purpose. It made her aware of the existing moment as a link to a series of potential moments, each one a movement. She would open her purse, take out the car keys, hear them clink, get down from the counter stool, and pretend to go to the car, although she no longer had a car. The movements themselves would generate an existence, if only for the ten seconds it would take to complete them. She felt pleasure in thinking of them. They would be real, genuine movements, having no purpose at all, and she would be watching from an outer level as she performed them. How elementary, she thought. How very simple. And there came into her mind a rule of physics: a body at rest tends to stay at rest, and a body in motion tends to remain in motion. Once that rule is fully comprehended, it affects every twitch and breath. Each time I move a finger, she thought, I am generating another movement, and when

I think of all the potential actions ahead I am reduced to frenzy and paralysis. Each bone, blood vessel, and muscle, each body cell is living a dynamism of its own, and I am going nowhere.

WHEN her money ran out, a counterman at the drugstore in Dupont Circle, where she had become a familiar sight, offered to give her several sandwiches and a glass of milk every day if she came in midafternoon when the boss was out. For a while, she lived on this diet and wrote poems on the backs of discarded menus, sometimes making the menus themselves into long narratives of asparagus and sauerkraut and creamed chicken and the metamorphosis of milk. When her landlord threatened to throw her out for owing three months' rent, she took a job as a waitress in a jazz lounge, where she submitted to the obscene humor of college boys and learned the regal and venomous hierarchy of waitressing, involving theft, lies, and perpetual smiles. After three weeks, she was fired for lowering the contents of a tray upon the head of a young man who had slid his hand beneath her skirt, and for striking him, only once but very hard, upon the head with the empty tray. Through another waitress, she got a loan from a small and shady finance company. She rented a typewriter and began going to libraries, universities, and offices of electronic firms, studying computers. She wrote a long article explaining in simple terms the workings of the new machines and their potential as an auxiliary of human action. Submitting it to a magazine in New York, she was immediately offered a job. "You have a talent for hard fact," said the editor.

She was almost thirty when she took the new job, but she felt as if she were in college again, because she could keep her own hours, work at home if she liked, and appear at the office only to receive an assignment or to turn in an article. The people there were collegiate, too, in their style. Once more, she resumed the "g"s, softening and slurring her vowels, and adopted a studiously offhand and expensive way of dressing to accord with the vestigial Eastern-school dress of her colleagues in the early nineteen-sixties. It was all a matter of revising the enlisted man's performance, of altering so as to be acceptable, if not accepted. She bought a dull-brown, four-hundred-dollar cloth coat at Bergdorf Goodman and made sure it dragged on the floor and got dusty each time she took it off and threw it over a chair. She bought a Pucci silk dress for a hundred and thirty-five dollars and wore it every day—that is, she wore the top half of it, over an old tweed skirt she had splotched with a few prudently negligent blobs of house paint. She turned her toes out, wore her hair in a bun, and lowered her voice. To achieve the suitable tonal emphases, she eavesdropped on male homosexuals in subways, because they seemed to possess naturally the anapestic progressions that sounded assumed in the office wives from the fashionable suburbs. She made her expression as bland as that of the people around her in the great glass skyscraper of the magazine—men with soft cheeks and spectacles like two zeros, and women with hard, tanned jaws. She roamed New York like a sightseer, captured by the visible conjunction of the future and the past in its buildings, its neighborhoods, and its European, Caribbean, Chinese, and Middle Eastern populations. The non-American qualities of the city interested her most, for New York was, indeed, nothing like the rest of the country. The very sounds of the foreign languages around her made her feel strongly American, a curious feeling she had never had in Washington, because although there were racial differences there, the differences were defined by American history and by common language, and she had never thought deeply of nationality or of her own heritage. At vacation, she went to see her mother and stepfather and gently, but persistently, pulled some family history from her mother. It was interesting.

The Livingston line was a long and distinguished one, but, for the last three generations, Miss O'Shea's branch had consisted of single sons who, through drinking and gentlemanly inactivity, had steadily lost to their tenants and to adjoining landowners, farm by farm, an original holding of three thousand acres of rich black land in the Mid-

west until all that was left of property was a small, old ivory locket, carved with an "L," which Miss O'Shea's mother gave her solemnly. "I do not know where your father is," her mother said. "I have never heard from him."

In New York again, Miss O'Shea's life went on as before, but she made several attempts to find her father, writing to distant relatives, who replied that they had not seen him for years. Then she wrote to the university from which he had graduated and received a short note from the alumni office saying that he had died a year or so before and that there were no further details in their files. Miss O'Shea knew, from obscure memory, that he had been a man who liked to paint landscapes and collect old manuscripts. During the Depression, when he and her mother were divorced, he had sold the remaining Livingston land, settled a sum on his wife and child, and never again made an effort to see them.

Gradually Miss O'Shea's appearances at the magazine offices became less frequent, and it was assumed that she was doing research of some sort. She was in fact spending all of her time in her apartment, tense and abstracted, stomping on the matchstick houses and trying, with discouragement and perspiration, to learn the rules and traditions of poetic form and to violate them. For she was still sure she had something to say, though what she said was never what she wanted to say. One afternoon, after working for twelve hours or more—she'd lost track of midnights and noons—she went into the office and began talking rapidly, almost uncontrollably, about the construction of poetry, to one of the young writers, who, she had heard, had been hired out of a Harvard graduating class for his early discernible literary talents. He could not understand her but was pleasantly responsive and suggested she submit some of her work to a poetry magazine.

Miss O'Shea stared at him. There was no way to summon her thoughts into sufficient coherence at the moment to tell him that she had read the poetry magazines and that they contained exactly the kinds of things she was trying to work her way out of: bland, wordy abstractions on the one hand, and rough, tough images on the other—none of them having the hard grace of intellect concisely joined to emotion.

"Look," said the young man, embarrassed by her silence. "I don't know much about poetry, but couldn't you send some light verse to the *Saturday Review*, or something like that?"

Miss O'Shea, still speechless, turned and walked away. She went home and looked at the mass of papers on her bed, on the dresser, on the floor. She picked up one at random and read it over. It was a ten-line rondeau called "No Fixed Address"—a phrase she had seen often in arrest books in police stations.

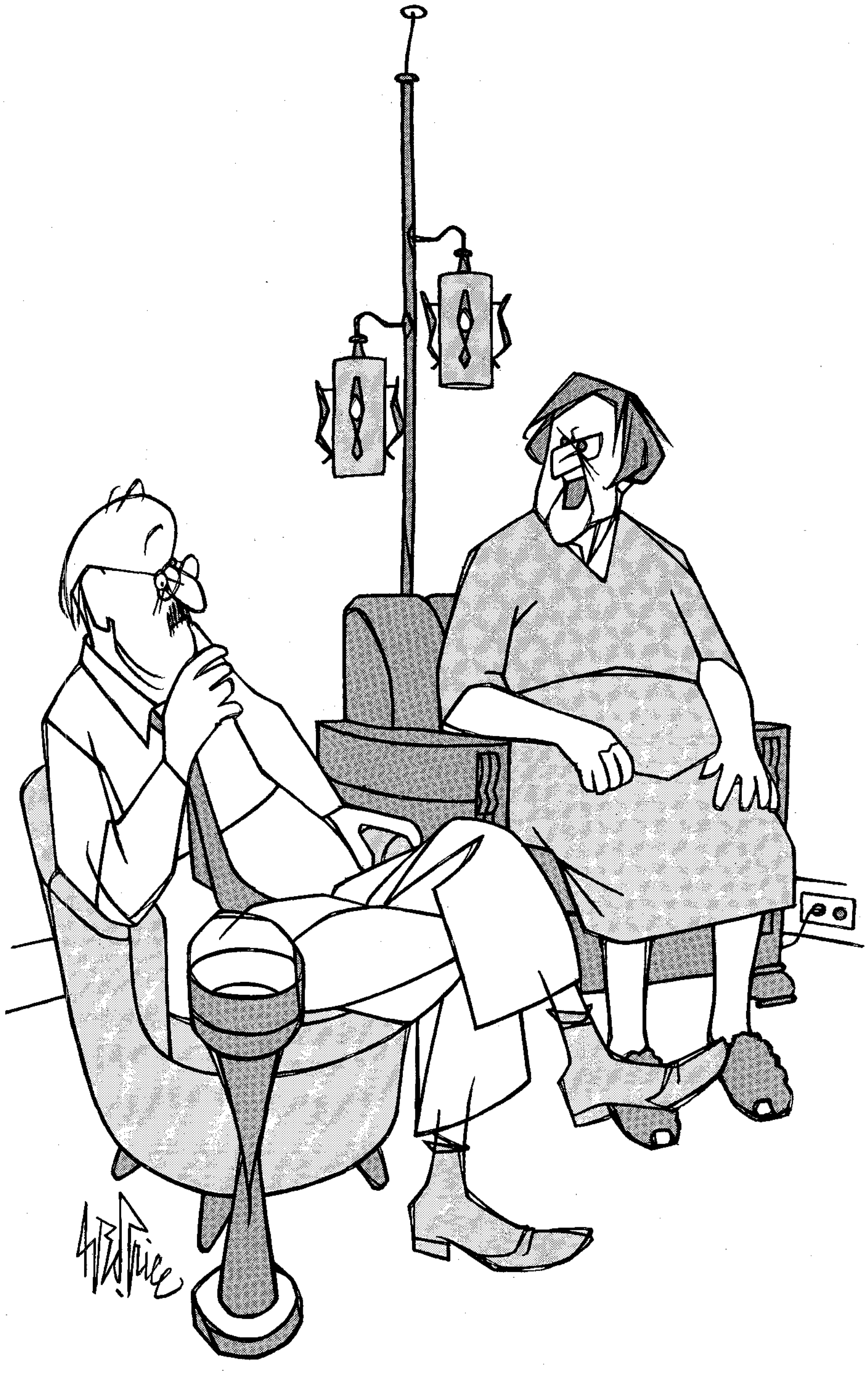
She put it aside, lay down on the papers on the bed, and went to sleep, waking early the next day, a cold and snowy Sunday. She was hungry and, not being able to remember when she had eaten last, ate a large breakfast before changing her clothes. She opened the door of her closet and, after select-ing a dress, removed a hammer from a cardboard box on the floor filled with household paraphernalia. Putting the hammer into a large manila envelope containing notepaper and a ragged paperback thesaurus, she dressed warmly, went to the magazine, and remained there all day, with the door of her office shut and locked. She drafted three poems—another rondeau, a pantoum, and a cynghanedd. At seven o'clock, she went out for dinner, returning at seven-thirty to rewrite the rondeau. No one else was working, and the charwomen were not around on weekends. At eleven o'clock, Miss O'Shea put on her coat, her high boots, her leather gloves. Removing the hammer from the manila envelope and replacing it with the poems, she went downstairs to the library, a room of four walls of bookcases covered with glass. Turning up her coat collar and holding the envelope over her head as a shield, she began, methodically, to strike the glass with the hammer. In three minutes and thirty-three seconds, she had shattered the room.

She went home, packed her clothes, and woke up the superintendent of her apartment building to tell him he could have her furniture if he would pack her books in cartons and store them in the basement. She would claim them, she said, after a while. She gave him a check for the rent for the remaining months of her lease, handed him her key, and left, carrying one suitcase containing the clothes, a few books, and several rolls of stamps. For the rest of the night, she sat in an Automat, drinking coffee and reading the New York *Times.* At ten o'clock the next morning, she went into a travel agency and asked the clerk, who was not yet fully awake, for passage on the first freighter leaving New York. Destination was of no importance.

For several days, people at the magazine discussed the vandalism in the library, apparently done by adolescents or hoodlums, but not until four of her weekly paychecks had accumulated did someone (an accountant's assistant) wonder where Miss O'Shea was. Eventually, an associate editor reached her mother by telephone and was told, oh, yes, Miss O'Shea had left New York, didn't the magazine know? She was somewhere in Europe working—it seemed rather odd, didn't it, but she'd always had a mind of her own—as a part-time mail clerk, or something like that, for American Express.

This was true. She was behind a dingy desk in an alcove of a dark building in Madrid, handing out mail. It was from Madrid that the last word of her came, although as the years passed there were rumors, started by the office boy who had compared her to a walleyed person, that she was helping revolutionaries in Biafra, or that she was a theoretician for student rebels in the United States, or that she was in Cuba, working in the sugar fields. Actually, nothing could have been further from the truth. There was, of course, nothing political about her. She was still handing out mail and slowly, very slowly, writing poems, working alone to learn the past of her language and her own present in it. She was pursuing the long risk, compared to which all politics is fraud: the risk of the person who remains apart. One day, one of her poems arrived on a bright, sunny morning in the mail of a literary magazine in New York and was read by an earnest young Bennington girl, who placed it in a box labelled "Possibles." It was accompanied by a note that said, "Dear Sir: This poem is called 'Letter from My Mother.' I should explain that my mother was the Wife of Bath and also Leda, as well as Mnemosyne. Enclosed is a self-addressed, stamped return envelope."

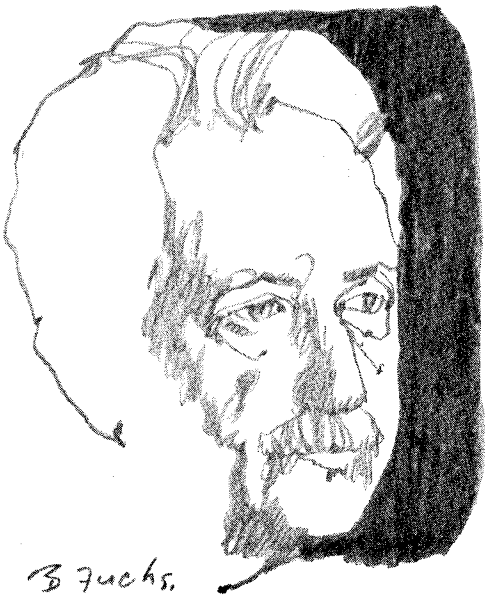
—CONSTANCE FEELEY



*"You knew when you married me that I couldn't shimmy like my sister Kate."*

# PROFILES

## THE MEASURE OF MAN—II



ERIK H. ERIKSON's first book, "Childhood and Society," was published in October of 1950, and it immediately received an enthusiastic reception from a large number of social scientists, who by then had come to know Erikson through articles he had written on a variety of subjects. Erikson, a psychoanalyst, who was born in Germany in 1902, of Danish parents, was trained in the Freud circle in Vienna, and has lived in the United States since 1933, had already demonstrated the far-ranging interests and independence that typified his book. Like Erikson, some analysts—Géza Róheim and Abram Kardiner in particular—had been attempting to combine analytic ideas and anthropological observation; some had tried their hand at literary criticism or at political analysis; some had felt keenly aware of history; and some had been quite willing to grant adolescence and middle age, along with the so-called formative years of childhood, their own hazards and their own psychological dignity. Yet I believe it is fair to say that no other analyst had taken up *all* these relatively unusual professional interests. Nor had anyone else consolidated them into a plausible theory. Unquestionably, Erikson can be accused—he accuses himself, in fact—of going his own way and to a degree ignoring the work of others. ("This is and must be a subjective book, a *conceptual itinerary*. There is no attempt at being representative in quotations or systematic in references. On the whole, little is gained from an effort to reinforce as yet vague meanings with seemingly conscientious quotations of vaguely similar meaning from other contexts.") But perhaps he can be forgiven, since his own way has encompassed many ways, and since his aim has been not only to wander and explore but to pull things together, or synthesize them. And for his efforts he has earned the respect of the leading members of his profession. Heinz Hartmann once emphasized to me how successfully Erikson as an analyst has worked with other disciplines: "The danger is always that the result will be a paint job, very superficial—that analytic concepts will be applied here and there but not much will be learned, either by us or the anthropologist or the historian. Erikson has really helped *integrate* psychoanalysis with history and anthropology, and that's a very hard job and an important achievement." And Rudolph Loewenstein agreed: "He has a feel for things some of us don't know much about. He has broadened analysis very much."

"Childhood and Society" was the culmination of many years of work; and its message, its style, its tone were desperately needed at the time it was published. Psychoanalysis was in danger of becoming a stuffy, obscurantist field—removed at once from medicine and from the universities—and very much a piece of property, to be possessed or partitioned by mutually suspicious and antagonistic cliques. Erikson's ideas offered a way around, a way out of hairsplitting conceptual and methodological arguments; and though his book did not put a stop to rancor and narrow-mindedness in the psychoanalytic movement, he and his viewpoint did become a rallying ground for younger psychoanalysts and psychiatrists, not to mention interested laymen. He was neither an "orthodox Freudian" nor a "neo-Freudian," and certainly he was not an "anti-Freudian." In fact, he was trying very hard to follow Freud's example rather than his literal word, in order to bring Freud's ideas up to date, to fit them into new historical knowledge.

It took time, of course, for "Childhood and Society" to gain a worldwide audience, and for Erikson, as for the world, the fifties were years of some turmoil. While the manuscript was at the printer's, Erikson became involved in a struggle between the faculty of the University of California—he was a professor of psychology at Berkeley—and its Board of Regents, who in April, 1950, were insisting that every teacher sign a loyalty oath. This included, in addition to the usual oath of office, the words ". . . and I also state that I am not a member of the Communist Party or any other organization which advocates the overthrow of the Government by force or violence and that I have no commitments in conflict with my responsibilities with respect to impartial scholarship and free pursuit of truth." Erikson was one of about ninety members of the Academic Senate at the university who refused to sign; and he stuck to his decision even when, one by one, two-thirds of those who had initially been reluctant yielded to the regents' demand. He and some others were reappointed after they had made separate voluntary statements declaring that they were not Communists. But a number of colleagues refused to declare themselves anything and were dismissed—whereupon Erikson resigned, writing a letter in which he explained his position and repeated that he was not and had never been a Communist. The letter went on:

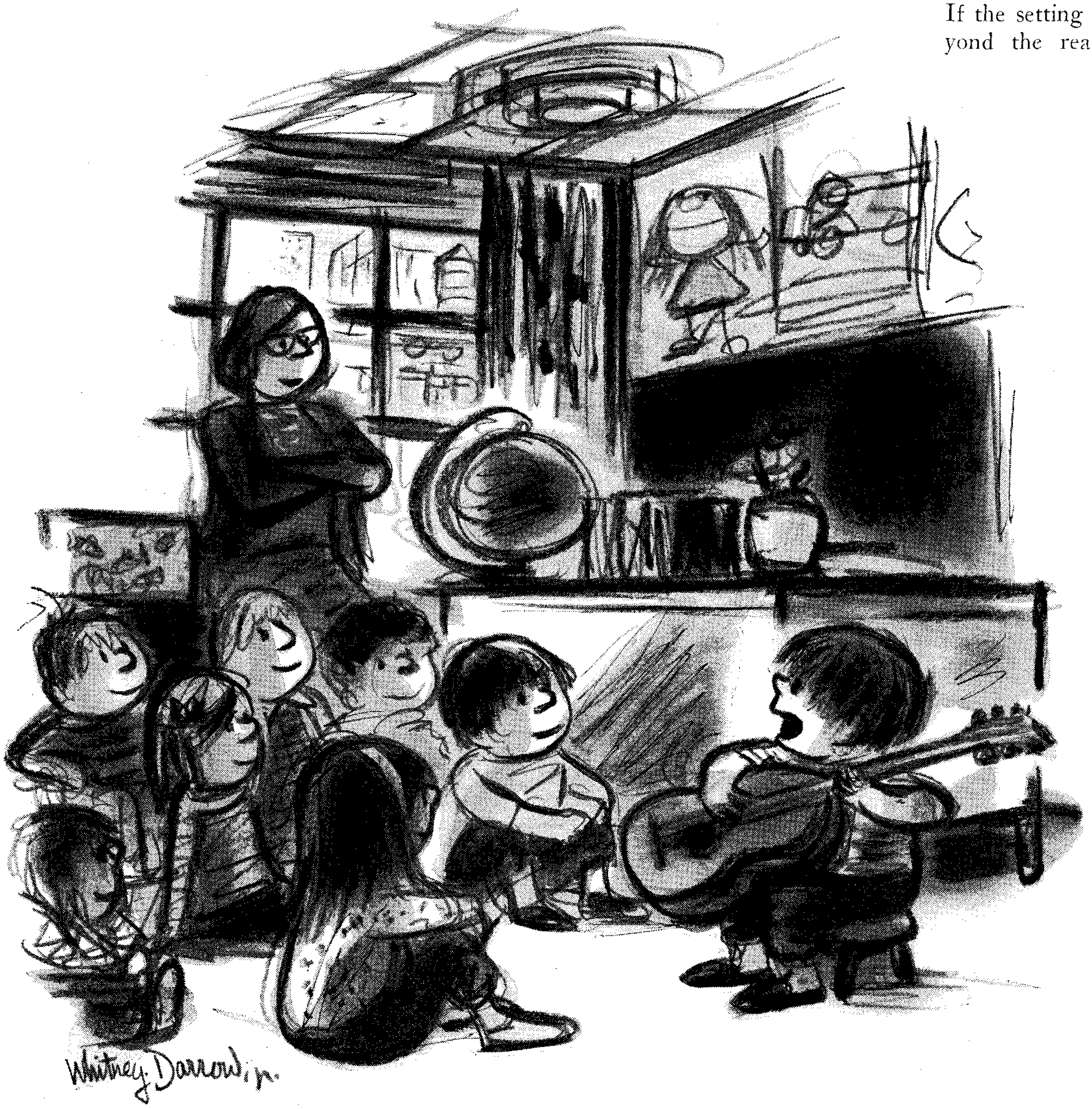
> To me, this contract is an empty gesture toward meeting the danger of infiltration into academic life of indoctrinators, conspirators, and spies. For a subversive person need not have a party card; a conspirator is not bound by declarations; a party member may be unknown to any but a few; a would-be commissar would not ask you for a hearing; and a fanatic indoctrinator may not feel that he lies when he says that he represents objective truth.
>
> One may say, then, why not acquiesce in an empty gesture, if it saves the faces of very important personages, helps to allay public hysteria, and hurts nobody? My answer is that of a psychologist. I do believe that this gesture which now saves face for some important people will, in the long run, hurt people who are much more important: the students. Too much has been said of academic freedom for the faculty; I am concerned about certain dangers to the spirit of the student body, dangers which may emanate from such "compromises" as we have been asked to accept.
>
> For many students, their years of study represent their only contact with thought and theory, their only contact with men who teach them how to see two sides of a question and yet to be decisive in their conclusions, how to un-

derstand and yet to act with conviction. Young people are rightfully suspicious and embarrassingly discerning. I do not believe they can remain unimpressed by the fact that the men who are to teach them to think and to act judiciously and spontaneously must undergo a political test; must sign a statement which implicitly questions the validity of their own oath of office; must abrogate "commitments" so undefined that they must forever suspect themselves and one another; and must confess to an "objective truth" which they know only too well is elusive. Older people like ourselves can laugh this off; in younger people, however—and especially in those most important students who are motivated to go into teaching—a dangerous rift may well occur between the "official truth" and those deep and often radical doubts which are the necessary condition for the development of thought. . . .

I realize that the University of California is a big place, with many purposes. In many departments the danger which I have outlined will not interfere with the finding and teaching of facts. Mine is a highly specialized place in an area of knowledge still considered rather marginal to true science. My field includes the study of "hysteria," private and public, in "personality" and "culture." It includes the study of the tremendous waste in human energy which proceeds from irrational fear and from the irrational gestures which are part of what we call "history." I would find it difficult to ask my subject of investigation (people) and my students to work with me if I were to participate without protest in a vague, fearful, and somewhat vindictive gesture devised to ban an evil in some magic way—an evil which must be met with much more searching and concerted effort.

When it became obvious that Erikson's position at Berkeley was in jeopardy, other institutions began to bid for him. (In 1968, the same university gave him an honorary degree, and Erikson has noted with satisfaction that the California State Court of Appeals later ordered the dismissed faculty members reinstated.) Dr. Robert Knight, whom Erikson had met while lecturing at the Menninger Clinic, had become medical director of the Austen Riggs Center, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and he suggested that Erikson join him at Riggs, which was being made into a leading center for psychoanalytic training and research. Its site and its buildings, in an old New England village surrounded by the Berkshire hills, allowed the staff to take care of seriously troubled patients without locking them up or subjecting them to the crowded isolation and abandonment typical of wards in state hospitals. If the setting was idyllic, and was beyond the reach of most people, the small number of doctors and patients could at least try to learn together what can be accomplished when everything needed in the way of facilities and psychiatric care is provided. After much deliberation, Erikson accepted the invitation, and made another important move in a life that has been full of decisive turns.

THE ideal patients for such an ideal place as Austen Riggs were young men and women whose problems were severe but not intractable. For a long while, psychiatrists had hesitated to say very much about adolescence, because it seemed to be by definition a circumscribed period, relatively quick to pass by, and "normally" filled with agitation and unhappiness. Youth was viewed as a sort of afterthought to childhood, a time when previous conflicts—temporarily stabilized during the "latency period," or early school years—become newly assertive and influential as a result of



*"We can travel the wide world over, but everywhere we roam*
*We'll find the same hypocrisy we always had at home,*
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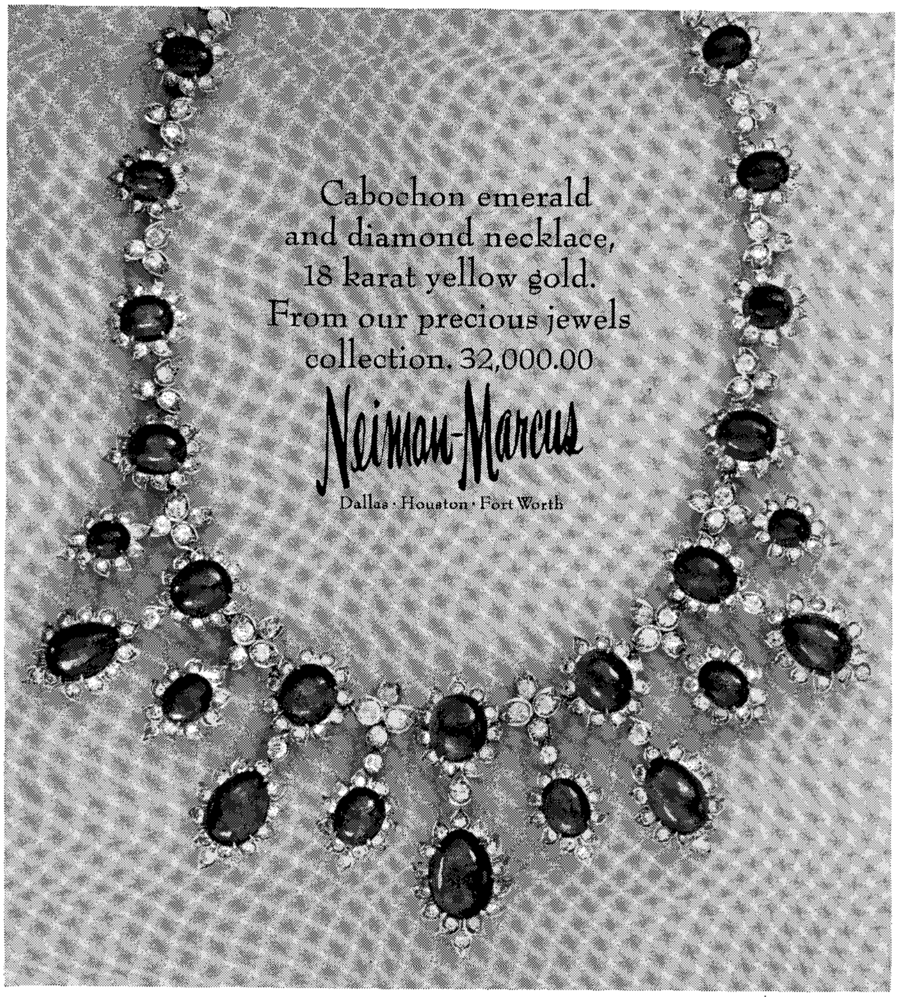
the added biological ("instinctual") energy that exerts its presence upon the mind. Put somewhat differently, the three "agencies" of the mind were seen to have reached a settlement of sorts by the time the child is seven or eight. The libido, at the disposal of the id, has its various "objects" or avenues of expression, though under the surveillance of a fairly well-developed superego. Meanwhile, the ego is still, as always, trying to reconcile what is wanted and is forbidden with what is possible, useful, and workable "on the outside." It goes without saying that such a state of affairs is changed by physiological adolescence: the id receives vast new supplies of libido; the superego has a challenge it never thought possible; and the ego is at a loss to know how the whole disconcerting, eruptive business can be settled to the satisfaction of the particular youth and of his society, which can and will take "only so much."

In 1950, such a trinitarian model of mental life badly needed amplification, not only because it gave short shrift to any number of historical, social, and cultural forces that every day become authoritative psychological ones but also because the model has a stubbornly deterministic cast—as if whatever came after the age of five might be only a repetition or variation of the same old struggle. Life does indeed have certain common or universal qualities, grounded in the unavoidable needs of the body, which persist from the start to the finish of what Erikson describes as the life cycle. We may be mere waves of consciousness, suddenly here and quickly gone, but for the few years we have (or "are") a series of inevitable and recurring experiences make us particular men and women: we eat and drink, taking things in and later ridding ourselves of water and solids; we sleep, dream, and make love; we fall sick and see others die; we watch our own bodies change, grow, and then begin to weaken; we see and feel; we talk and listen; we move about, stay still, adjust ourselves to the actions of others; we also adjust to night and day, to the seasons and what they bring. Erikson did not think that his cyclical view of life was original, but he could hardly have failed to notice how profoundly absorbed some of his colleagues were in the first years of the cycle, and, being a child analyst, whose job demands watching children rather than listening to adults recall childhood, he must have known how treacherous the mind's leap back in time can be. We crave first causes, fi-



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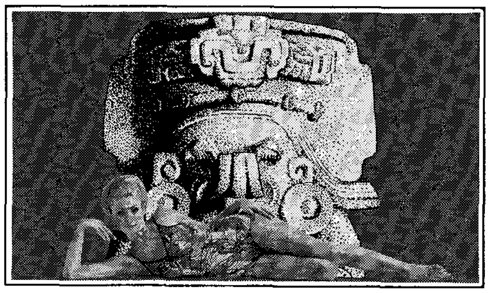

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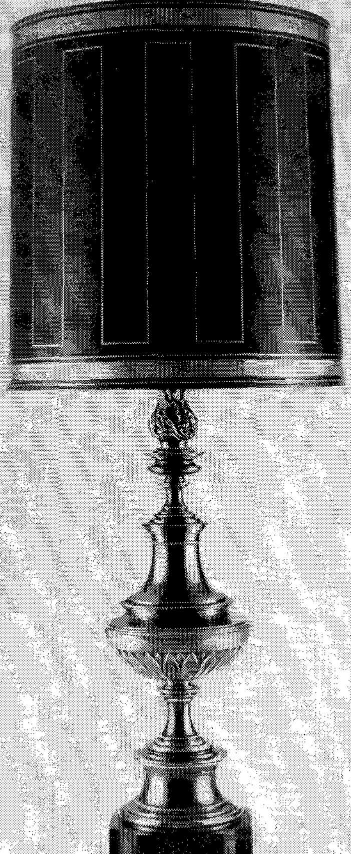

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nal explanations, decisive reasons, and, without God, the earliest years of childhood are made to serve by people who, like others before them, have turned bits of useful or compelling imagery into cosmic answers to the riddles that will probably always be with us. Does life unwind or unravel itself from some intricate "core" that is rather quickly constructed in the first few years? Or is life a series of steps, each with one before it and one after, and with each person's set of steps very much beside and connected to those of others? Are we essentially what we are by the time we start asking questions like these? Or are we so many things that it is impossible from moment to moment to say what we are—because the nature of the moment itself "determines" or conspires to bring out what is "inside" us as "potential"? Of course, a man like Freud was not even trying to answer such questions. He was a clinical investigator, and he made his observations. Nor can he be blamed for dwelling on them; they were his. As few men have done, he discovered one of the chains of cause and effect that bind us all together. He did not make his line of thought and his discovery the entire story; that was done by those who came after him.

Erikson seems to have realized from the beginning of his career that in science and in history what is called "truth" constantly changes, since no "fact" is immune to new information. What remains much longer is a viewpoint, or a manner of inquiry. In the case of psychoanalysis, it was quite clear even before Freud's death that, like anyone, he could be and had been wrong. He himself knew that, and took pains at the end to reduce his lifework to a few essentials, as if saying something like this to those who would claim his mantle: Do not get bogged down in details and factional fights. If I have done anything, it is to recognize the importance of childhood, its persisting existence as a state of mind. If I have learned anything, it is how to find and comprehend the child in all of us—by listening, by following thoughts and tracking them down, by noticing what happens in me and in the patient as we talk day by day and together slip back in time, as all people do when they become close, when they are reminded of those first ties, those first entanglements or dependencies that apparently impress themselves on us forever. Pay attention to *that*, to how we go about our clinical work, to the trouble we meet in doing it, to the larger vision

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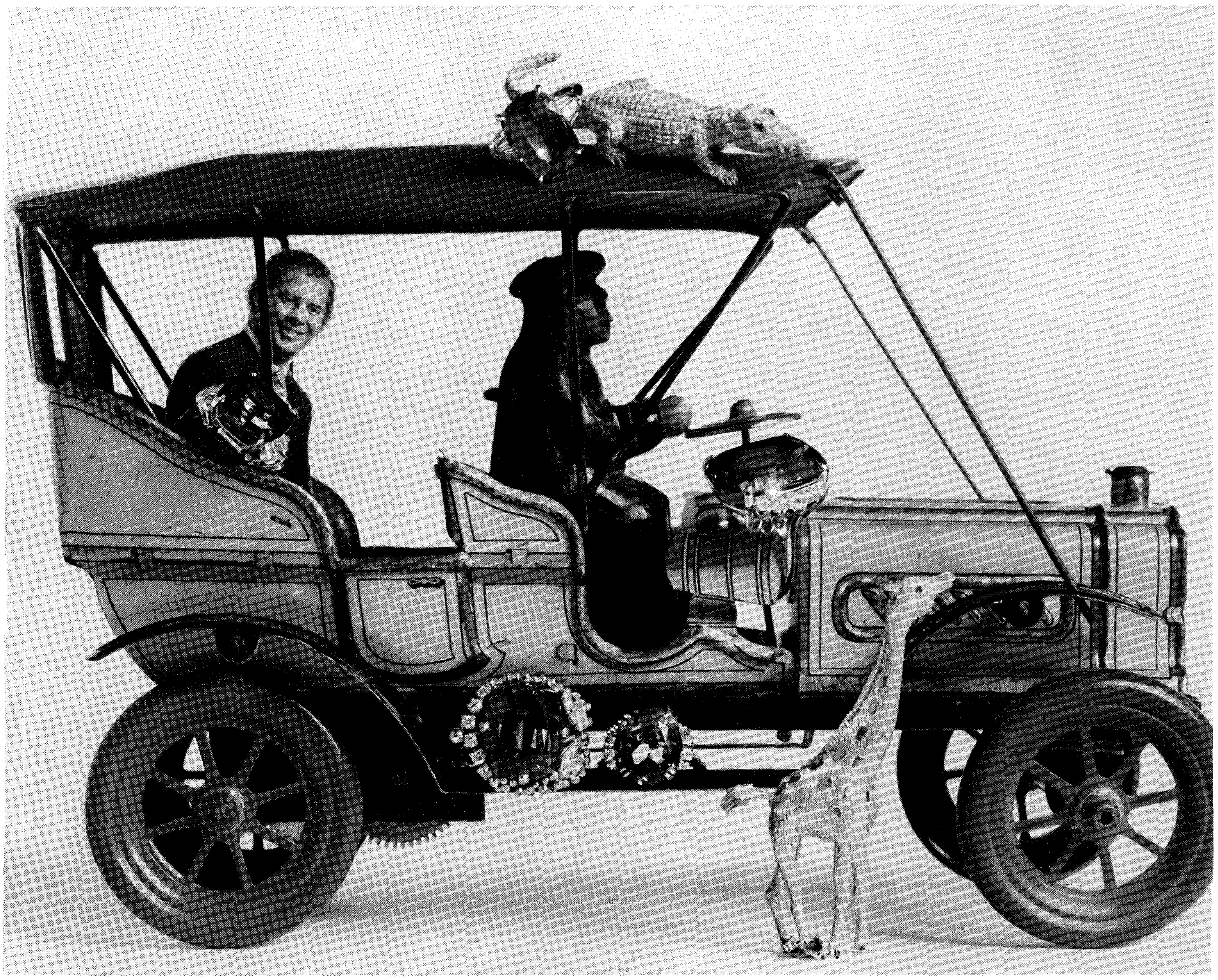

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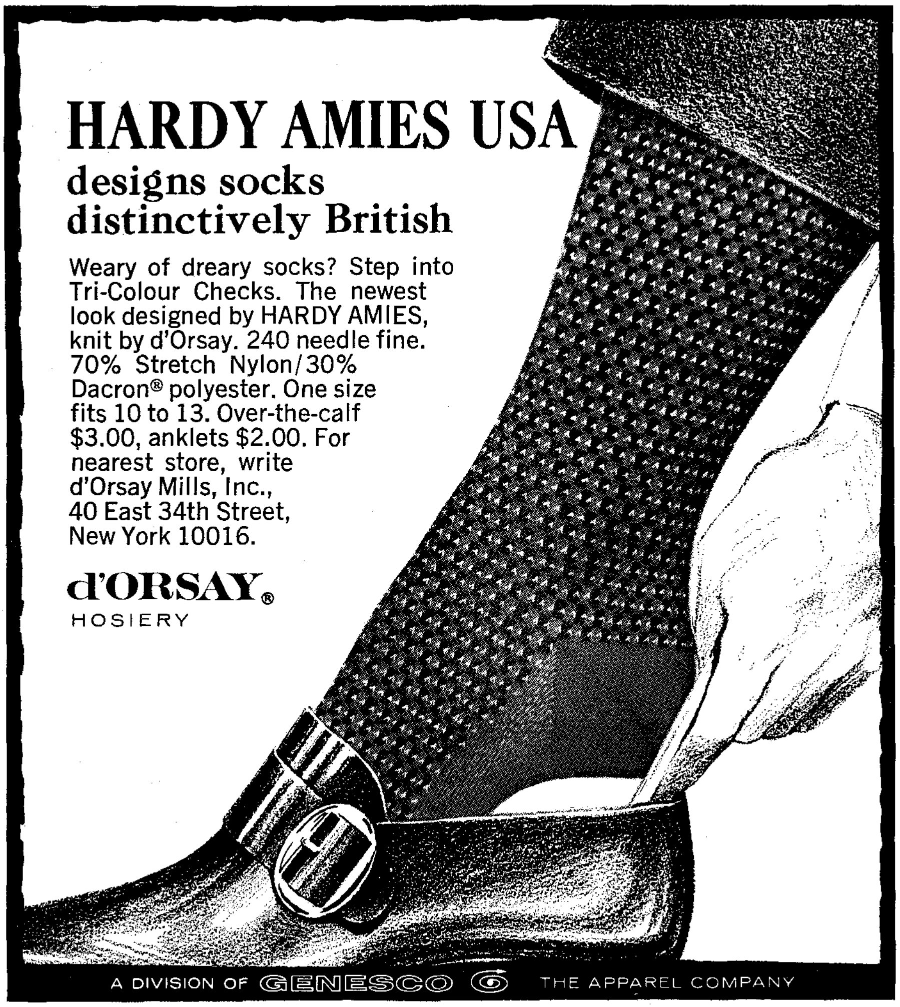

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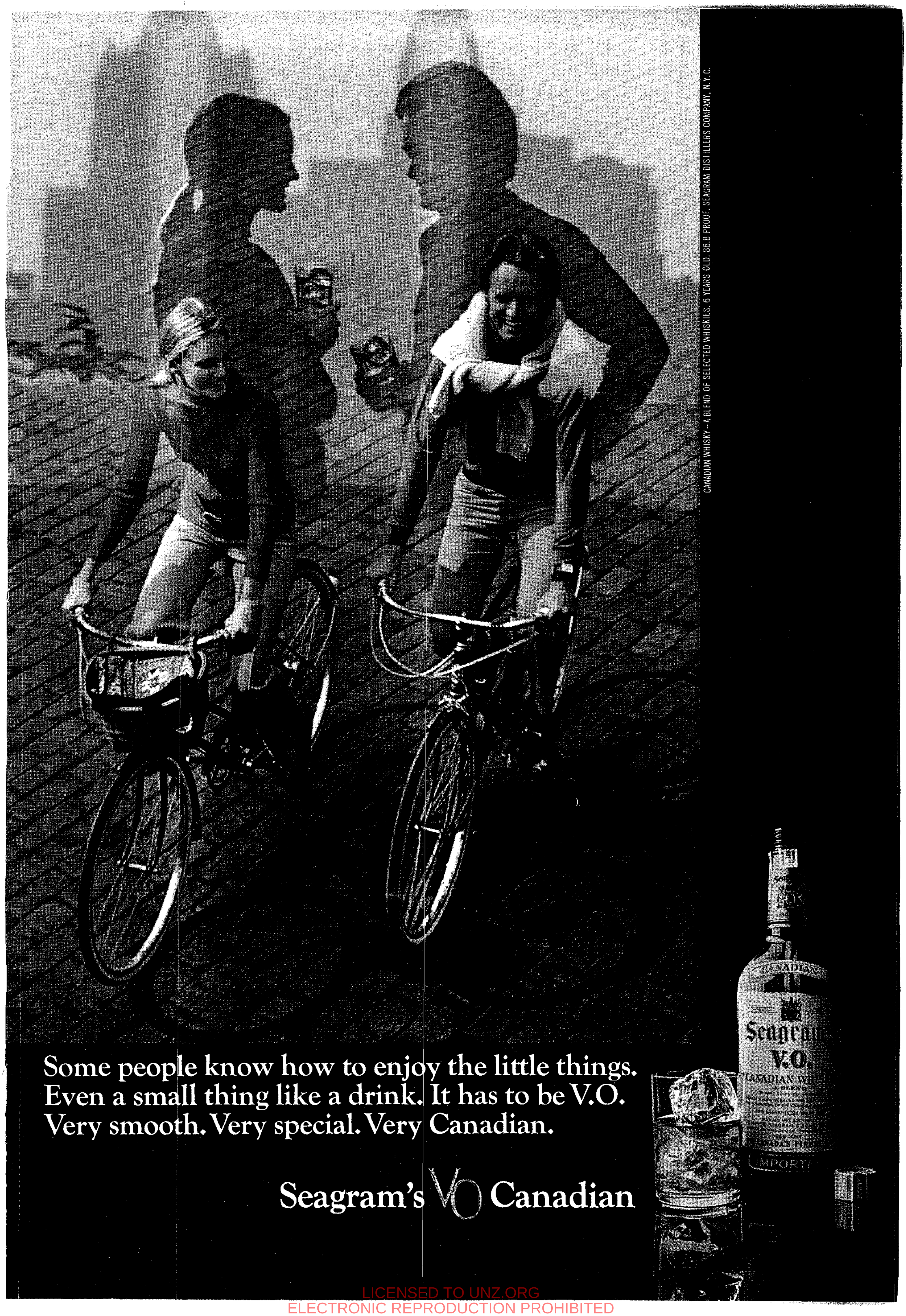
In "Childhood and Society," Erikson showed how the mind lives in the body and also in the world outside the Viennese consultation room or its equivalent in New York or Los Angeles. To do so meant thinking of mothers and fathers as quite often different from the mother and father Oedipus had. To do so meant ignoring the interminable argument over whether the body's drives or the environment is more "influential." To do so meant thinking of both mind and body as inevitably headed for a certain historical fate, in which each man's survival, endurance, and character depend upon everything from the water and food he does or does not reliably obtain to the kind of care and education he may or may not receive.

After all, if a psychoanalyst is working with children in Africa, in China, or even in many parts of America, he cannot assume that if a child is not adequately fed or clothed it is just because his mother has a psychological problem of one sort or another. Nor can he assume that it makes a crucial difference to the parents of a two- or three-year-old boy whether he is able to control himself and use a bathroom. Kind and generous mothers, who wish their children very well, may have to deny them what is simply not to be had—food. Children may have to grow up in a home that has no running water, and their parents may get nervous about hunger, not cleanliness. For that matter, grandparents, or brothers, sisters, and cousins, not to mention neighbors, may take care of children and get along with them in ways that many of us reserve for the actual mother and father—in which case the child will have his envies and jealousies, but they will not necessarily be part of some "family triangle," or even rectangle or hexagon. Erikson had tried to say all this, and say it in such a way that he did not attack what had been discovered just because it could not account for new or different circumstances and problems. No one can expect Freud to have been a cultural anthropologist (were there *any* cultural anthropologists in 1900?) or a sociologist or a historian. Freud himself was very guarded in the way he approached political or historical problems. He made clear what he did not know and what he felt he would never be able to know. He admitted his prejudices, and called



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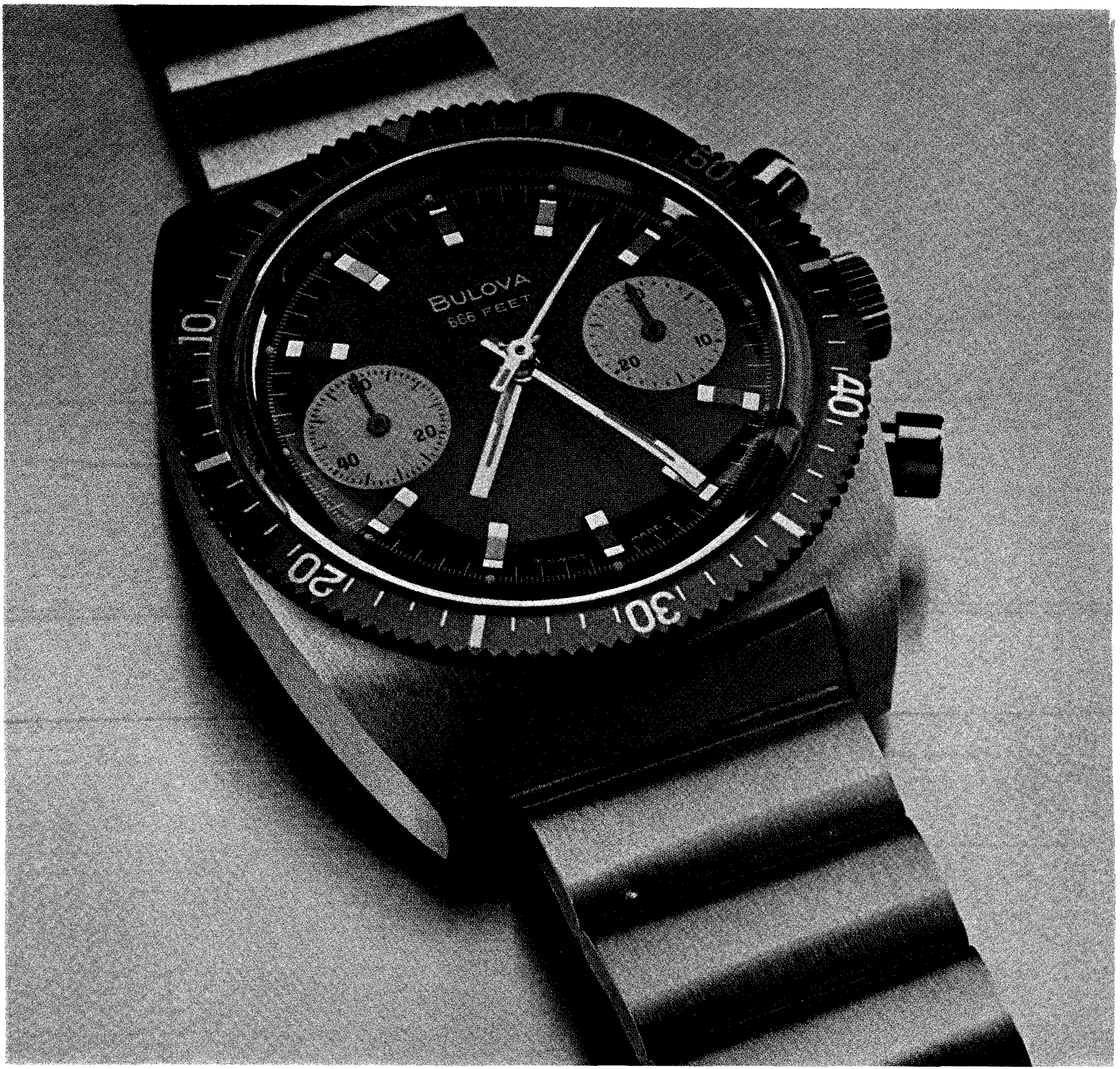

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a guess a guess. And yet "applications" of psychoanalysis to the study of history, the art of biography, and the field of anthropology have taken the form of gratuitous labelling: this man was an obsessive type, and his writing shows how fastidious he was, how worried about dirt; that culture is "predominantly oral;" lawyers are working out "superego problems" by struggling with the law, whereas surgeons are "sublimating" various aggressions. If all this sounds—at last—absurd, one need only dip into contemporary professional journals to see how stubbornly such simpleminded and heavy-handed "explanations" persist. Erikson, in his writing, had literally tried to complicate things, and stop the wholesale transfer of psychoanalytic concepts to Indian tribes or German politicians or Russian novelists. At Austen Riggs—starting in 1951—he would do more: discover a way of thinking that would enable him and others to use psychoanalytic theory in historical, biographical, and anthropological studies far more sensitively than had ever before been possible. What he had struggled to accomplish in a series of individual instances he now managed to formulate systematically, so that future investigators could start at the point it had taken him years to reach. The critical concept is that of "identity;" by using it over and over and working for years to give it a particular kind of meaning, Erikson in fact gave real body and strength to the descriptive outline he had made earlier of the stages in the life cycle. It can be said that through his writings on the subject of identity he accomplished the single most important shift in direction that psychoanalysis had to make if it was to become at all relevant to other disciplines.

For years, psychoanalytic theorists (or the best of them) had struggled with time—had tried to look back yet somehow do justice to man's continuing development, his day-to-day growth, which constitutes his life as a person. Erikson's concept of identity is in essence a statement about the past, the present, and the future—abstractions that try to encompass every hour ever spent. A sense of "ego identity" emerges; it is, in Erikson's phrase, an "accrued confidence" that starts from the very first moment of life but in the second or third decade reaches a point of decisive substance or fails to do so. Confidence about what? Confidence that somehow, in the midst of change, one *is;* that is, one has an "inner sameness and continuity," which others can

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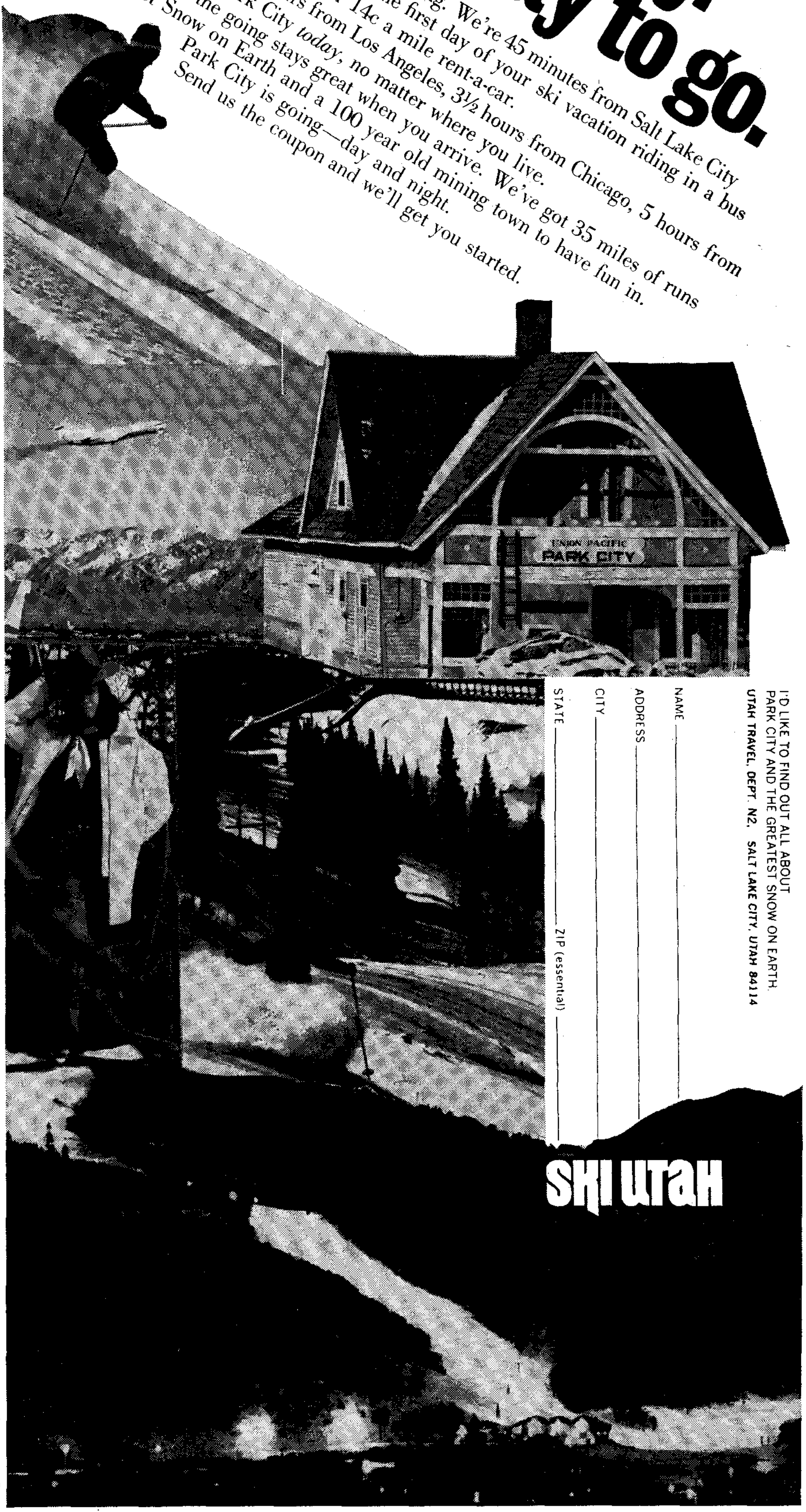

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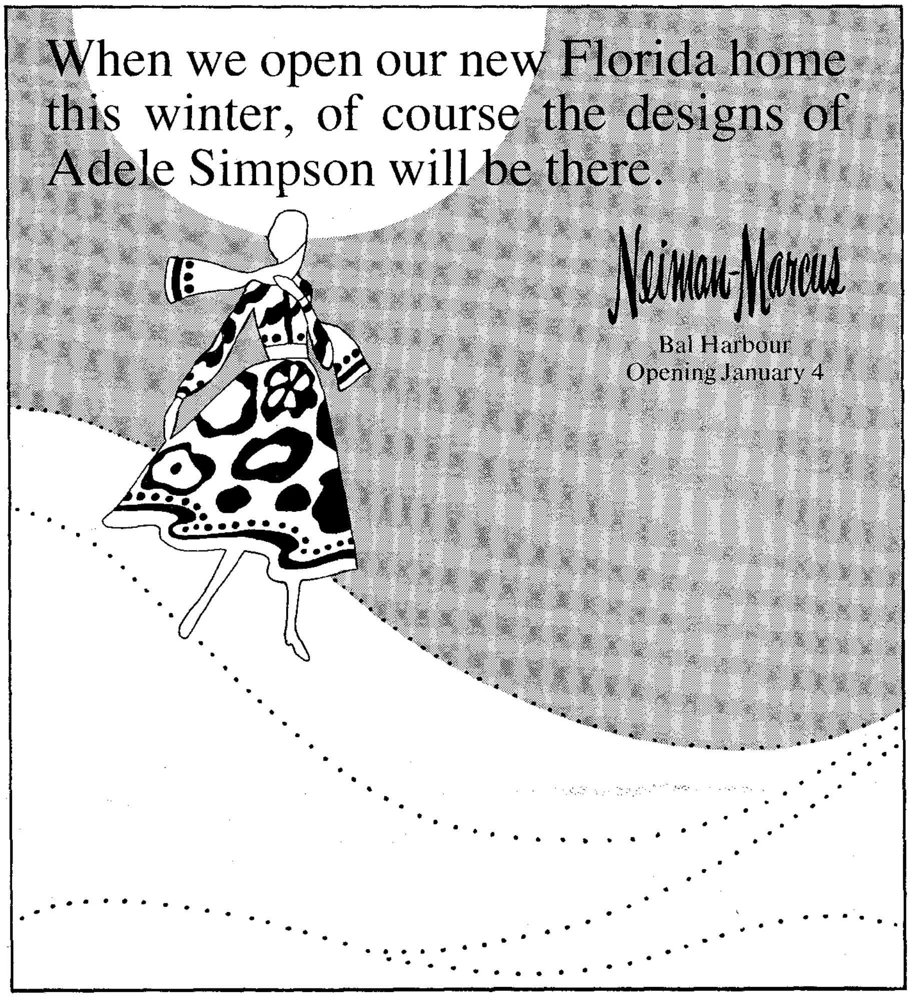

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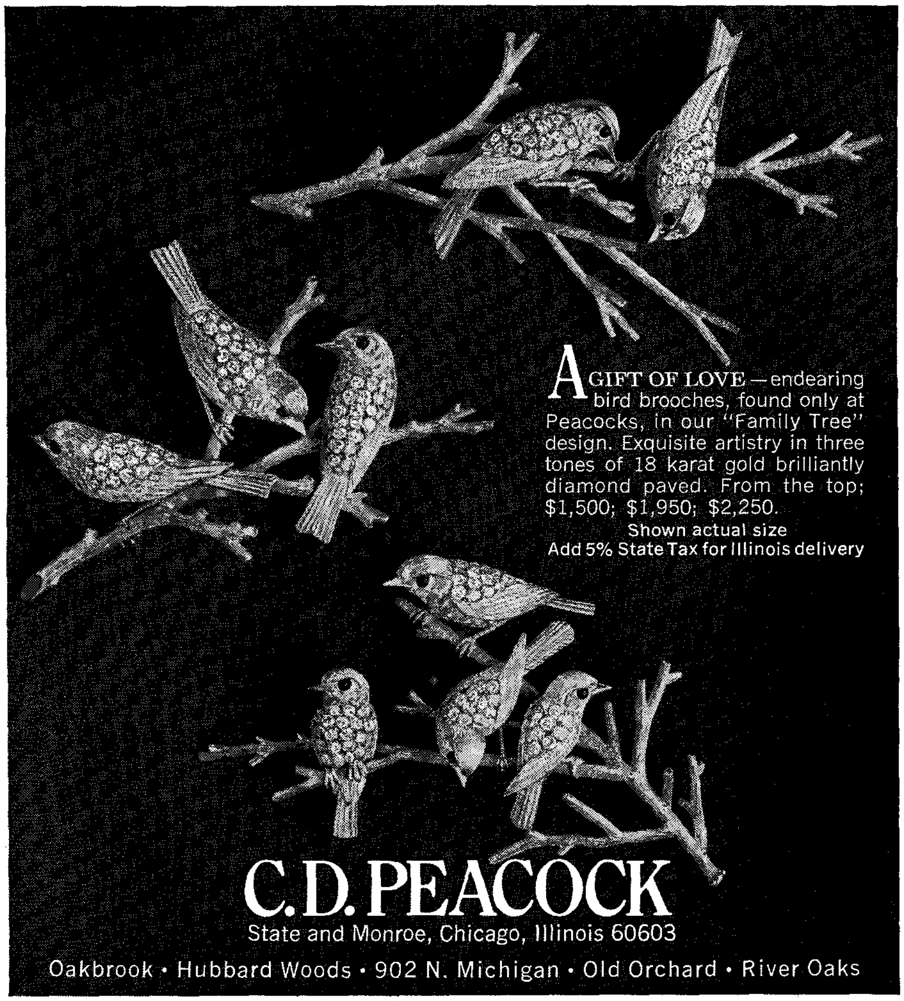

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recognize, and which is so certain that it can unself-consciously be taken for granted. In one of his later books, "Identity: Youth and Crisis," Erikson offers the reader a passage from William James: "A man's character is discernible in the mental or moral attitude in which, when it came upon him, he felt himself most deeply and intensely active and alive. At such moments there is a voice inside which speaks and says: '*This* is the real me!'" James noted that such experience always includes "an element of active tension, of holding my own, as it were, and trusting outward things to perform their part so as to make it a full harmony, but without any *guaranty* that they will." Like James, Erikson, knowing full well when a definition has gone as far as it can, was struggling hard to make clear what can only be suggested. Perhaps it was the artist in Erikson that spared the concept of "identity" what so many other concepts have had to endure: interpretation, commentary, explanation to the point where an initially whole idea becomes an absurdly splintered one.

So it is a configuration that we are asked to see, and one that grows throughout a lifetime. Identity has to do with everything Erikson described in "Childhood and Society." With luck, the infant is held and feels held, craves food and finds his appetite satisfied, looks and sees in return the mother's eyes. The child learns his name, and finds his way about the house and the street. He learns to dress himself, to talk. He also learns how others regard him, address him, and respond to him—teachers and neighbors, playmates and classmates, store clerks and relatives. The child feels, and grows to recognize in himself, emotions like desire, anger, hate, and envy. He wants people and things; he wants to do away with people and things. He learns what he can do, what he must do, what he wishes he might do, and he also learns what others do in response to his various deeds. At home and at school, he takes in information and discovers how to use it. He gains command of his body, begins to feel a certain authority over his immediate world. He can act, and increasingly he can act with the consequences in mind.

When the child becomes what we call an adolescent, his mind continues to develop—to learn and struggle and adjust and make do. Erikson saw adolescence as more than a time of trouble, or of old turmoil newly awakened. Again and again, in the years between 1950, when "Childhood and Society"

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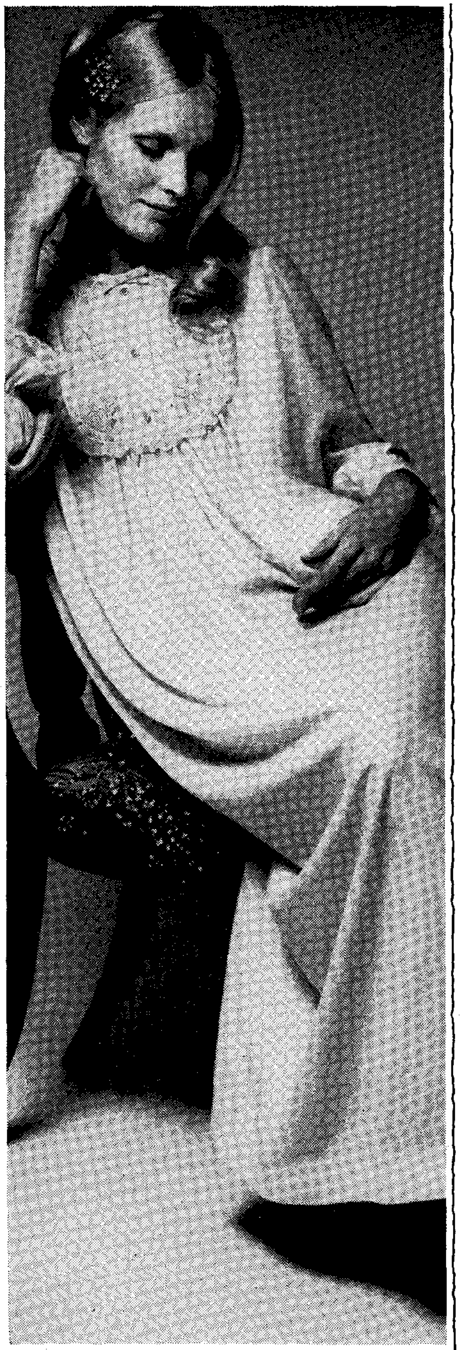

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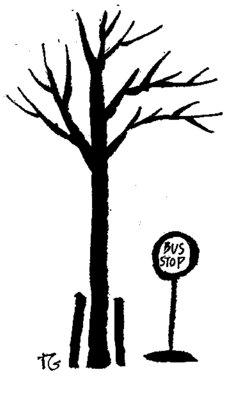
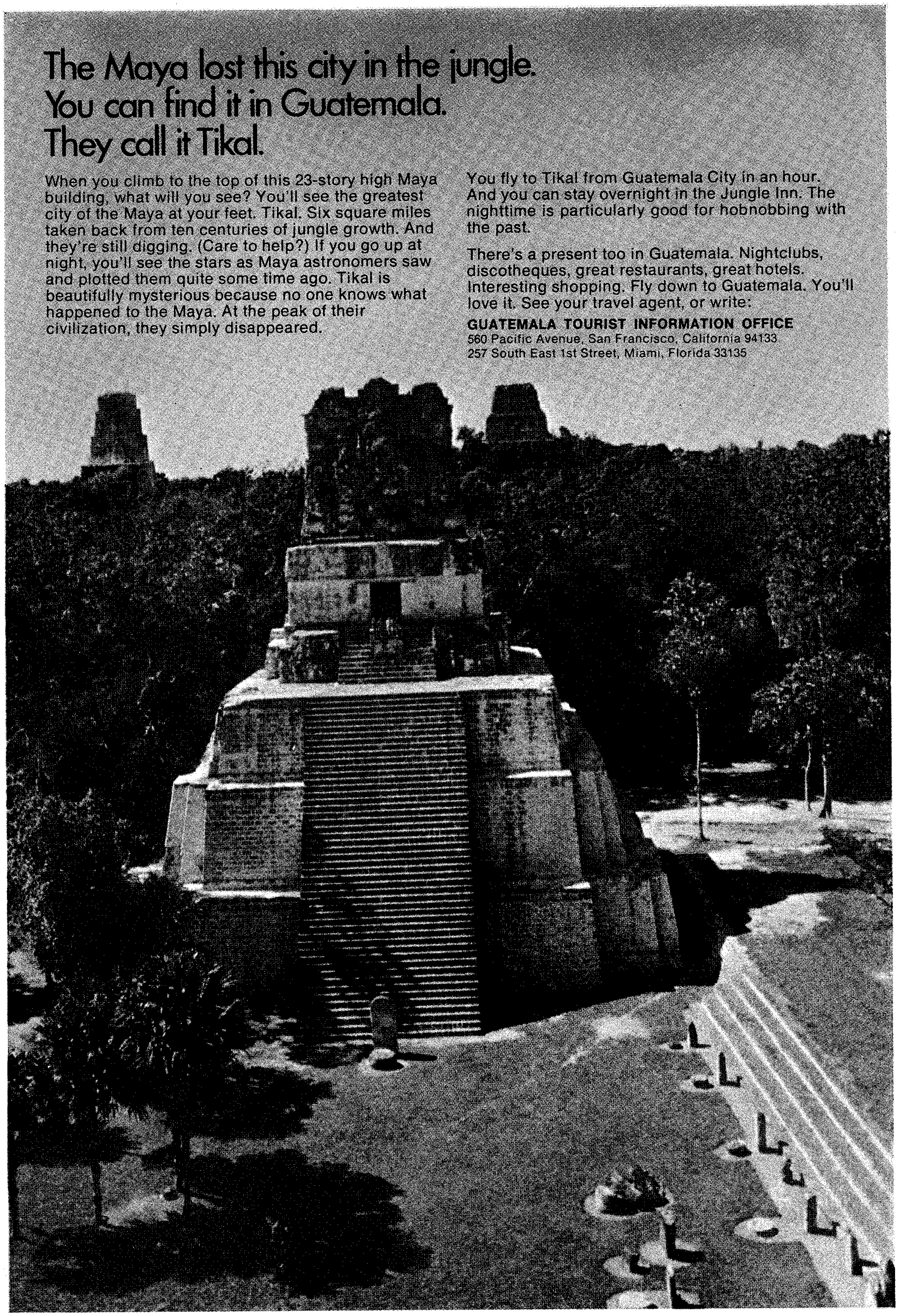
was published, and 1958, when his "Young Man Luther" appeared, he tried to express what his clinical experience (and also his work with anthropologists and educators) urged him to take into consideration. In a long paper entitled "The Problem of Ego Identity," published in January, 1956, in the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association*, Erikson wrote:

> In a number of writings I have been using the term *ego identity* to denote certain comprehensive gains which the individual, at the end of adolescence, must have derived from all of his pre-adult experience in order to be ready for the tasks of adulthood. My use of this term reflected the dilemma of a psychoanalyst who was led to a new concept not by theoretical preoccupation but rather through the expansion of his clinical awareness to other fields (social anthropology and comparative education) and through the expectation that such expansion would, in turn, profit clinical work.

Erikson knew he was taking on a lot, and in addition he had to face professional opposition. Three leading psychoanalytic theoreticians had just written, in collaboration, as follows: "Analysts, too, are aware of differences of behavior caused by cultural conditions; they are not devoid of that common sense which has always stressed these differences, but their impact on the analytic observer tends to decrease as work progresses and as available data move from the periphery to the center, that is, from manifest behavior to data, part of which is accessible only to an analytic investigation." Erikson felt keenly that the relationship between the dreams and fantasies that psychiatrists try to comprehend and the "outside world" was central, and not peripheral. He objected to the implications of the phrase "from the periphery to the center"—as if psychoanalysts would someday find some level of mental activity that was ultimately deep and, as it were, *sui generis*, which is to say removed from the social and cultural conditions that struck both analysts and non-analysts of common sense as important. He did not find the mind's continuing effort to deal with social or political realities either a peripheral or a superficial preoccupation. The ego—the very ego that Freud had described and, in his later years, increasingly studied—has no task more central than learning to know where it stands in the eyes of others and in the light of history. Again and again during childhood, the mind comes to terms with what nature has ordained and what a given life in a given society must find important. To his colleagues Erikson put it this way: "From a genetic point of view, then, the process of identity formation emerges as an *evolving configuration*—a configuration which is gradually established by successive ego syntheses and re-syntheses throughout childhood; it is a configuration gradually integrating *constitutional givens, idiosyncratic libidinal needs, favored capacities, significant identifications, effective defenses, successful sublimations, and consistent roles.*"

As Erikson proceeded to approach "the subject matter of identity" from several angles in his paper on "Ego Identity," he did not hesitate to discuss "worldwide public identity" of the sort that a man like George Bernard Shaw worked so hard to achieve. At sixty-five, Shaw prepared a preface to a novel he had written in his twenties and had never published. The novel was being published only because Shaw had become the world-famous G.B.S., and Shaw knew it. He decided to use the occasion to reminisce, and, in fact, he came up with an honest, revealing account of his childhood and youth. G.B.S.—a "public identity" if there ever was one—describes the young Shaw as an "extremely disagreeable and undesirable" fellow who was trying to find his "natural place" in society. He recalls the exceedingly difficult emotional experience he underwent: "Behold me, therefore, in my twentieth year, with a business training, in an occupation which I detested as cordially as any sane person lets himself detest anything he cannot escape from. In March, 1876, I broke loose." He left home, left Ireland, left a comfortable job to which he had seemed well suited. During the "eight years of solitude" that followed, he tried to make a new life for himself as a writer. He wrote and wrote and wrote; he condemned himself to fill five pages of paper every day, "rain or shine, dull or inspired." He dreaded failure, but he also feared success—at least, the kind that would lead him away from his self-imposed exile and isolation. He wanted fame, but he knew that he first had to achieve a certain victory over himself. In the





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course of analyzing Shaw's essay, Erikson refers to Shaw's "identity crisis," and calls the long period of lonely, introspective writing a "moratorium"—an "interval between youth and adulthood" when one tries to achieve an inner and outer coherence. He also shows how one gifted man did, in a dramatic and brilliant way, what the rest of us do (or fail to do) every day—pick and choose, without quite knowing it, from our own past in order to fill up the future with a life that we can call ours. Shaw said, "I work as my father drank," and Erikson systematically points out how the sensitive and whimsical child turned both the virtues and the vices of his parents into a life that was not theirs yet was of them—a life that belonged to no one else yet in one or another respect resembled many lives. To Erikson, the paradox is exactly the point: we are not the inevitable products of genes and early childhood experiences, though they strongly influence us. In adolescence, we begin to make a series of decisions that reflect what is now possible as well as what once happened.

In the same paper, Erikson drew on the lives of some of the generally healthy children he had been seeing as well as those of young men and women whose "troubles" he considered to be elements in a clinical picture of "identity diffusion." The observations had been made both at Austen Riggs, where he was a member of the senior staff from 1951 to 1960, and in Pittsburgh, where he went regularly to work in a psychiatric clinic and a family-study center operated by the University of Pittsburgh's medical school. At Riggs, he saw well-to-do young men and women who had left college because they were extremely upset, moody, anxious, paralyzed, unable to decide what they wanted to "be," where they wanted to "go." In Pittsburgh, where he worked with Dr. Benjamin Spock, he came into contact with the children of factory workers, and watched the way relatively impoverished mothers handled their children. He learned about young people who saw little use in a high-school education, and whose worries did not include a sense of uncertainty about graduate-school education. He was interested in the relationship between "the environment" and the mind, and he did not allow himself to forget that by and large psychiatrists see patients who come from a particular (middle-class) kind of environment. In describing what he called a "syndrome of disturbances," Erikson was thus able to

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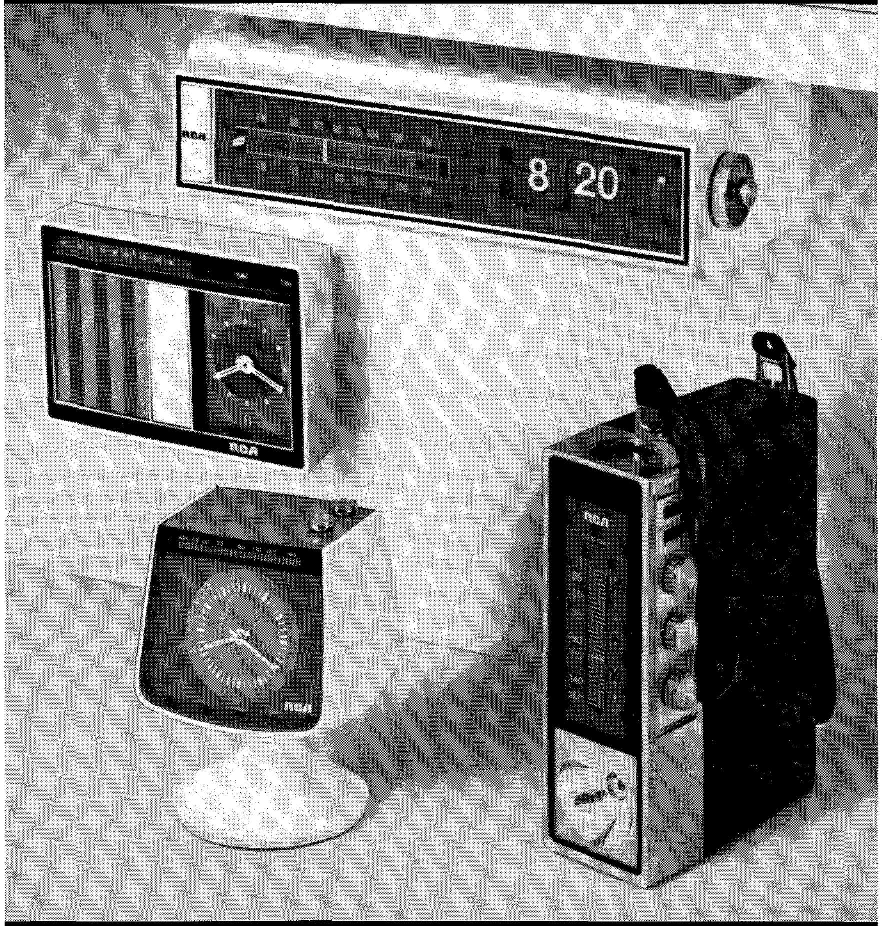

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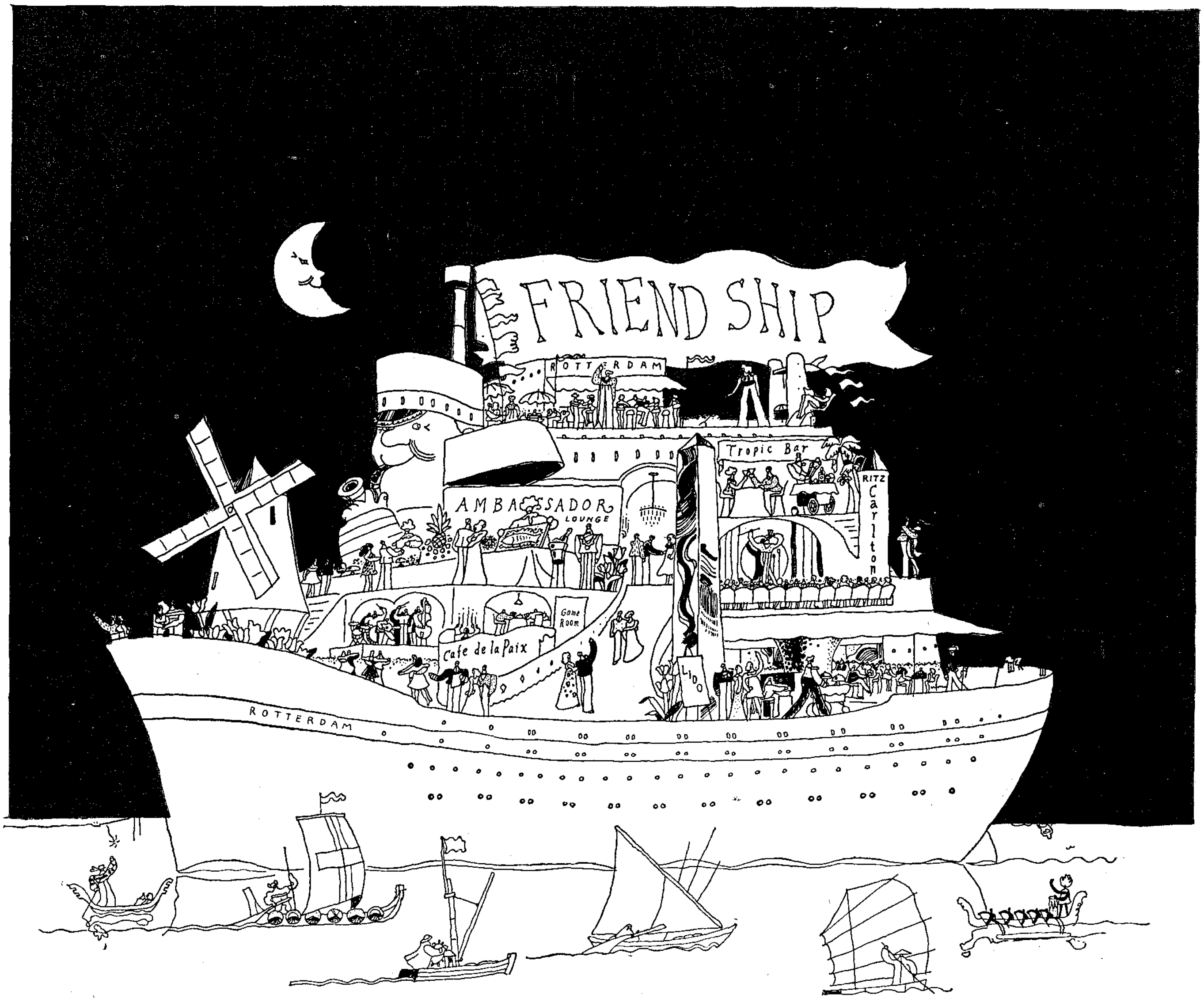
take an unusually broad view of the lives of adolescents in America. The young individual who is in a state of "acute identity diffusion" may feel isolated, empty, anxious, unable to make any number of choices or decisions that he himself (let alone his parents or teachers) feels pending. He feels threatened by the possibility of intimacy, the chance at last to choose a career or find a job, the presence of others who are seen as competitors, as somehow better or less troubled. He finds himself at a loss, and he fears that the world is breathing hard down his neck—ready to restrict him, type him, define him, and thus close him off from any number of possibilities he still finds attractive. He wants out, he wants to be away, he wants time—time to think and decide—and he wants to act only later.

Nor is this entirely pathological. It is true that plenty is wrong—and is felt to be wrong by the suffering young man or woman. He or she may seem to be going backward rather than forward. In fact, a retreat to early childhood may seem like a happy alternative to any job, any career, any involvement with another human being. Yet the apparently stalemated youth may have found a method in a madness that is more apparent than real. He may be buying time and putting it to the important use of waiting, testing, trying. He may be slowly coming to grips with a world that even most older people know in the back of their minds to be confusing. Nevertheless, some of the young stumble and go awry—badly so. Unlike Shaw, they cannot find their own way, and, in Erikson's words, "they come, instead, to psychiatrists, priests, judges and (we must add) recruitment officers in order to be given an authorized if ever so uncomfortable place . . . to wait things out." In this list of helpers or authorities, a good deal is implied. One's background determines the person to be approached for advice and the style in which time is bought—by joining the Army or by getting into trouble with the police or by going into a morbidly introspective seclusion in which ideas are worked to death and a psychiatrist is regularly consulted.

Perhaps more than anything else, the hazards of closeness or intimacy challenge young people—and, indeed, all of us, who so often become "grown-up" by escaping from feelings rather than confronting them. In "Childhood and Society," Erikson indicated that the struggle for a sense of identity becomes in time a struggle to live with others—



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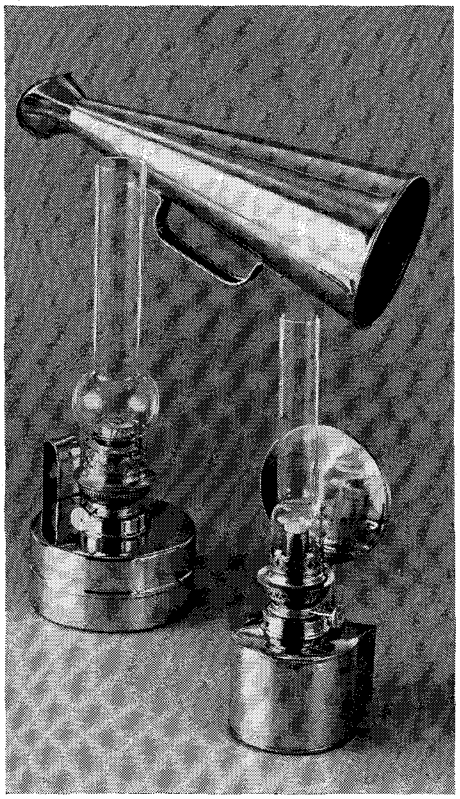

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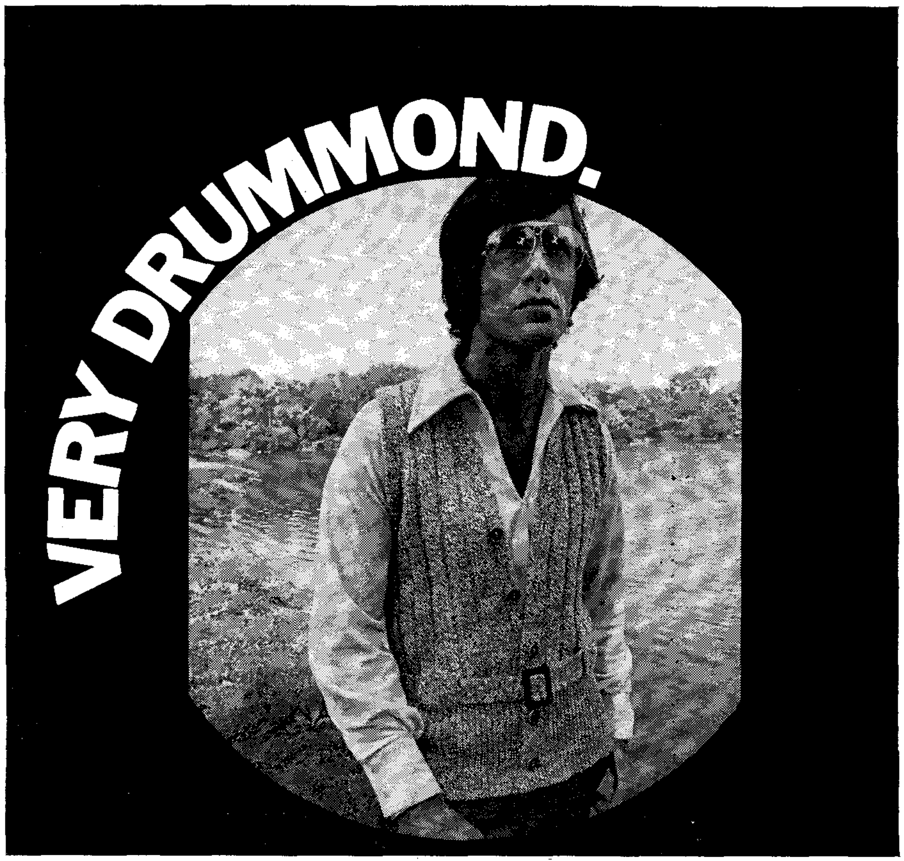
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significant others. In effect, a youth's struggle for identity constantly forces him to set himself off, to know himself by the company he keeps or chooses to ignore, or even flee. The young person who seeks "tentative forms of playful intimacy in friendship and competition, in sex play and love, in argument and gossip" fears that by reaching out he will lose whatever it is that is himself. No wonder "a tense inner reservation, a caution in commitment" seems safe, if not desirable. On the other hand, there are times when, at any cost, the youth "wants to be an apprentice or a disciple, a follower, sex mate, or patient"—anything to belong. Conflict seems to touch every minute of the day, every look into the future, and "protests of missed greatness and of a premature and fatal loss of useful potentials are common." There is "a decided disbelief in the possibility that time may bring change, and yet also . . . a violent fear that it might." The young person seems slowed up, "as if he were moving in molasses." On the brink of life, he or she seems determined to quit, to give up and retire for good from the impossible burden of the self. In some, failure is sought out more openly and vigorously, to the point that the youth feels he would rather "be nobody or somebody bad, or indeed, dead—and this totally, and by free choice—than be not-quite-somebody." Erikson describes such an attitude as a "rock-bottom" one, an almost deliberately negative search for the self, done with "devastating sincerity." A patient put it this way: "That people do not know how to succeed is bad enough. But the worst is that they do not know how to fail. I have decided to fail well." He could fall back on nothing but doubt, nothing but failure, both to be realized on a grand scale. Young people, in a ghetto or in the wealthiest suburb, are struggling to find the rituals, habits, and assumptions that the rest of us take for granted and call (perhaps only if we are asked to think about it) a "way of life" or "everyday existence." Erikson's clinical work with individual youths gives depth and conviction to his comments on the collective phenomenon as it has been developing, and quite recently, in a paper titled "Reflections on the Dissent of Contemporary Youth," he discusses what he has called the mixed "prophetic and regressive aspects of the collective identity crisis which has engulfed modern youth."

For anyone considering Erikson's attempts to grapple with the exceedingly elusive yet enormously suggestive and

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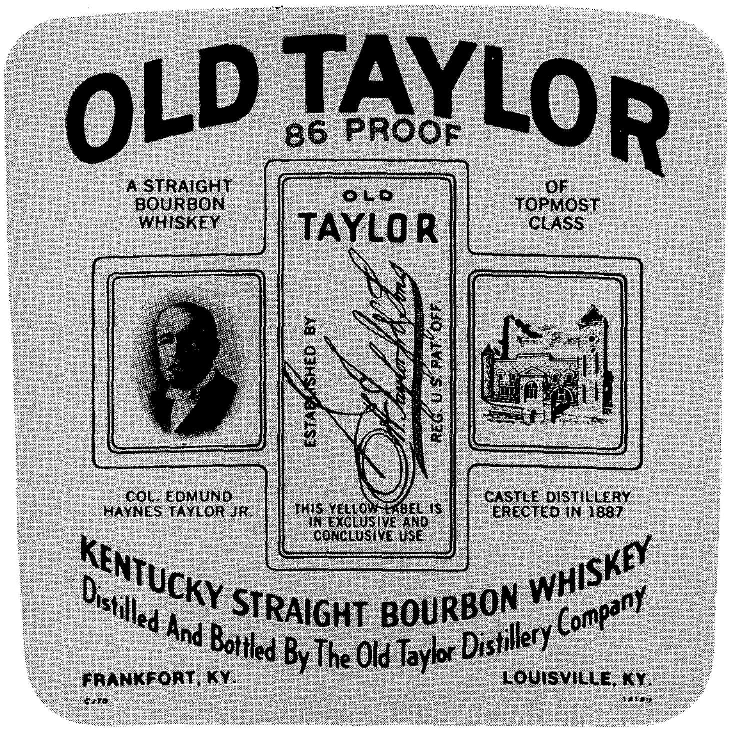
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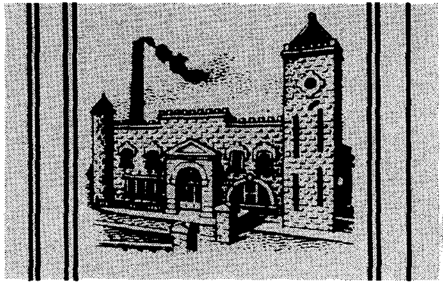

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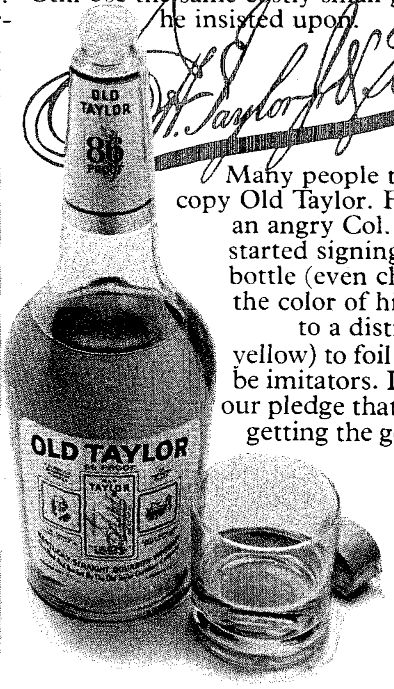
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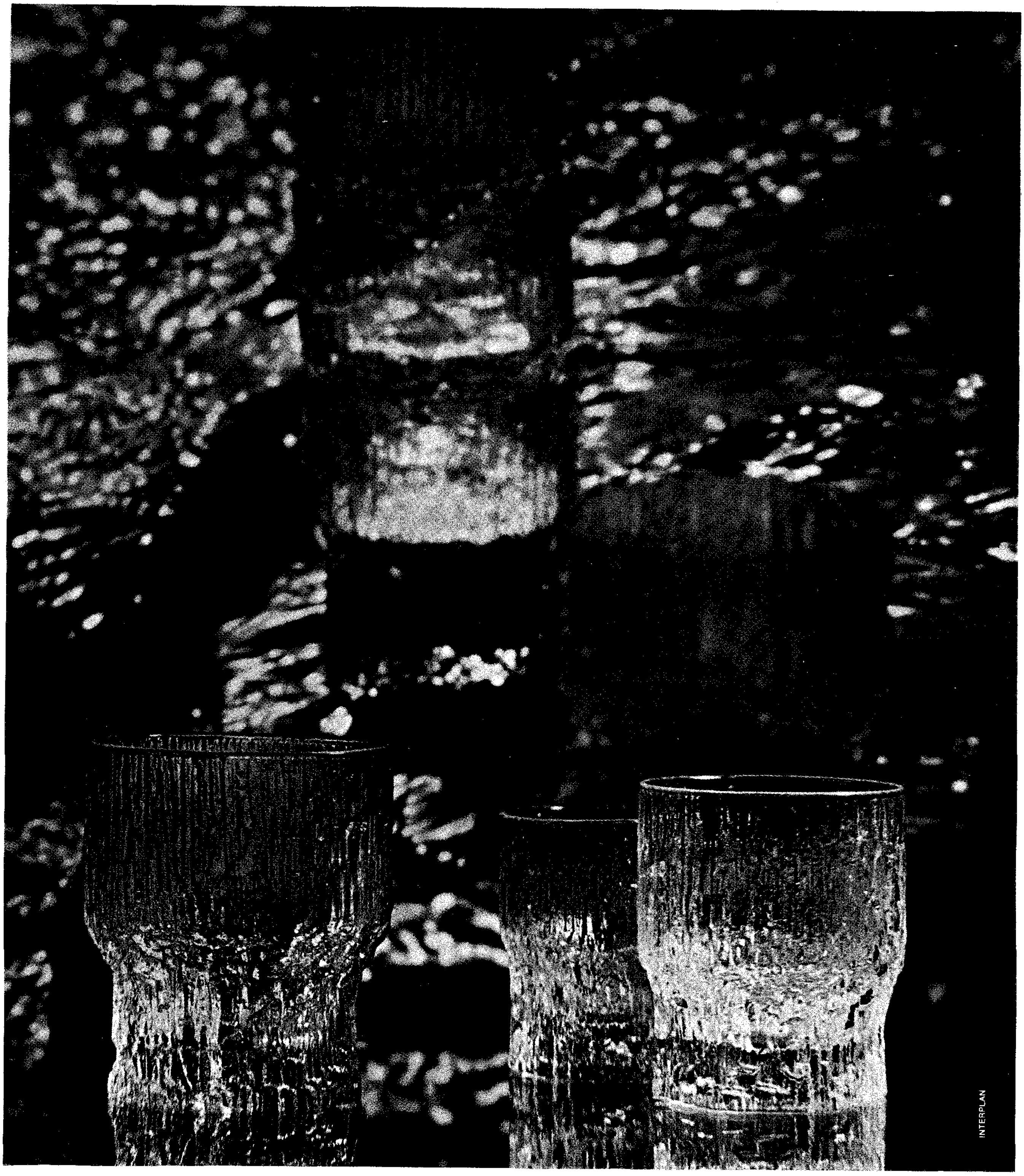

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by now celebrated concepts of identity and identity crisis, there is always the temptation to invoke the psychoanalyst's option and ask why. Why did he preoccupy himself with such a problem? I once asked Erikson about his own youth, and he wrote out for me this reply:

> Yes, if ever an identity crisis was central and long drawn out in somebody's life it was so in mine. Let me tell you some of my marginalities. To begin with, I never knew my father. Both my parents were Danish, but they were separated when I was born and my mother first raised me among strangers, in Germany. Eventually, she married my pediatrician and I grew up in Karlsruhe, in Baden. He was Jewish. I was blond and grew tall, and the Jewish boys nicknamed me "the goy." In school, I became a German superpatriot to live down my Danishness (the Danes wanted to steal Schleswig-Holstein, you remember) and then found that my Jewishness was too much for the patriots, and their anti-Semitism too much for me. In adolescence, I was morbidly sensitive but luckily also gifted enough to become a plausible artist of the wandering type, then in Europe a sort of transitional beatnik. And I did wander, in the Black Forest, the Alps, and in Northern Italy. This made me sturdy physically and balanced in a sensory way: drawing is a good way to become observant. Later, psychoanalysis added a certain inner sturdiness; but I often wonder whether this prone and wordy procedure is good for people who have not been ambulatory and generally curious first. Maybe, because of all of this I recognized in maladjusted children and youths the need to move and to be moved and not just feel driven and to reflect on it. At any rate, in formulating all that I found my style and professional identity, which must be one explanation for the impact of "Childhood and Society." But a condition for my effort was, of course, the fact that the Freudian circle in Vienna were hospitable to an occasional non-physician and provided full training.
>
> Then I met Joan, who was studying European schools of dancing. She is Canadian and the daughter of an Episcopal minister. We married and came to this country. That meant to acquire a new language in my thirties, while of all things German certainly the language had become most part of me; but luckily the German "Humanistische Gymnasium" had also provided me with a good foundation in Latin and Greek.
>
> In the American Psychoanalytic Association, I was probably the only member who had not completed any kind of college. But, being a fully trained psychoanalyst, I received only support. Only, when made a training analyst, I could train no one but physicians. In the meantime, Harvard, in 1934, had found a place for me on the Medical School Faculty. You can see I had to strive doubly to become a reliable professional man without sacrificing my privilege to roam and to observe.
>
> You rightly ask about the Jewish part of my background as an identity issue:

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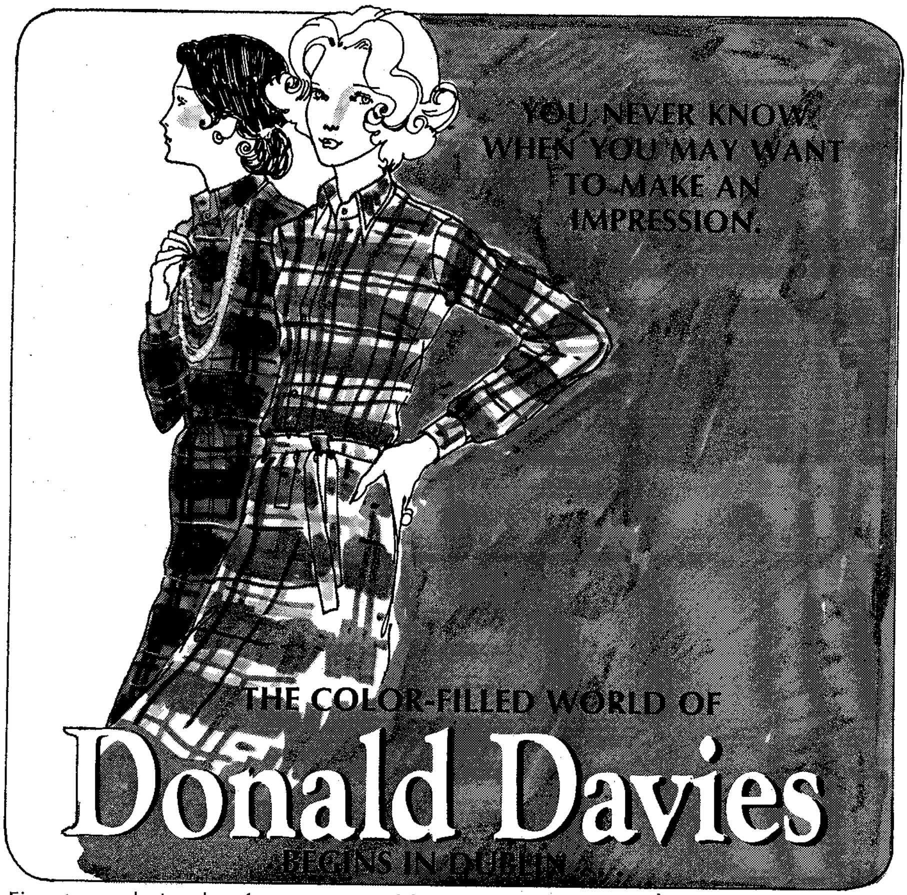
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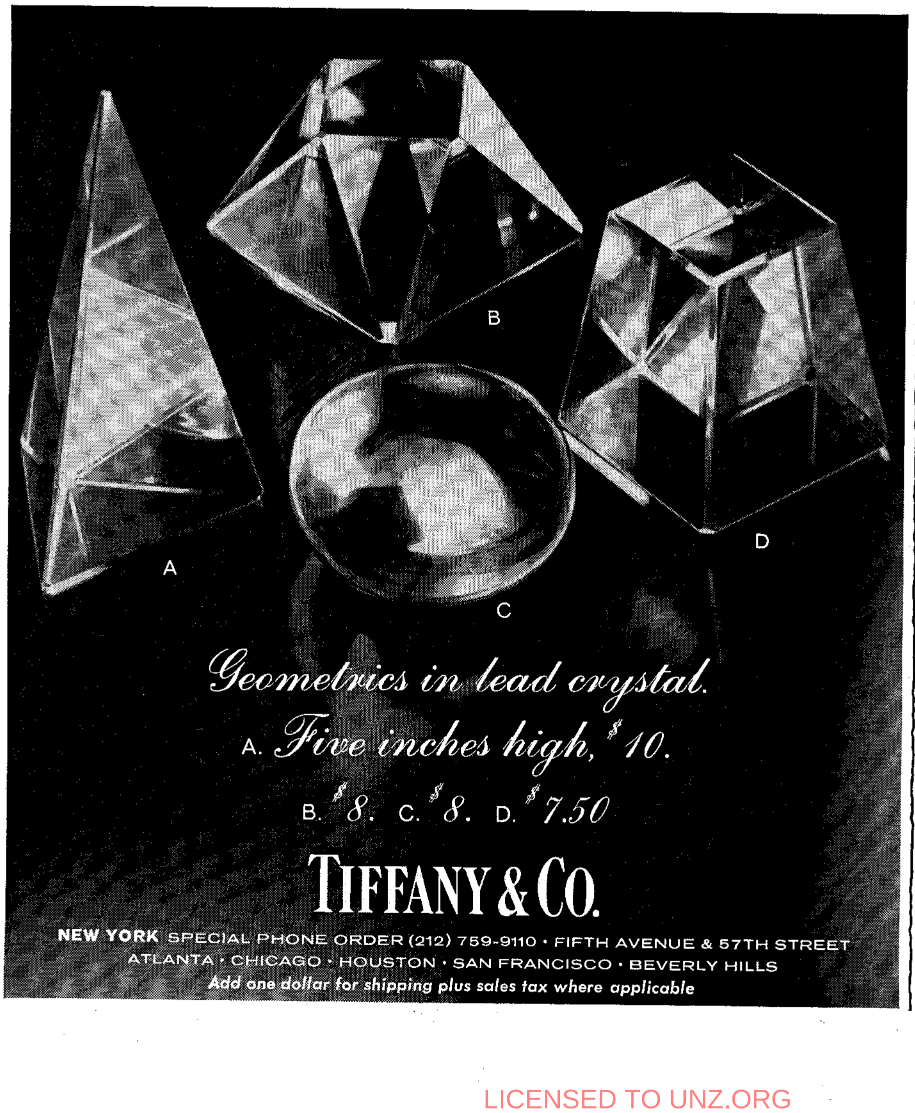

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my mother's family was Jewish, but in Denmark baptism and intermarriage are old customs, so one of my ancestors (so she told me) was chief rabbi of Stockholm and another in H. C. Andersen's home town a church historian and pastor.

I have kept my stepfather's name as my middle name out of gratitude (there is a pediatrician in me, too) but also to avoid the semblance of the evasion of a Jewish name.

But I think that one's sense of identity should not be restricted to what one could not deny if questioned by a bigot of whatever denomination. It should be based on what one can assert as a positive core, an active mutuality, a real community. This would force fewer people to become (because they try too hard not to become) radical and religious caricatures. It would also force a new standard on communities: do they or do they not provide a positive, a non-neurotic, sense of identity? Jewishness as such has meant little to me, although I would consider some of the Jewish elements in psychoanalysis ancestral in my work. What some genuinely Paulinian elements in Christianity have come to mean to me is indicated in my book on young Luther.

So, it is true, I had to try and make a style out of marginality and a concept out of identity-confusion. But I also have learned from life-histories that everything that is new and worth saying (or worth saying in a new way) has a highly personal aspect. The question is only whether it is also generally significant for one's contemporaries. That I must let you judge.

ERIKSON has given much of his later life to the study of how certain individuals (Luther and Gandhi, in particular) take the lead in bringing about changes in values and ideologies. The young need to sort out what is believable. Sometimes they make a show of scorning what they quietly accept only a few years later, but sometimes they look in vain for an inspiring institution. They may be alive at a moment in history when collapse or decay threatens their society, and may thus be particularly sensitive to whatever new ideas or actions appear. A man, a slogan, a deed, an event will get them going. Psychologically hungry—and maybe in need of real food, too—they start marching, or praying, or shouting. They and their newfound leaders have produced an answer, a different direction to take, a revolutionary program. Historians and political scientists take note of what happens—of the deeds that are done and the corners of history that are turned—but usually fail to analyze how leaders engage with followers, how men of ideas summon youth bent on action. But what is a "great man"? He is an individual who becomes a public force because conditions in the world make it

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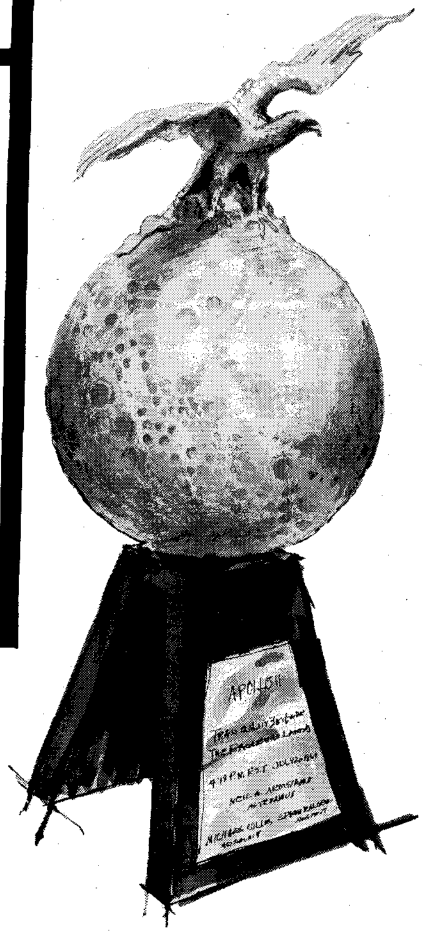

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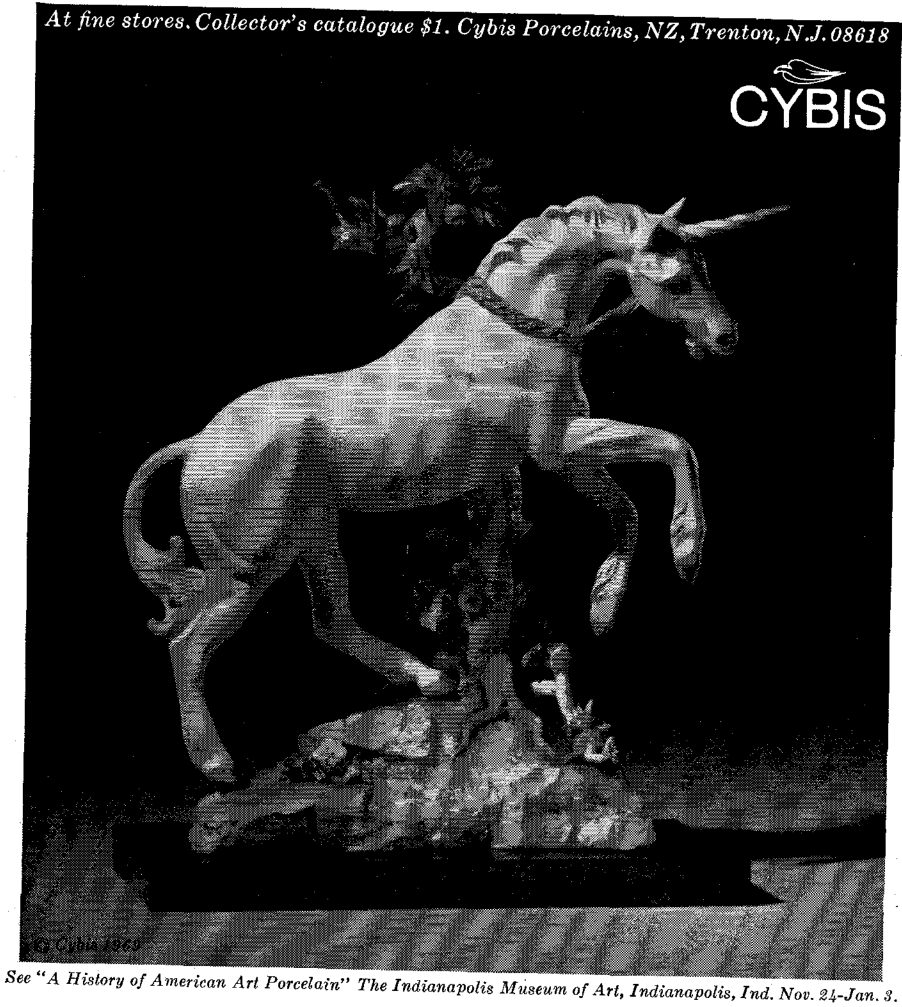

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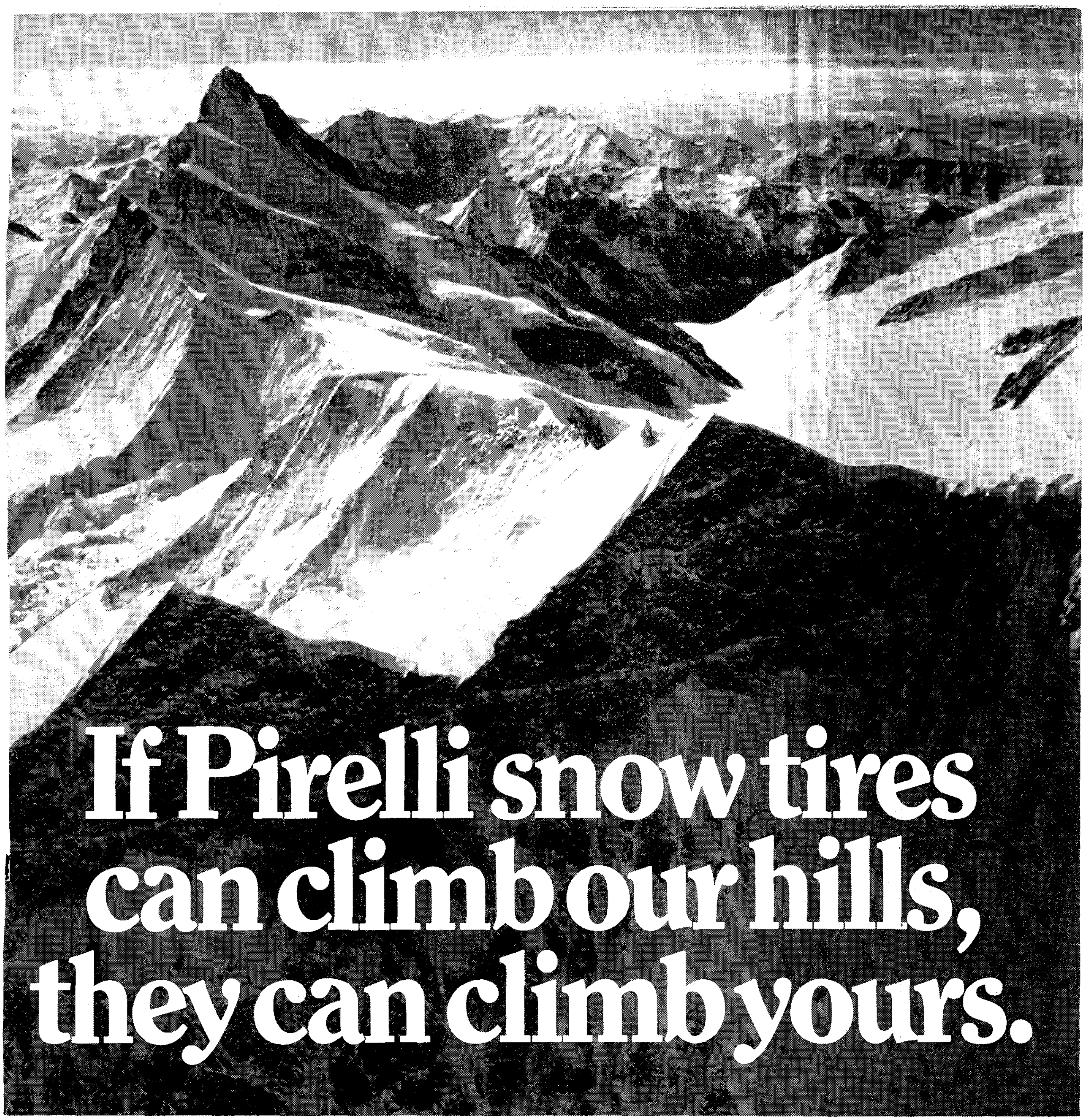
possible, but also for his own reasons. In his preface to "Young Man Luther," Erikson indicates that Freud and Luther both freed themselves: Freud from his personal blind spots, then from those in his profession, and Luther from the authority of the medieval Church. As for Erikson, if "Young Man Luther" is not a work of *his* emancipation, it is at the very least an important intellectual breakthrough on the part of a loyal follower of Freud who at the same time stubbornly sought his own way of looking at things. Luther's achievement was going to be seen as far more than neurotic self-deception. Presumably, there was a time in Luther's life—as in all lives—when he could be justifiably called a "case" by those who supply such terms. Certainly he had his scruples, his paroxysmal outbursts, his severely rebellious and insistently wayward moments. He was a "problem" to his Church, and no doubt in his last years he could be cranky, mean, bilious, and vengeful. As a young monk, he was reported to have suffered a fit and raved like a madman, or, as his contemporaries would have put it, like a man seized or possessed by demons or their chief, the Devil. On the other hand, young Martin became Luther. Erikson studies precisely that "becoming," in which a "case" became an "event," so that half a thousand years later the "troubled man's" words and ideas persist not only in songs memorized by rote or sermons automatically believed but, yes, in the unconscious minds of twentieth-century men.

Luther was born on November 10, 1483, at Eisleben, in Thuringian Saxony. While he was still an infant, his parents moved a few miles north to Mansfeld. Martin's father, Hans, who spelled the family name "Luder," had left farming to become a miner, and Mansfeld was the center of an iron-ore mining-and-smelting industry—a sort of industrialized "new world," to which "backward" and poor farmers came in search of a better life. There is every reason to believe that Martin was born into a conventional home, both pious and superstitious. His parents were strict and ambitious for their children. In our terms, the family was "on the rise." The discipline exerted on Martin at home was matched by the strict teachers of the Latin school he attended from seven to fourteen. Martin's father was going to be a prosperous burgher, and Martin was going to be educated. At fourteen, the boy went to Magdeburg for further schooling. He reportedly was an able



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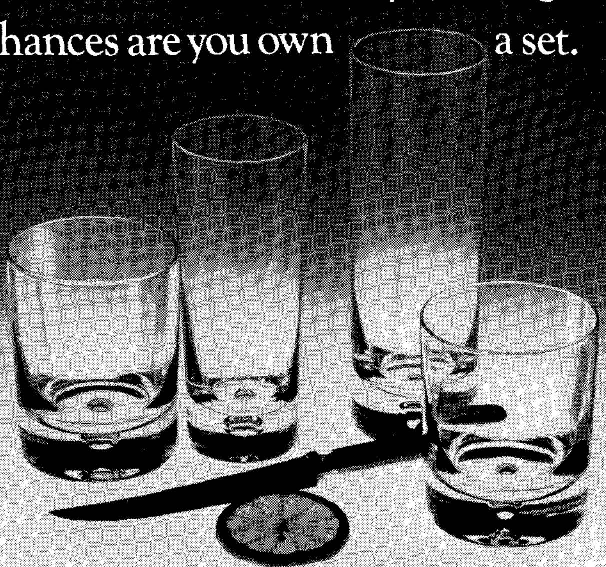

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and willing student, even though much later in his life schools like those he attended and teachers like those who taught him suffered merciless condemnation in his sermons. At Magdeburg, he was taught by members of the Brotherhood of the Common Life, who were essentially educational enthusiasts and reformers. Like many other students, Martin earned money by singing in the streets. Luck intervened, however, in the form of Kuntz Cotta and his wife, a well-to-do couple who lived in Eisenach, where Martin was sent to school after a year at Magdeburg. They took the lad into their home and made it unnecessary for him to beg favors from strangers. Martin's schoolmasters at Eisenach, who spotted him as a bright student, taught him Latin grammar, composition, and poetry for three years. They vouched for his outstanding qualities and encouraged him to go on—something, of course, that his father also wished.

In the spring of 1501, when Martin was seventeen, he entered the University of Erfurt, one of the leading German centers of learning. He studied what students of his day studied—grammar, logic, rhetoric, physics, and philosophy. By the autumn of 1502, he had received his bachelor's degree, and in about two years he was ready for the next one, a master's. He placed second in a list of seventeen candidates. The year was 1505. Martin was twenty-one. In May of that year, he embarked upon the study of law, at his father's behest, but two months later, on July 17th, he made an abrupt turnabout. The law was not for him; the Church was. He left the world for the monastery of the Augustinian Eremites at Erfurt. His family was shocked. His father became very angry. The decision seemed inexplicable to everyone, probably including Martin. Though the matter is argued by Luther's many biographers, the crisis and the decision appear to have been sudden and unanticipated. Luther himself merely said that while he was returning to Erfurt from his parents' home in Mansfeld he was caught in a severe thunderstorm. He was knocked down by a bolt of lightning, and took the event as a sign from Heaven, meant directly for him. He vowed on the spot to become a monk, and made arrangements to do so as soon as he returned to the university. A successful and much admired law student voluntarily immersed himself in an Augustinian monastery near the University of Erfurt and pursued the priesthood as zealously

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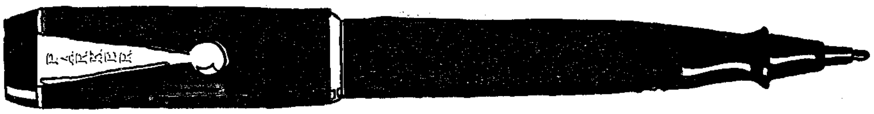

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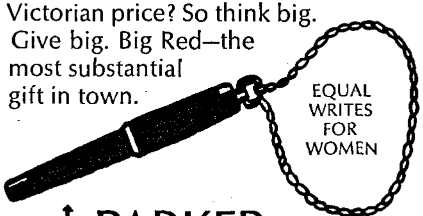

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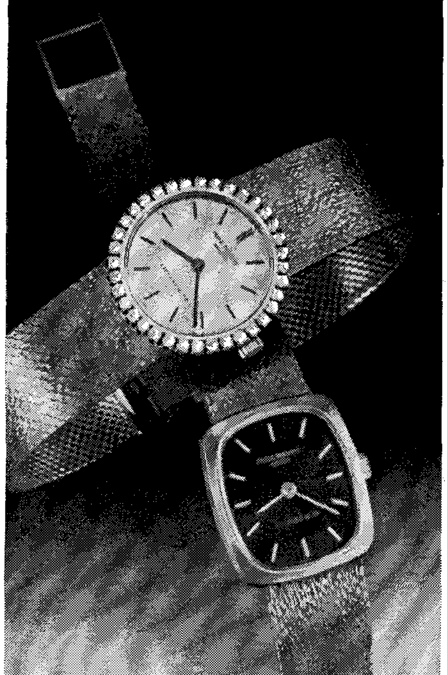

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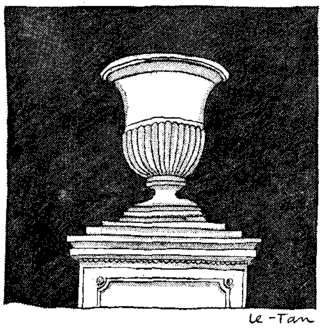
as he had pursued his previous "goals." Luther first had a year's novitiate to complete—a time of testing, in which a strict, even harsh regimen confronted the candidate every day with the temptation to leave or the need to gird himself and stay. Nor did the trials end when the novice took his vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, as Martin did at the age of twenty-two. Today, we want our young men to feel "self-esteem," to go out and "find themselves"—find what is so often called "maturity." Martin had to lose himself, again and again lose himself, and hope thereby to apprehend—the verb has to be vague and only suggestive—God's gracious Presence. In 1507, Martin Luther was ordained a priest of the Holy Catholic Church. He was twenty-three, and was considered promising indeed by his superiors. Ordination, of course, was just the beginning—a mere and literal falling in rank. There was much more theology to study: the Bible, the writings of St. Augustine, St. Bernard, d'Ailly, and Biel. The man who had become a bachelor and master at one institution had to work for the same degrees from another. Ultimately, in October of 1512, at twenty-eight, he obtained a doctorate of theology.

Erikson is interested in what happened before Luther became controversial and famous. At twenty-one, he was a good student who unexpectedly decided to become a priest. At thirty-three, he nailed his ninety-five theses on the church door in Wittenberg. In those twelve years was established the foundation of what may be called the historical Luther. Obviously, the young man had no such goal in mind, yet obviously he was no ordinary man. Luther was not the first to notice and abhor the corruption that had become a daily fact of life in Rome, but where others were saddened he was outraged, and where others kept silent he spoke out. What is more, he spoke out forcefully, brilliantly, cleverly, and persistently. Nor did he knuckle under when the inevitable resistance and counterattack came. What sort of youth could become the great religious leader Luther? That is what Erikson asked himself when he studied the existing data on Luther's life. He was interested in looking at any available evidence that would make Luther's familiar later life seem a reasonable, understandable continuation of his youth. The point was not to interpret what Luther did but to search for some trends in a given life, to find coherence in that life.



Accordingly, Erikson begins his study of Luther with a discussion of an event that is said to have taken place during Martin's early or middle twenties. Three of his contemporaries report that he fell to the ground in the choir of the monastery at Erfurt and appeared wild and possessed. He is said to have shouted, "*Ich bin's nit! Ich bin's nit!*"—or possibly, in Latin, "*Non sum! Non sum!*" In German, he would be saying, "It isn't me!" and in Latin, "I am not!" It isn't known which language Martin used, but the reporters agree that his reaction followed an upsetting occasion—the reading of a section from the ninth chapter of Mark that describes Christ's cure of a man possessed by a dumb spirit ("And one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit . . ."). To those who saw Luther's fit, or heard of it, the explanation was fairly simple: he had been seized by demons of some kind and felled by them. He had fought back, though, and in so doing had either denied them their victory or protested whatever implication their assault on him might have had. Presumably, the demons were struggling with him or accusing him of something, and he was saying that he was *not* theirs, *not* under their sovereignty, *not* all the things they wanted him to be or asserted that he was—perhaps dumb, or mute, like the man brought by his father to Christ for healing. In any event, the youth who went through a time of panic during a thunderstorm and thereafter conclusively shifted the direction of his life apparently continued to experience swift and painful moments, which seemed to come from nowhere. Sometimes Martin was sad, doubtful, and self-accusing, and on at least one occasion—the fit in the choir—he was more drastically troubled. Erikson holds off "analyzing" all this; instead, he presents and discusses the interpretations of others, and there have been enough critics and theories to make up several schools of opinion. Some Protestant theologians or philosophers, for instance, have seen their great hero's outbursts as purely spiritual crises. Cer-

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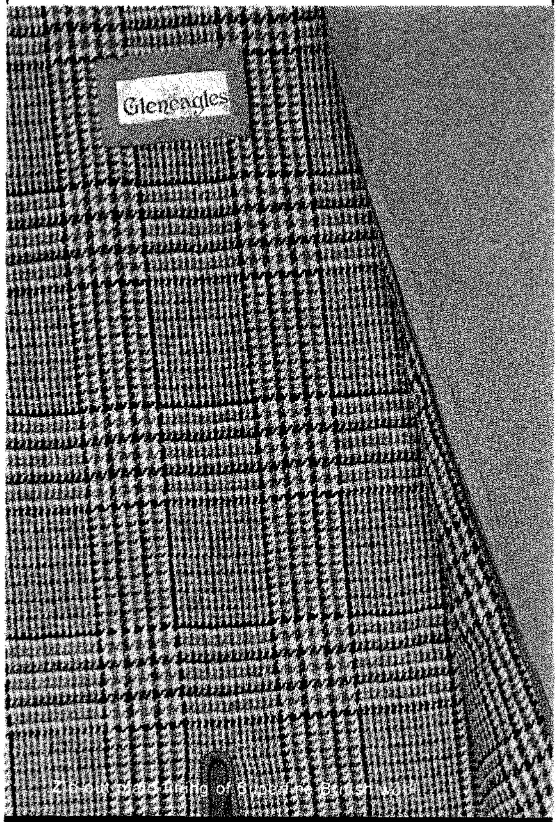

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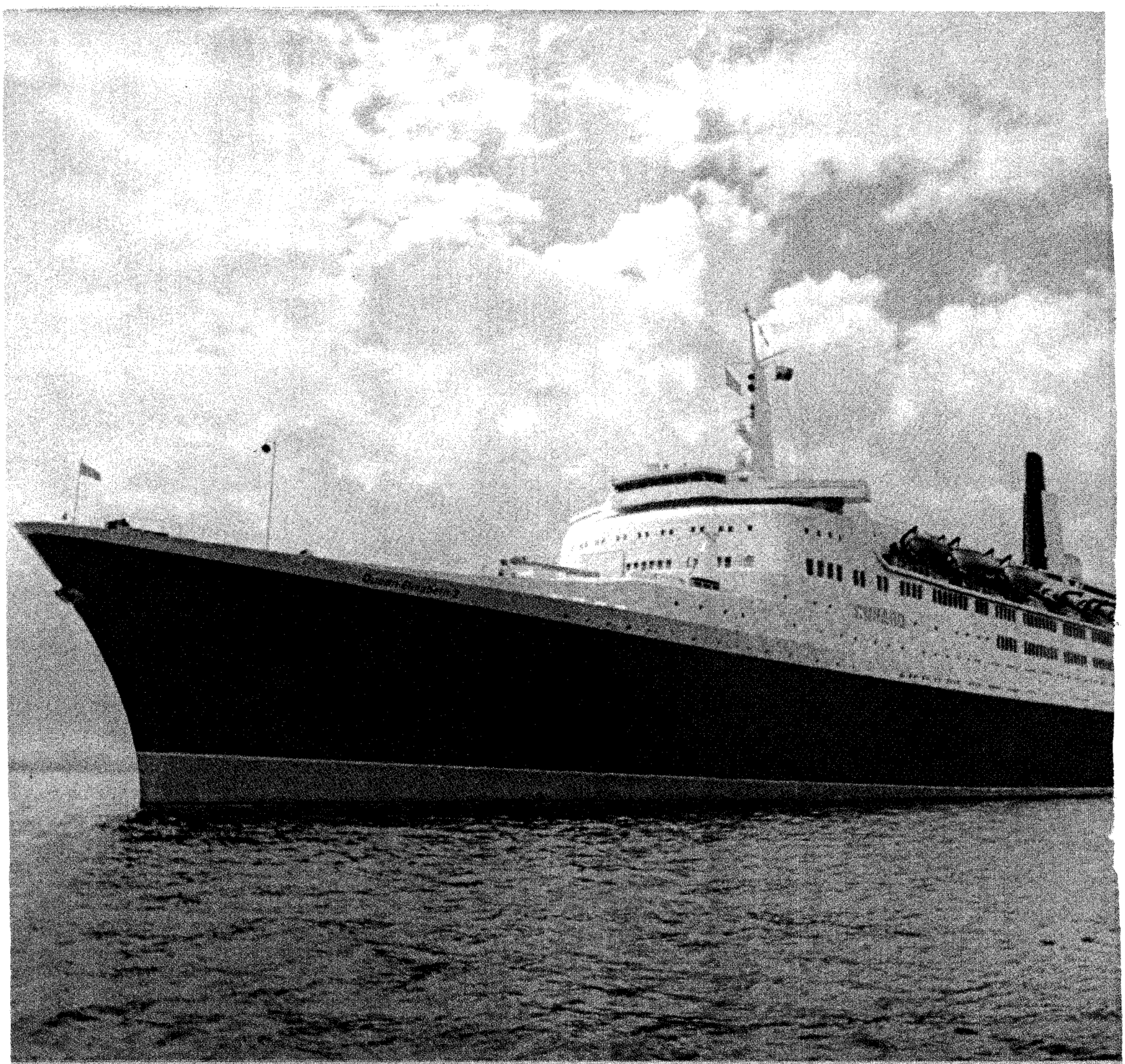

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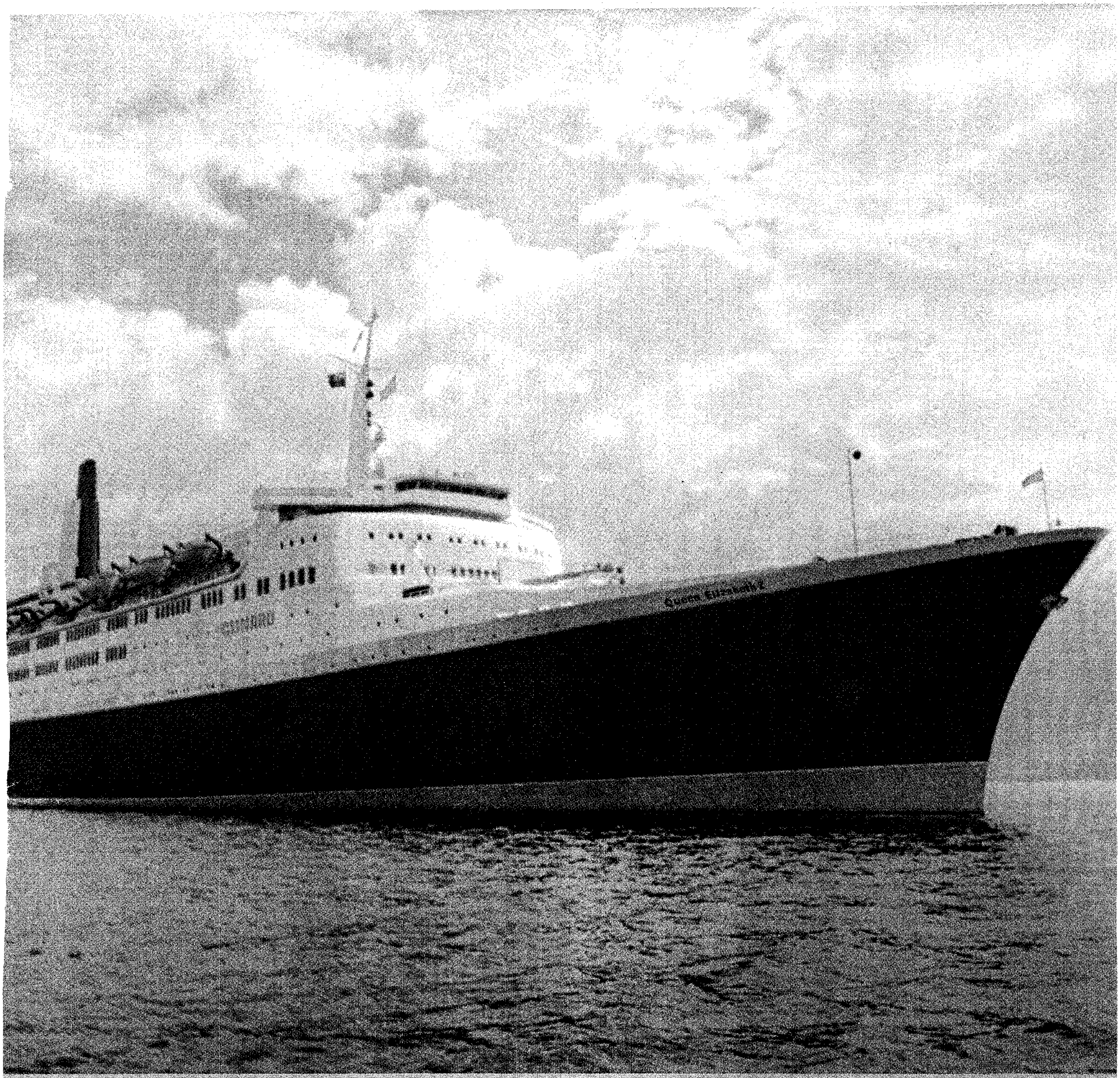

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tainly Luther was sick, but from *Seelenleiden* or *Geisteskrankheit*—suffering of the soul or sickness of the spirit. From the Catholic side has come a different view of Luther's trouble. He did indeed have trouble, and it could even be called spiritual—in the sense that the Antichrist in any form is a spiritual problem. To one set of believers, Martin was struggling with the perilous challenge of God's Word; to another set, he was a fool, a knave, or an instrument of the Devil.

Then, there is an additional breed of experts, and here is how Erikson introduces one of them, a countryman of his:

> An extremely diligent student of Luther, the Danish psychiatrist Dr. Paul J. Reiter, decides unequivocally that the fit in the choir is a matter of severest psychopathology. At most, he is willing to consider the event as a relatively benign hysterical episode; even so, he evaluates it as a symptom of a steady, pitiless, "endogenous" process which, in Luther's middle forties, was climaxed by a frank psychosis.

Erikson also mentions a man interestingly named Preserved Smith, who once was a professor at Amherst College. Preserved Smith wrote a biography of Luther, edited his letters, and in 1915 published a paper called "Luther's Early Development in the Light of Psychoanalysis." Smith saw Luther as "a thoroughly typical example of the neurotic quasi-hysterical sequence of an infantile sex-complex." There is talk about Luther's troubles with his father and his obsessive or extreme scrupulosity as a youth. The Yankee scholar also directs his attention to the fit in the choir, in a way that Erikson dutifully records: "Professor Smith, incidentally, translates the reported outcry in the choir as 'It is not I!'—words which I doubt even a New Englander would utter in a convulsive attack."

Erikson is very frank and very personal in describing his reason for studying the episode:

> It must have occurred to the reader that the story of the fit in the choir attracted me originally because I suspected that the words "I am *not*" revealed the fit to be a part of a most severe identity crisis—a crisis in which the young monk felt obliged to protest what he was *not* (possessed, sick, sinful) perhaps in order to break through to what he was or was to be.

In his early twenties, Martin was defying a father's desire that his son take up the profession of law and become a success in the world. Accordingly, he was a source of great disappointment to the aging Hans Luder,

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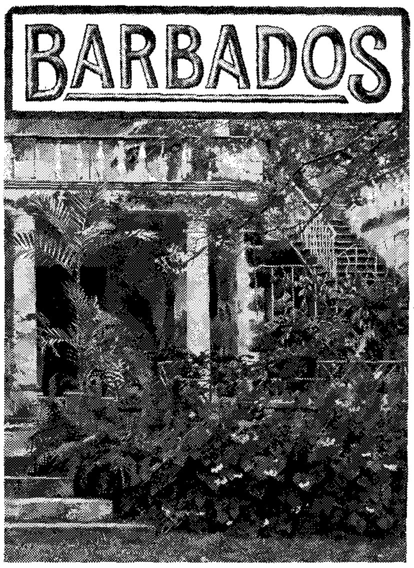

who lacked faith in his son, even as the father of the child with a "dumb spirit" lacked faith in Christ. When Martin first decided to enter the monastery, his father saw him as possessed rather than inspired—seized by some form of the Devil rather than summoned by God. Fit or no fit, Martin had a painful time of it in the monastery. He could not rest easy with his calling, and if a certain amount of tense self-examination was generally present in candidates for the priesthood, Martin's religious scruples were, by common knowledge, severe and outstanding. As Erikson sees it, a certain sense can be made of it all. The son who defies his father's wishes cannot quite rest easy over doing so. In the monastery, he lives with his act of rebellion, even as he tries harder and harder, day after day, to obey his new—religious—superiors. In the fit and in the words spoken at the time of the fit, Hans Luder is both affirmed and rebuked. The very occurrence of a fit proves the father's point—the youth *is* possessed. But the fit was also part of an act of defiance against the father. And, later on, the unusual quality of Martin's priestly devotion—its intensity, its extreme yet wavering force—shows the struggle he continued to face with himself and his God. In a spectacular fit, and in everyday fits of anguish and fear, the youth tried to have it both ways, and also settle it one way or the other. He could not quite accommodate himself to the Church, but he certainly could not fall back on the life his father had intended for him:

> We find the young monk, then, at the crossroads of obedience to his father—an obedience of extraordinary tenacity and deviousness—and to the monastic vows which at the time he was straining to obey almost to the point of absurdity.

From what Erikson read of Luther's own words and the many accounts of his life, he sensed in Martin the struggle he saw again and again in his young patients. Perhaps some of them were at Austen Riggs seeing Erikson for the same reason that had taken Martin to a monastery. In the nineteen-fifties, they needed to mark time, as Luther did, say, from 1505 to 1517. In the sixteenth century, men could go to a monastery, seek haven and a chance to take stock, and stay on or depart, all without evoking scandal, or even surprise. For reasons somewhat similar, Freud spent years in a dark corner of a physiology laboratory, and St. Augustine gave himself over to Manichaeism before he came to his "real," or "true," faith. Erikson sees Luther's struggle as

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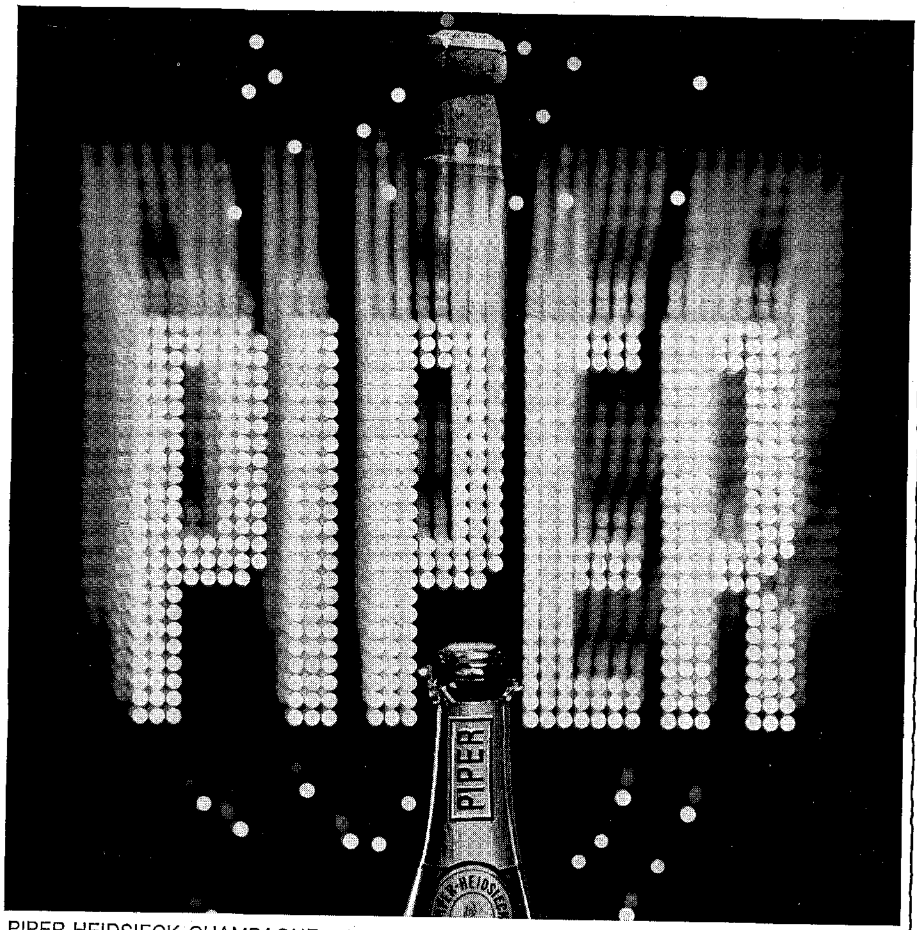

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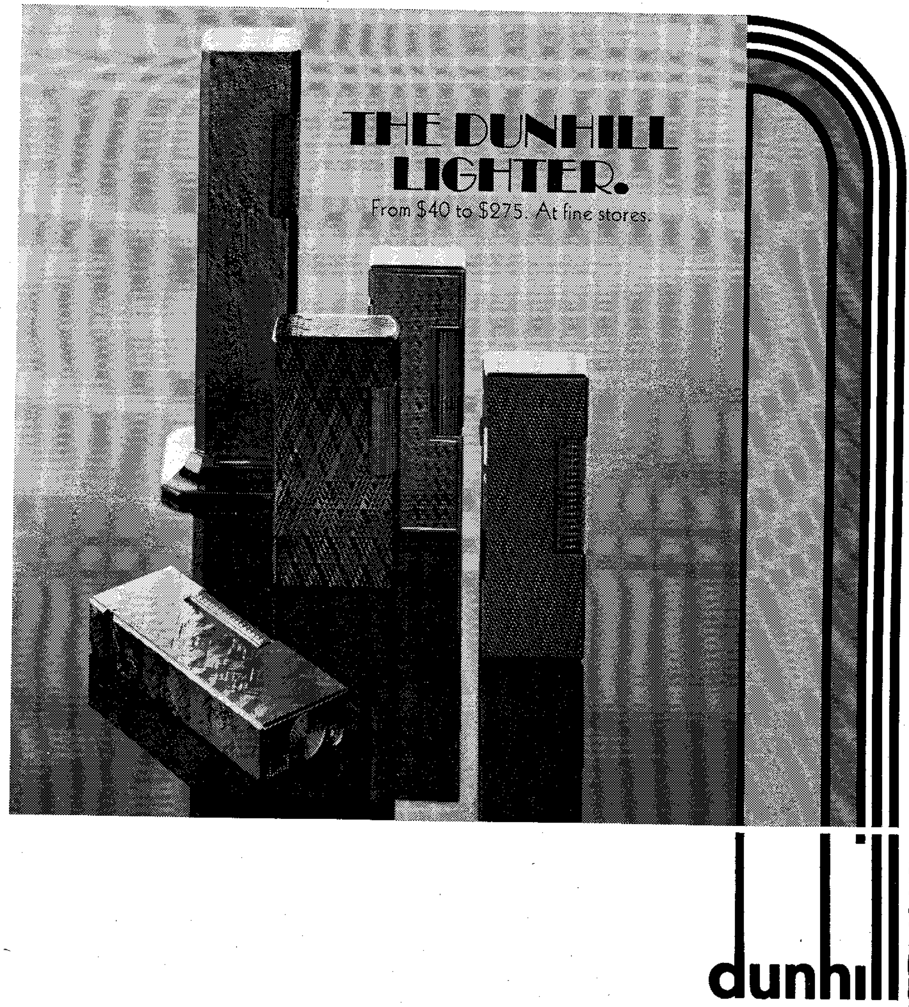
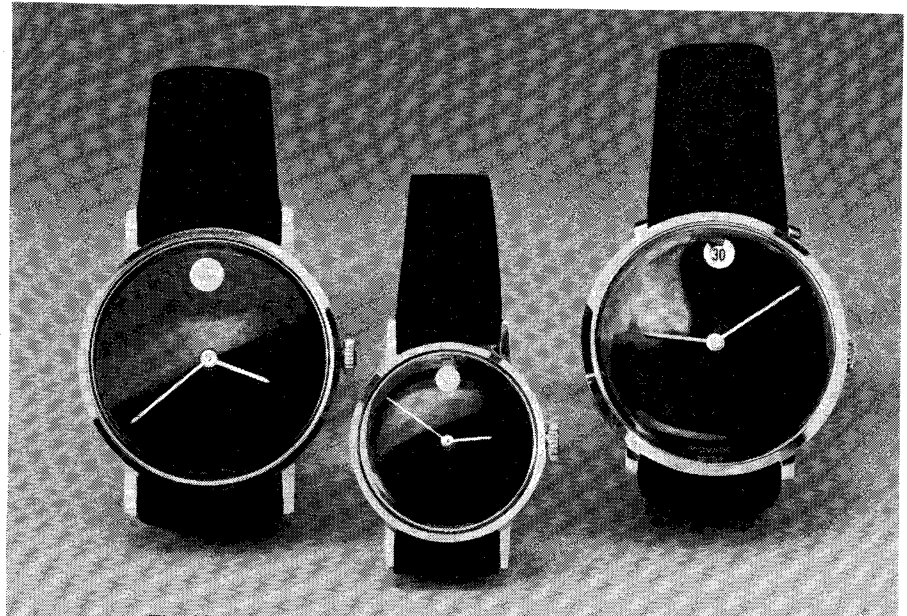
of the same order as theirs—the struggle of a great man before he is great. Obviously, such men do not know they are headed for greatness, and do not seek it, or even want it. They do not even know that the delay, the "moratorium," is anything of the sort. In any event, Erikson is trying to find out whether there is a common thread that runs through "greatness"—through the lives of many, if not all, leaders. In Martin's youth Erikson discovered the same ironic kind of delay and confusion he noticed in the lives of Shaw and Freud—and, indeed, Hitler. Not all "great" men become for a significant number of years almost the opposite of everything they later seem to advocate or demonstrate. And, naturally, thousands of men who are not "great" have "identity crises" not unlike the one young Luther faced. Erikson is both sure of himself and wary. He doesn't want to foist yet another set of special labels on Luther or anyone else. Nor does he want to "explain" in a word or two the complexities of the individual's relationship to history. Yet he thinks certain similar themes have appeared in the lives he has studied both in his office and in history books. And he does want to show how the general, even the universal, in psychology takes a particular form in lives that make history or strongly shape it.

Erikson was working on the borderlands not only of psychology and history but of "neurosis" and "creativity"—perhaps two of the most overused words in our time. Ordinary and gifted people are similar in many ways. We all have our Oedipus complexes, our fights with this or that authority. Some few, though, seem to take their struggles very seriously, and to take their time about solving them. I suppose we call them "gifted" or "great" when they find a way to offer the rest of us what they have—what is "wrong" with them as well as what is valuable and rare in them—and that "way" will be a craft or a message or a style that turns secret preoccupations into an open, lively vision felt by others to be irresistible. So the psychologist and the sociologist need not totally withdraw from the vexed issue of "creativity." It seems plausible to assume that there are enough first-rate genes around to make a strictly biological explanation of leadership or genius hard to justify. We must fall back on old-fashioned psychological qualities like will and determination, like lonely and perverse stubbornness. Or we must remember that accidents and incidents





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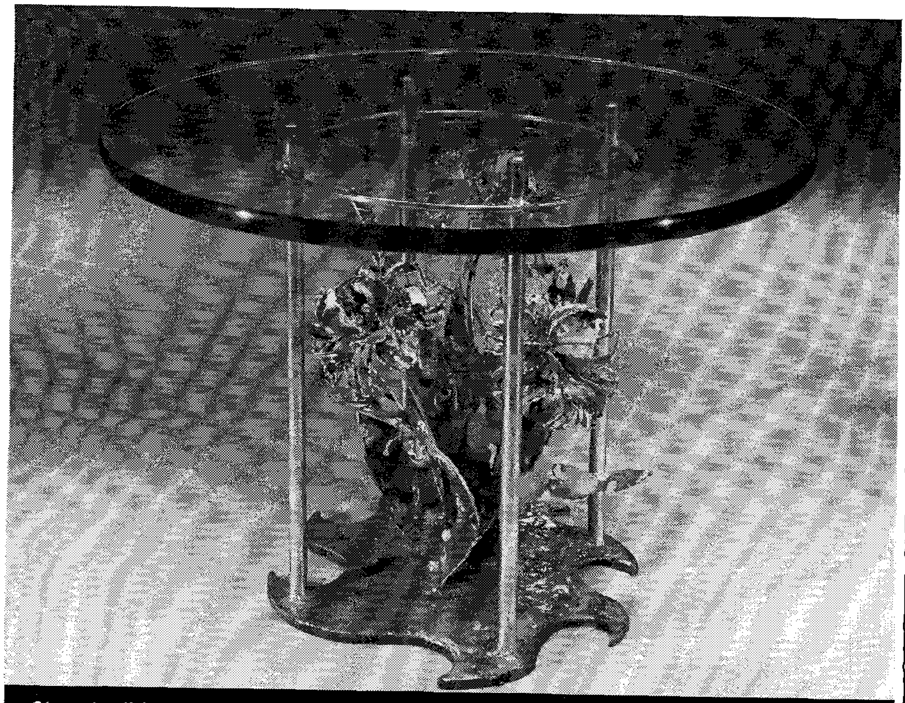

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can resonate—the word has to be vague—in a person so persistently that he becomes almost wedded to them, and thus becomes more than he might otherwise have been, and more than analysis of him can ever comprehend. It is all a bit elusive, a bit sticky, a bit dangerous—trying to figure out how the potentially prosaic becomes the strikingly exceptional. Always the temptation is to find a neat, clear-cut formula, and if some people catch on quickly and find the formula too categorical or too facile, others can be counted on to cheer—not least among them the formulator himself. "Young Man Luther" offers no formula whatever. If Luther wanted his freedom, Erikson is inclined to give him just that. No effort is made to saddle Martin's youth with diseases and complexes. He is not confined and pinioned by psychiatric terminology, and if he does emerge with an "identity crisis," it is described concretely and vividly—a recognizable expression of his evolving effort (like any man's) to be a particular person.

A good deal of space in "Young Man Luther" is given over to a description of the social and cultural atmosphere of young Martin's home: the purposes, strengths, and vulnerabilities of his parents as they worked hard and aimed high—among other ways, through the achievements they asked of their children. The reader is also made to consider the specific historical questions that once plagued the Holy Roman Empire and the medieval papacy—some of the same ones that now bother our century's "big powers." The world was getting smaller, because men were sailing all around it, even as today we fly all over it in planes and spaceships. Men were in touch with one another more intimately, because printing had been developed, even as today television brings pictures and words to even the most inaccessible regions. Ideological struggles were being waged, "holy wars" between Rome and Islam, even as we are still divided between West and East, with religious conflict replaced by the economic kind. Technological changes were becoming unusually significant. Feudalism was giving way to an international banking and business class very much associated with the Church, even as today's nation-state is struggling for its life in the face of technological developments that bind together continents—and, indeed, the entire earth. Finally, chivalrous knights were of no avail when guns appeared, just as atomic bombs and missiles have made

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all sorts of weapons and styles of warfare obsolete. How did those various changes affect Hans and his son Martin? For that matter, how do "external" events—wars, revolutions, economic and social upheavals—"register" in our minds? In periods of severe change, existing institutions fight hard to keep themselves intact while new institutions and the men who speak for them seem to rise out of nowhere. In a few sentences, Erikson can bring "history" into one child's experience:

> What [Martin's father] realized of all this, we do not know; but I think it is fair to assume that he employed his personal idiosyncrasies in the service of certain overwhelming apprehensions and hopes fed by the world situation. He wanted his son to be a lawyer, that is, one who would understand and profit by the new secular laws which were replacing those of the Roman commonwealth. He wanted his son to serve princes and cities, merchants and guilds, and not priests and bishoprics and papal finance—an economic attitude which at that time did not preclude a devout Christian sentiment. Most of all he wanted, as did millions of other ex-peasants and miners, to see his son employ his mind in higher matters, instead of dulling it with miners' superstitions, and to enjoy the wealth unearthed by others instead of dirtying his hands in shafts sunk into the earth. This, then, was what the history books call the "peasant" father of a "peasant" son.

Luther himself made two statements about his parents concerning whippings they had given him: "My father once whipped me so that I ran away and felt ugly toward him until he was at pains to win me back," and "My mother caned me for stealing a nut until the blood came. Such strict discipline drove me to a monastery, although she meant it well." Those are familiar translations, which Erikson finds not quite adequate. He translates the German that Roland Bainton turned into "I ran away and felt ugly . . ." quite literally, with different results: "I fled him and I became sadly resentful toward him, until he gradually got me accustomed to him again." That translation reveals the subtleties of a particular "father-son relationship," as the current phrase goes. Martin was angry with his father but was unable to express that anger, except by becoming sad, or angry with himself. As for the father, he could stay unhappy with his son only so long; eventually there had to be a reconciliation. Throughout Luther's writings, one can note his search for the correct way to please and placate the Father of us all, and throughout those writings one can also find the strong and at times vulgarly

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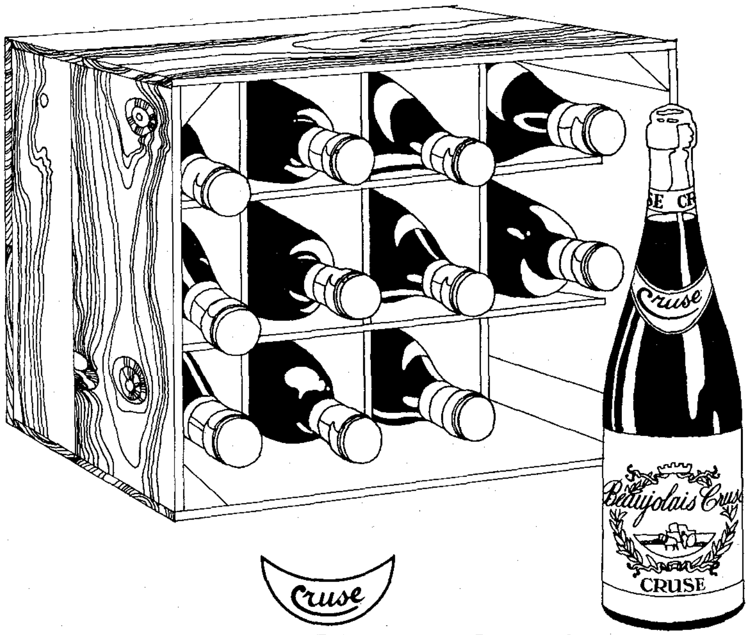

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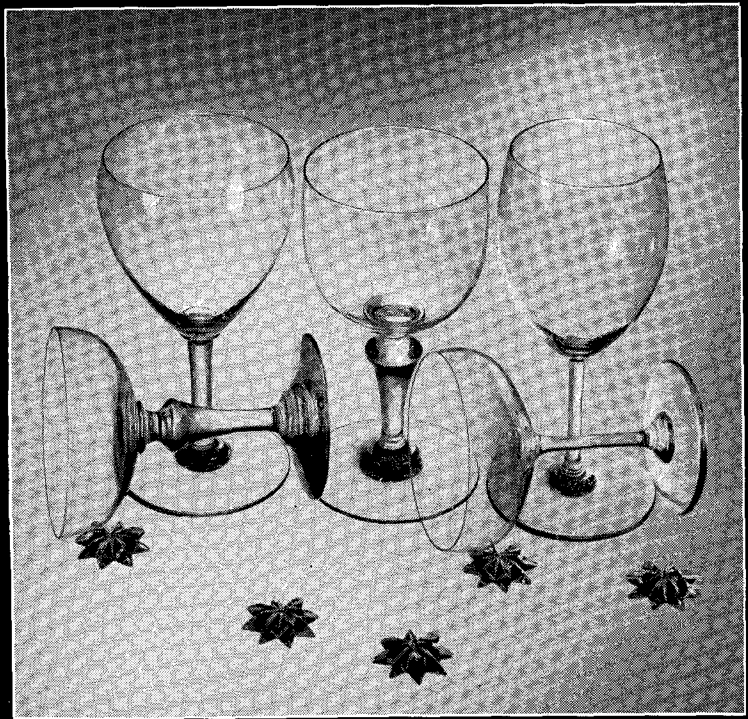

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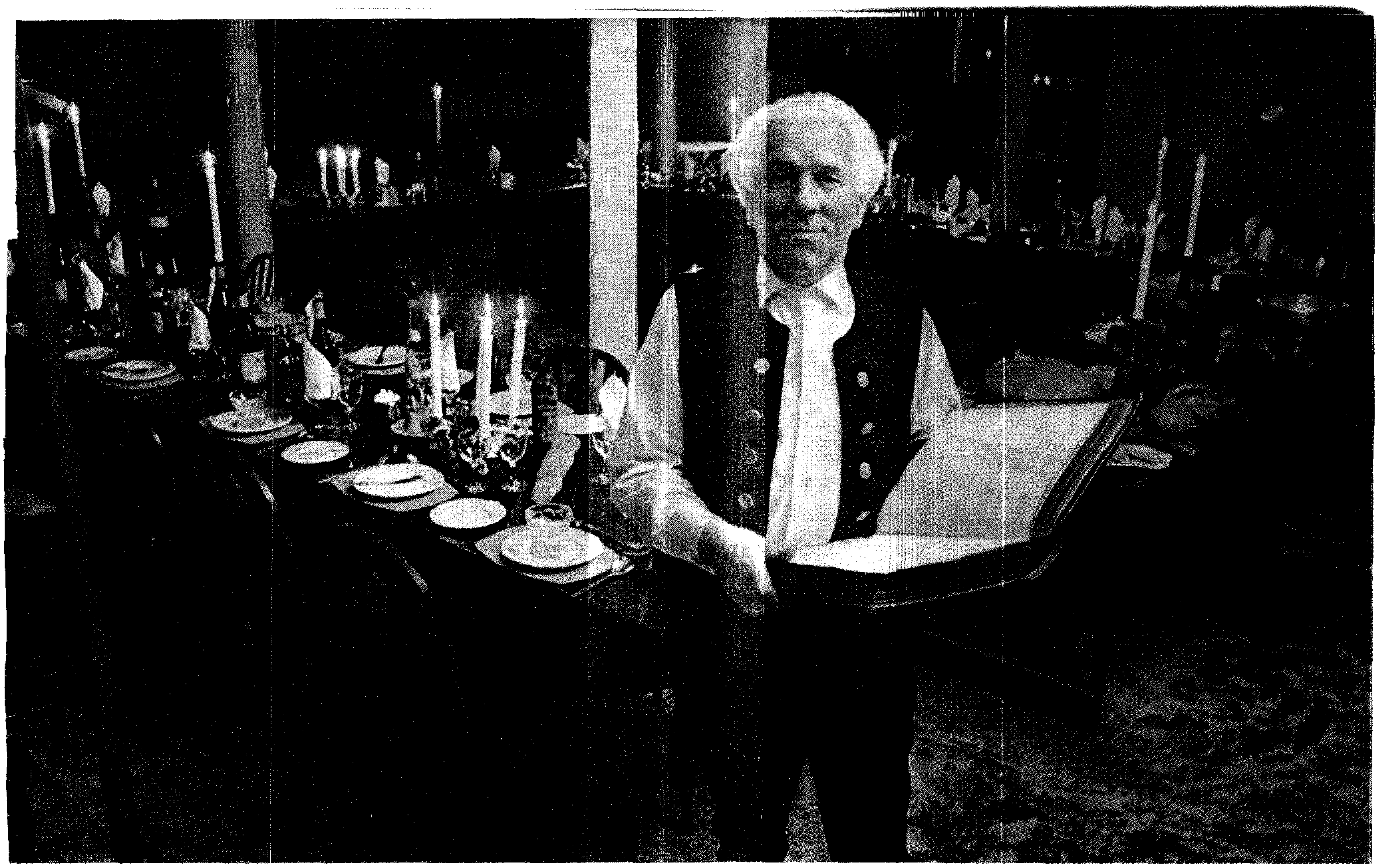

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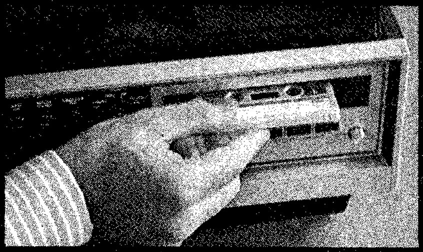

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expressed hate he felt toward this person or that group.

Like everyone, Martin Luther had a childhood dilemma to solve. He had to learn to be the kind of person his father and mother wanted, or fail in the attempt. He was the eldest son of a father desperately anxious for more money, more prestige. He was a boy who every day had to face the force that his father was willing to exert. He was a boy who could not quite admire or revere his father, for the reason that the father thought little of himself. The father's hope was that the son would do better than he himself had, and the sons of such fathers have a hard time accepting the wisdom and advice of admittedly bigger and stronger men who nevertheless convey the message of their own sense of worthlessness to their "innocent" children. Moreover, Luther was a boy whose father really meant what he said, and would not let his son forget it—or, indeed, forget him, be done with him, be free of him.

Then, there was the mother, whose caning also supposedly caused Luther to seek out a monastery. Certainly the gentle, loving, affectionate side of Christianity—its maternal quality—does not come through in his theology. In Erikson's words, "the Madonna was more or less gently pushed out of the way." I suppose we could call Luther's family "patriarchal." Hans was a strong, controlling figure, and his wife heeded his commands faithfully. Yet Martin gives his mother credit—and blames her—for "driving" him to a monastery. Once again, Erikson looks carefully at the original statement and its translation. The German does not say "to a monastery" but, rather, "into monkery" (*"in die Moencherei"*). "Monkery" refers to a sort of monk business, or monkishness—a caricature of the devotedly religious man who retires from the world. Perhaps Luther was saying that his mother taught him how to be overly watchful and scrupulous. Later on, he said this: "From childhood on, I knew I had to turn pale and be terror-stricken when I heard the name of Christ; for I was taught only to perceive him as a strict and wrathful judge."

But no matter how he chafed at his father's wrath or his mother's canings, Martin was a son to each of them. In later years, he became as suspicious and stern and punitive as his father; in fact, he turned on the very peasants he had at first championed. He could also be as superstitious and fearful as his mother. Yet, like his mother, he could speak soothing words and sing gentle

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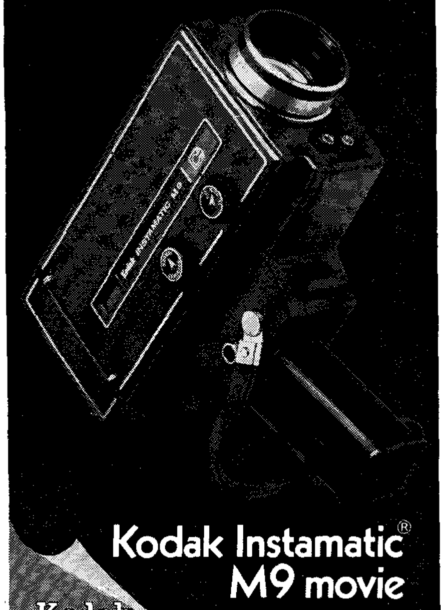

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songs. Erikson warns the reader not to take Luther's relative disregard of his mother as the whole truth. Of course Martin trembled before his sturdy, angry father, and didn't stop doing so even when he was a man himself. On the other hand, we know some things so well that we never have to remind ourselves of their presence, and often they are the "better" experiences, the happy ones that continue to influence us year after year. The child psychoanalyst in Erikson insists that Luther's words—often strong, sometimes tender, usually very touching to the reader, as they must have been to the listener—also tell us about the quality of his childhood. A boy who was neglected or was *only* punished by his mother could hardly know how to *care* so much—to lead others, sing with them, talk with them, and worry about their welfare.

To what extent were Luther's personal "problems" and experiences representative? If it is true that his own resentments and suffering ultimately made him challenge the Pope's arbitrary domination, what caused others by the thousand to respond so quickly and enthusiastically that an unknown priest became a historical figure in his lifetime? Erikson provides a quotation from Johan Huizinga's "The Waning of the Middle Ages":

> At the close of the Middle Ages, a sombre melancholy weighs on people's souls. Whether we read a chronicle, a poem, a sermon, a legal document even, the same impression of immense sadness is produced by them all. It would sometimes seem as if this period had been particularly unhappy, as if it had left behind only the memory of violence, of covetousness and mortal hatred, as if it had known no other enjoyment but that of intemperance, of pride and of cruelty.
>
> In the records of all periods, misfortune has left more traces than happiness. Great evils form the ground-work of history. We are perhaps inclined to assume without much evidence that, roughly speaking, and notwithstanding all calamities, the sum of happiness can have hardly changed from one period to another. But in the fifteenth century, as in the epoch of romanticism, it was, so to say, bad form to praise the world and life openly. It was fashionable to see only its suffering and misery, to discover everywhere signs of decadence and of the near end—in short, to condemn the times or to despise them. No other epoch has laid so much stress as the expiring Middle Ages on the thought of death. An everlasting call of *memento mori* resounds through life.

Erikson then points out that even in the worst of times there are many people who persist in living full and useful lives—"relatively lusty and decent

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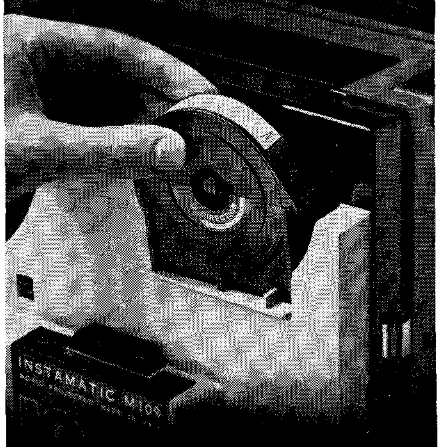

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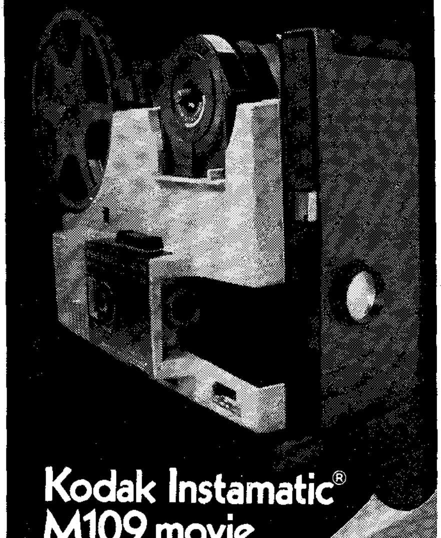

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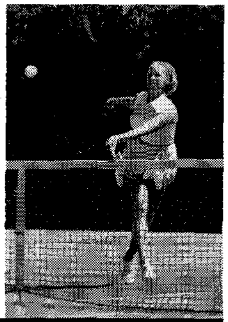
lives," he calls them. There are people who can be said to be "as moral as they must be, as free as they may be, and as masterly as they can be." In other words: "If we only knew it, this elusive arrangement *is* happiness." All of which is not to deny the brittle and dangerous moments in history, when it seems that almost anything can happen. I find it interesting and characteristic that Erikson the historian is like Erikson the clinician: given any pathology, he will look for the hopeful or the still active and redemptive side of the story. Obviously, Luther's message fell on fertile and waiting ground, so things were not so bad that no one's ideas could make a difference. It is probably accurate to say that things were getting better and needed only the articulate words of a Luther to reveal how much better. In fact, the northern Renaissance was on its way: "These upper classes no more wanted to be the emperor's then growing economic proletariat than they wished to end on the day of judgment as God's proletariat, who (as they could see in the paintings which they commissioned) were to be herded into oblivion by fiery angels, mostly of Italian extraction." German burghers were becoming their own masters, taking all sorts of initiatives, and preparing in many areas to shed an entire world-view. The son who left Hans Luder to go to college could not fail to sense the ferment around him, even if his own instructions were to study hard and get ahead. So, like many a college student, Martin had to face a conflict between home and school, between his origins and his contemporary environment, at a time when the larger society was itself in similar conflict, in similar crisis:

> But it undoubtedly took a father and a son of tenacious sincerity and almost criminal egotism to make the most of this crisis, and to initiate a struggle in which were combined elements of the drama of King Oedipus and the passion of Golgotha, with an admixture of cussedness made in Saxony.

We are asked to go back and forth between the particular and the general. Yes, Luther had such-and-such a life, but so did others. Yes, the world of the Middle Ages was in serious and general decline by the year 1500, and most German students must have sensed that fact, but it was, after all, Luther who hastened the process incalculably. No effort is made to single Martin out as a particularly fortunate or gifted or lucky child. Indeed, for long stretches what we have is good social history: vivid, carefully documented descriptions of the homes, schools, streets, and marketplaces of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Germany. As a youth, Luther did not live a different or unusual life, but eventually he did achieve a very different destiny from the one that for a long time he seemed quite happy and eager to pursue by singing and playing the lute and studying hard in school.

Erikson puts his concept of "identity" to a crucial test by using it to help make young Martin's "conversion" somewhat understandable. Whatever "problems" the youth had with his father, he made his life far different when he entered a monastery. True, he had been hard put to it to obey his father and his mother, but now he had to obey priests, bishops, and a pope, and in that sense his obedience or lack of it suddenly became a public, or social, matter, and, ultimately, a historical one. Not everyone can or will do that—give his specific fears and desires a chance to be of universal significance. Luther's theological development did rather consistently reflect his psychological makeup. His father refused him permission to enter the monastery, so he defied his father. The father grew "almost mad" ("*wollte toll werden*"), and the mother backed her husband up. Then pestilence struck. Two of Martin's brothers fell sick and died. Hans Luder became frightened and was persuaded to relent. Martin now had his father's approval, but he would simply not let the matter drop there. He doubted the old man's sincerity, and would never stop doubting it. Once again, though, his psychological doubts turned into religious qualms. It was Luther who again and again would ask men to examine their faith and make sure they "really" meant what they said, meant what they professed. To put it a bit differently, Luther was not one to let go of an issue, even when it seemed to be working itself out. Perhaps great men don't have "different" problems, merely stronger and more persistent versions of the ones we all have.

Martin said goodbye to his childhood and took to a monastery; while there he suffered in mind and soul, and became a man who would eventually exhort, direct, lead, and assault other men. His life amounted to something, as we all know. Yet others all over the world and in all ages have faced some of the awful and ordinary struggles that he faced with himself, his family,



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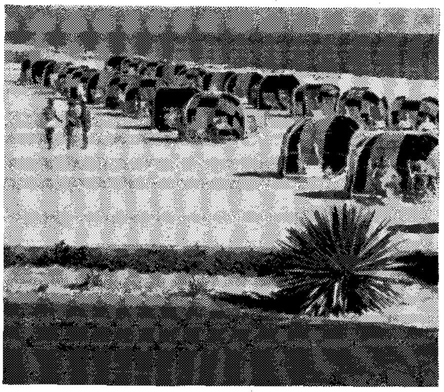

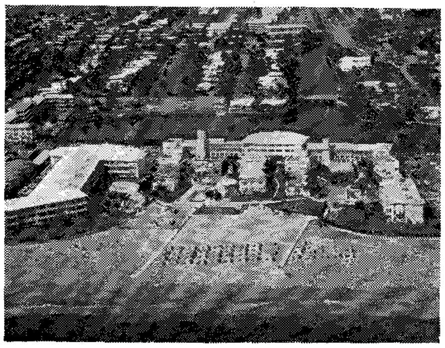

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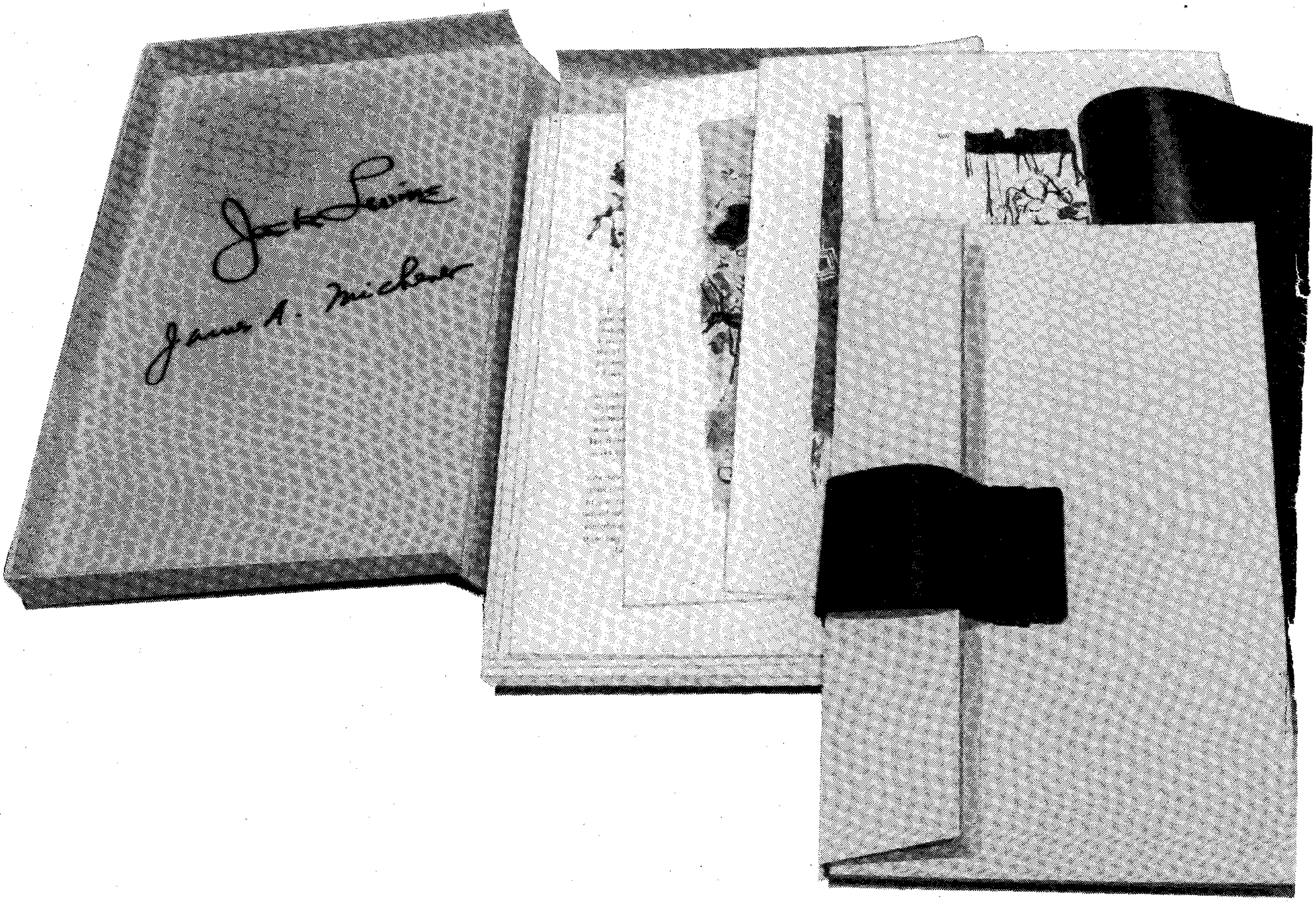
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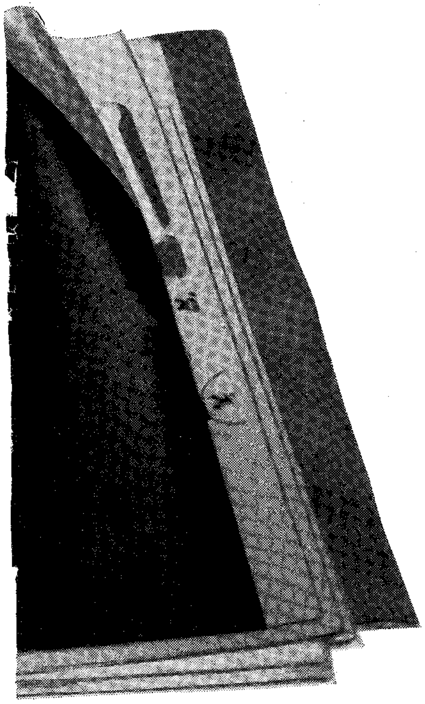

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James Michener, who several years ago edited the fifteen volumes of Hokusai's *Manga* and whose work *The Floating World* (Random House, 1954) is a standard work on the Japanese print, is superbly qualified to write the text for *Facing East*. He describes Levine's sketchbook as follows:

"It is important when looking at these sketches to remember precisely what they are: the impact of a tremendously visual society upon a trained eye. They are intimate, revealing, rewarding, for they depict the interaction of the artist and the subject matter that engulfs him in an unfamiliar milieu . . .

" 'I wanted to see for myself,' Levine told me when we were discussing his sketches. By this he meant that he had gone to the Orient with that most precious of gifts, the uncontaminated eye. He wanted the impressions of this new part of the world to flow over him as if he were uninitiated, seeing it all for the first time . . .

"One must conclude that on his daily excursions Levine saw more deeply into the style of Japanese life than most of us are able to see after years of familiarity . . . For how accurately Levine has caught the spirit of Japanese prints in his four lithographs and how intuitively he has absorbed the Japanese essence in his drawings . . .

"Could Levine have been correct in saying that he saw the Orient as a tourist? Certainly many of the subjects he chose for his sketches are those which camera bugs from Denver snap when they visit Japan. But judging from Levine's ability to capture the peculiar quality of Japanese imagery, he is a traveler of the Delacroix type: in a flash he sees much. The word *tourist* hardly describes such a person."

## The contents of FACING EAST

- Four original color lithographs (12½" x 18¾") by Jack Levine, signed by the artist in the stone and printed on Rives paper.

- James A. Michener's text for *Facing East*, printed on Arches paper, with nine original in-text woodcuts by Levine, plus one *hors texte* original woodcut, printed on Japon Kawanaka paper.

- 54 Jacomet reproductions, utilizing both the *pochoir* and *phototypie* techniques. From two to forty hand-brushed colors were used to reproduce each of Jack Levine's drawings of the Orient—done in pencil, chalk, pen and ink, Japanese brush with sumi ink, and water-color. These are printed on Ingres paper and measure 12½" x 18¾" each.

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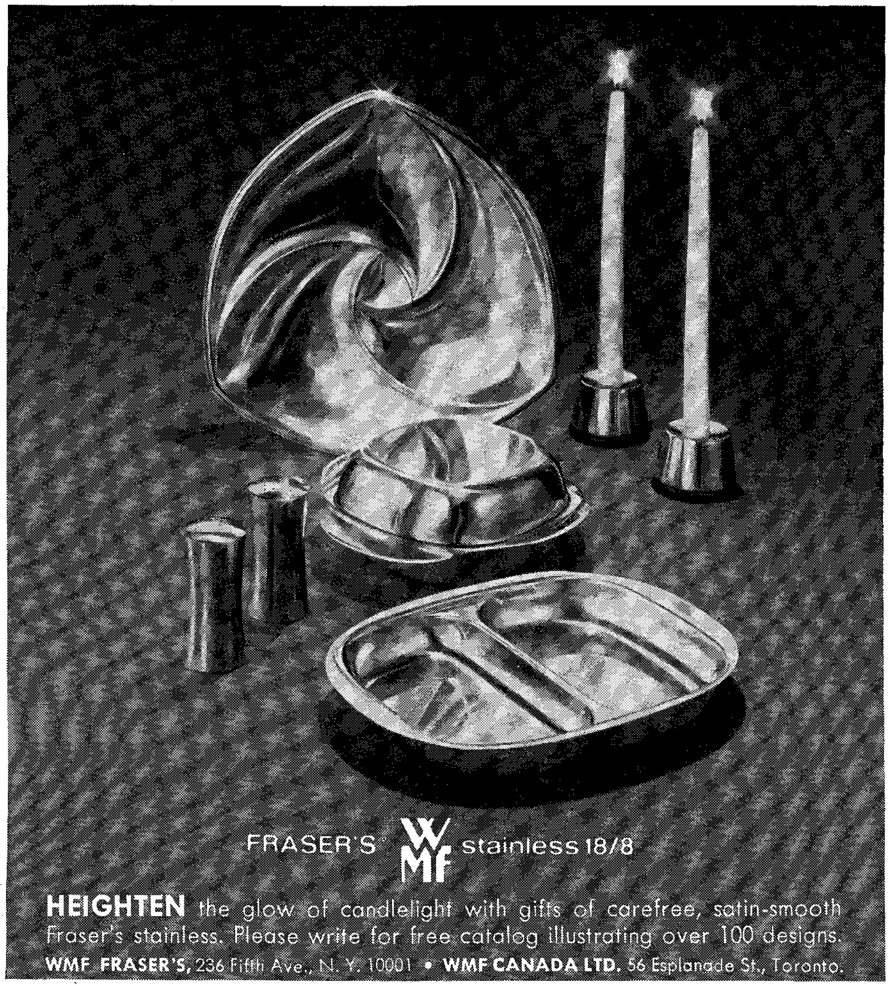
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his fellow-monks, his faith. Here is young Martin's biographer reaching out for those others—in Erfurt, or Rome, or in any clinic of any American city:

> It is probable that in all historical periods some—and by no means the least gifted—young people do not survive their moratorium; they seek death or oblivion, or die in spirit. Martin must have seen such death of mind and spirit in some of his brethren, and came to feel close to it more than once. Those who face the abyss only to disappear we will, of course, never know; and once in a while we should shed a tear for those who took some unborn protest, some unformed idea, and sometimes just one lonely soul, with them. They chose to face nothingness rather than to submit to a faith that, to them, had become a cant of pious words; a collective will that cloaked only collective impotence; a conscience which expended itself in a stickling for empty forms; a reason that was a chatter of commonplaces; and a kind of work that was meaningless busy work. I am speaking of those "outsiders" who go their lone way, not those who come back to poison the world further with a mystical literature which exhorts man to shun reality and stay outside like Onan.

Erikson manages to describe many youths, from many centuries, at one or another moment of their lives—"strange young creatures of pride and despair, of sick minds and good values, of good minds and fractured perspectives." He discusses what he has discussed before in technical papers: young men and women often experience serious fluctuations of mood in which moments of near-grandiosity alternate with periods of almost total hopelessness.

When Erikson has described what happened between Hans, the father, and Martin, the son, he pauses a moment for the following paragraph:

> Millions of boys face these problems and solve them in some way or another—they live, as Captain Ahab says, with half of their heart and with only one of their lungs, and the world is the worse for it. Now and again, however, an individual is called upon (called by *whom*, only the theologians claim to know, and by *what*, only bad psychologists) to lift his individual patienthood to the level of a universal one and to try to solve for all what he could not solve for himself alone.

On October 31, 1517, Luther nailed his ninety-five theses against indulgences on the door of the All Saints Church in Wittenberg. He was then thirty-three. Only a few years later, he would be one of the most admired and most hated men in Europe. It all seemed to take place so quickly. Luther himself must have wondered what possessed him. A few years before, he had been forlorn and confused. Then he suddenly began to talk and talk. His ideas virtually poured out. His message became pointed and decisive. He seemed controlled yet forceful, respectful yet an unsparing critic of what he believed wrong. And it did not take long for him to be heard everywhere.

Perhaps the success of "Young Man Luther" can be measured this way: the sudden and surprising confrontation that Luther, in his thirties, had with history becomes more comprehensible after a reading of Erikson's book. Europe's particular vulnerability in the late medieval period appears to have been almost made for a certain kind of stubborn, unflinching, and moody leader, who would have to come from the Continent's geographic and religious heart, and who would want to save and purify rather than destroy what was in fact a very powerful and stable as well as—in certain respects—shaky order of things. Martin knew both love and hate particularly well. He knew how to build and destroy—or, rather, destroy and build. For every bit of convincing anger he had a matching amount of love and of self-doubt. He was, in sum, the man who could make a believable and inspiring protest. If history was waiting for him, he was waiting for history—all of which "Young Man Luther" shows, and not by flashy twentieth-century formulations that explain everything and nothing but by a systematic (and by no means exclusively psychological) analysis of the known facts of a man's life.

One more thing: Erikson indicates not only how Martin became Luther but how Luther became what he eventually did: a turnabout—a man who in time surprised the German peasants, and even today confuses anyone interested in understanding the dramatic, puzzling, and apparently inconsistent reactions of those later years. We think of Luther in his late thirties at the Diet of Worms, facing the Pope's emissaries and ultimately telling them no, he would not budge. We think of him as the man who *did* something, *started* something, and helped shape *our* world. Take, for instance, William James's estimate, which Erikson quotes: "When Luther, in his immense manly way, swept off by a stroke of his hand the very notion of a debit and credit account kept with individuals by the Almighty, he stretched the soul's imagination and saved theology from puerility." Well, what about that "immense manly way"? Its origins are described in "Young Man Luther," and are nei-

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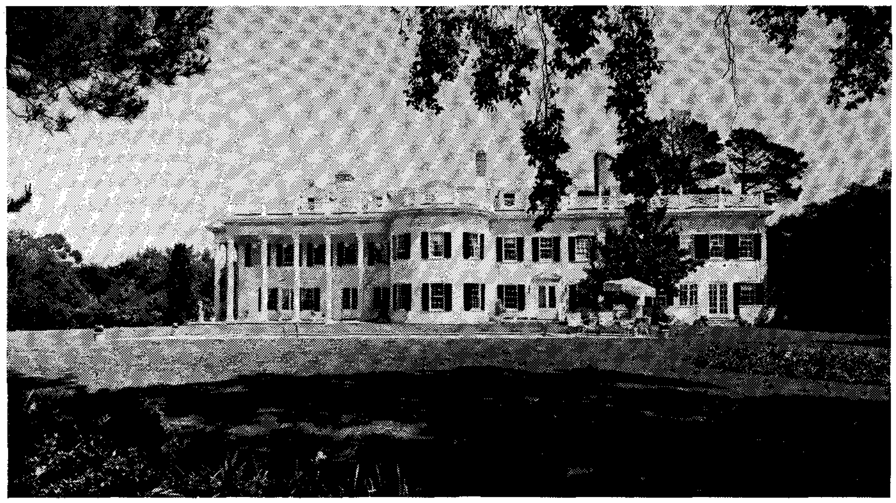

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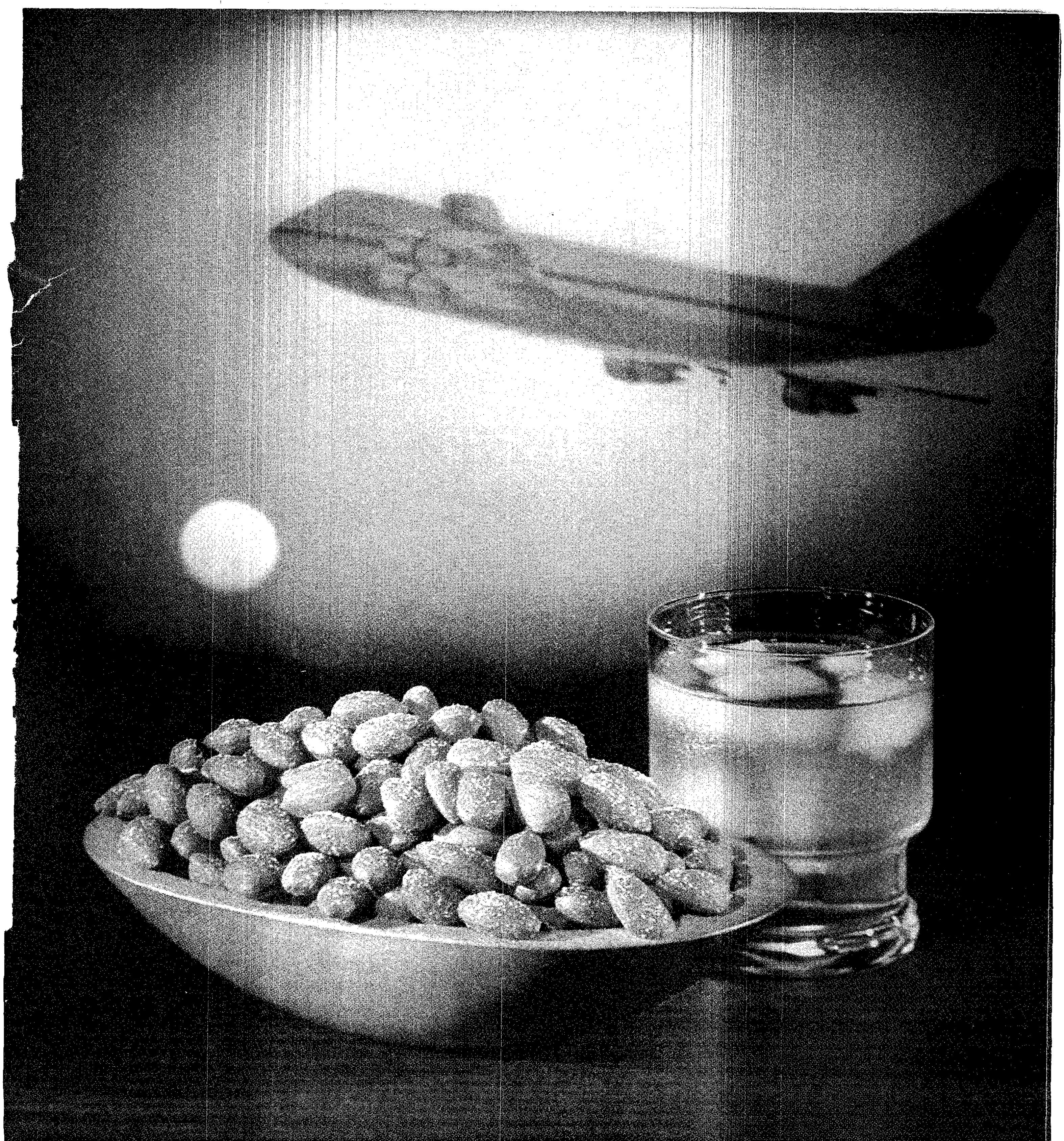
ther derogated nor overestimated. But Luther did not fight only the Pope—he fought himself. And at his strongest he was surely far more hesitant and fearful than we have tended to assume, after centuries of words and deeds have buried him in glory and infamy. It just could be that the Luther who protested papal indulgences had no idea what his particular and seemingly innocuous complaint would set loose. Luther, that is, nailed his famous ninety-five theses upon a church door because he wanted to talk, to discuss things, to get an answer:

> But the answer came from elsewhere, from everywhere. The German translation of the theses evoked an immediate, wide, and emphatic echo: from the general public, who were anti-Italian and patriotic; from the dispossessed, who were anticapitalist and equalitarian; from the petty plutocrats, who were antimonopolistic; from the princes, who were particularist and territorial; from the educated, who were anticlerical and secularist; and from the knights, who were Teutonic and anarchistic.

Obviously, Luther hadn't intended to take on the whole Church and, indeed, history itself. Almost in spite of himself, he became a prophet, an ideological leader. At Worms, it no longer mattered what his personal conflicts were, even though they had "caused" his appearance before the papal "board of inquiry"—as we might call the Diet today. The point is that he could not be as settled and decided in his mind as his supporters became in theirs. A man says something "in fear and trembling;" others hear his words and make them their creed; and then the man finds a thousand things happening that he never dreamed possible or desirable. At that point, he will either submit or fight back, either go along with the tide of history or, ironically, fight the very developments that his troubled and gifted mind helped bring about. Luther chose to do the latter:

> Luther's letters from the Wartburg indicate the psychological setting for his future actions: having openly challenged Pope and Emperor and the universal world order for which they both stood, and having overcome his own inhibitions in order to express this challenge effectively, he now fully realized not only how ravenous his appetites were, and how rebellious his righteousness, but also how revolutionary were the forces which he had evoked in others.

The peasants quoted Martin Luther as they rose up all over Germany, but he advised caution, restraint, compromise. They ignored him, disobeyed him—and enraged him. He shouted at



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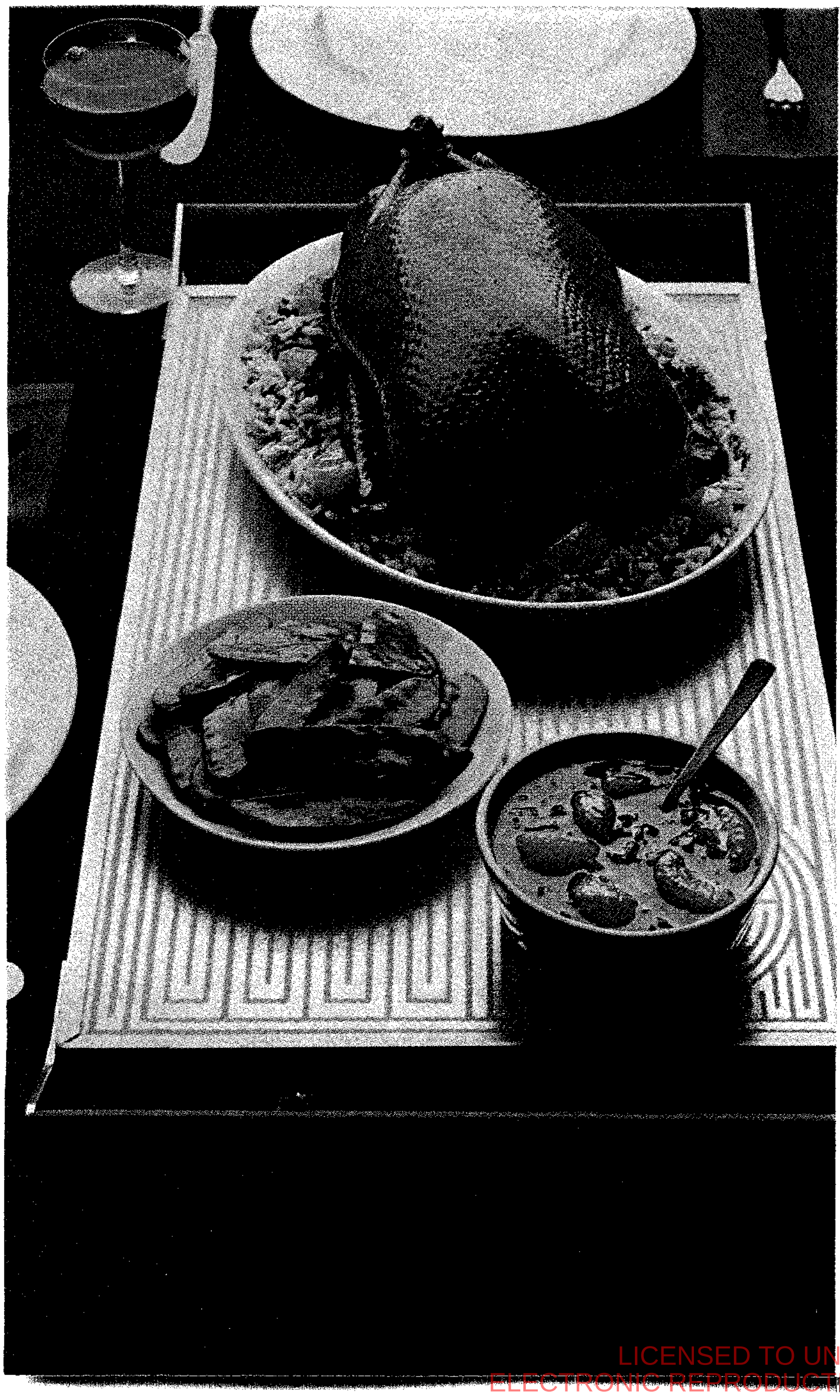

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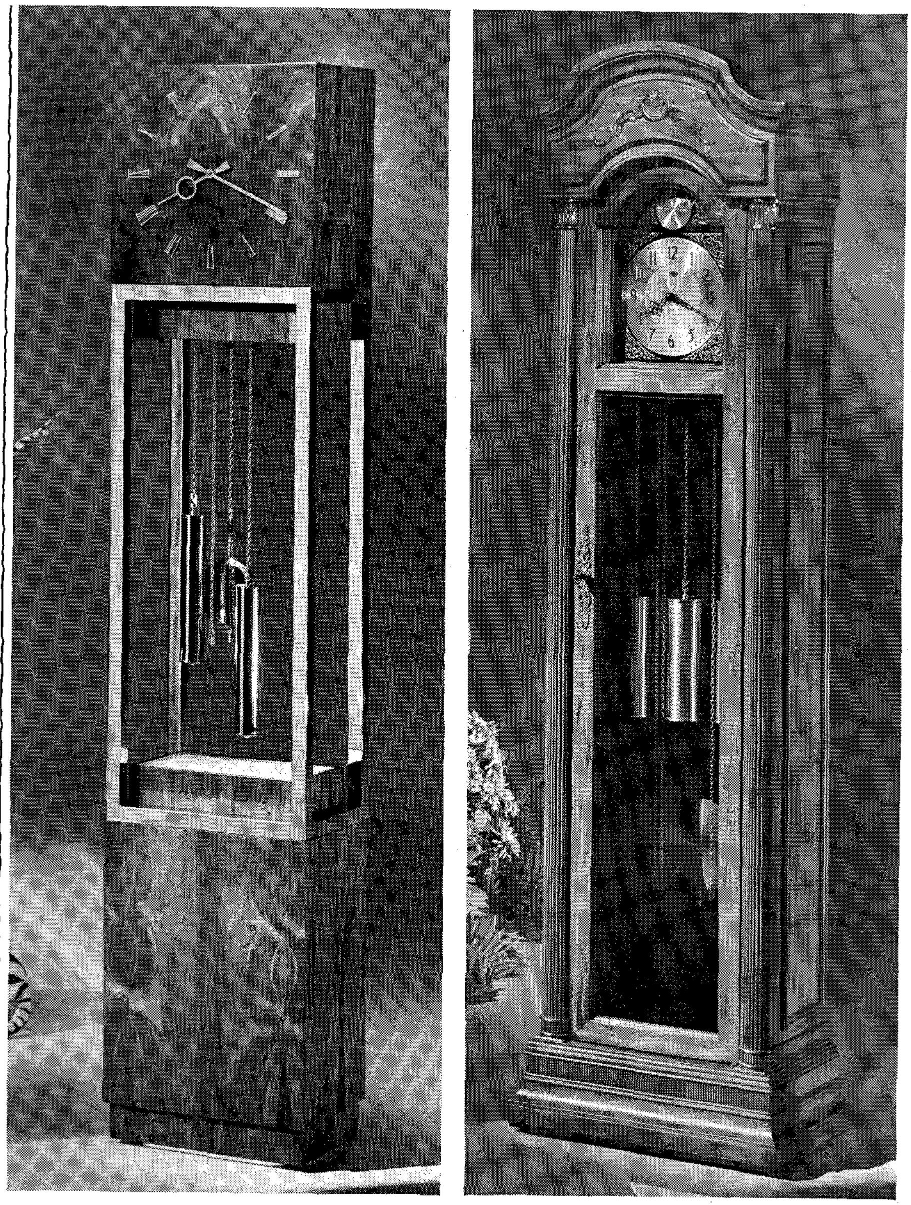
them like a man who knows how to shout because he has borne the brunt of countless tirades. Erikson asks, "Do we hear Hans, beating the residue of a stubborn peasant out of his son?" Luther was then a middle-aged man, but the demons of his youth would not leave him. When he was thirty, he had fought them to a standstill; when he was forty, they were again powerful. Sons become fathers. Children remind a parent of his forgotten childhood.

In 1526, Luther's son was born. He was named Hans. The boy would grow up in the shadow of a great father, though one who in many respects was not unlike the old grandfather Hans. If, as Erikson suggests, the mind has a dialectical quality to its action—if we never forget, and are never free of our past, if negatives and positives inevitably live side by side in us, if certain themes appear, disappear, and reappear in every life, if consistency means nothing to the unconscious, and if, indeed, contradiction is the inevitable result of the necessary and continuous struggle that each mind wages for that elusive state of armistice called "sanity"—then, of course, the son of Hans, who became the father of a Hans, would find stability and obedience and respectability terribly important, and inexcusably threatened by the German peasantry. So the old loyalties and memories reasserted themselves, even if for a while Luther had kept their influence in check. He who fought his father became very much like him in later years, to the confusion of his contemporaries and many in later generations.

Historically, though, everything worked out rather appropriately. Luther may have had a psychological reversal, or regression, or whatever, but the effect of his actions was always in one direction. For all the troubles and disagreements he had with his father, Luther did the old man proud. He was a good student; he rose steadily in every school; he won steadily, no matter what the odds. Erikson has pointed out how determined Martin's father was that his son should marry and go after a career. Martin eventually found a job and eventually married. It is not every youth who can make history out of life's conventional hurdles. And in the long run he paved the way for a later union of "the Protestant ethic and the spirit of capitalism" that his father would no doubt have found congenial, and also familiar:

> In spite of having reacted more violently than anyone else against indulgences and against usury, Luther helped prepare



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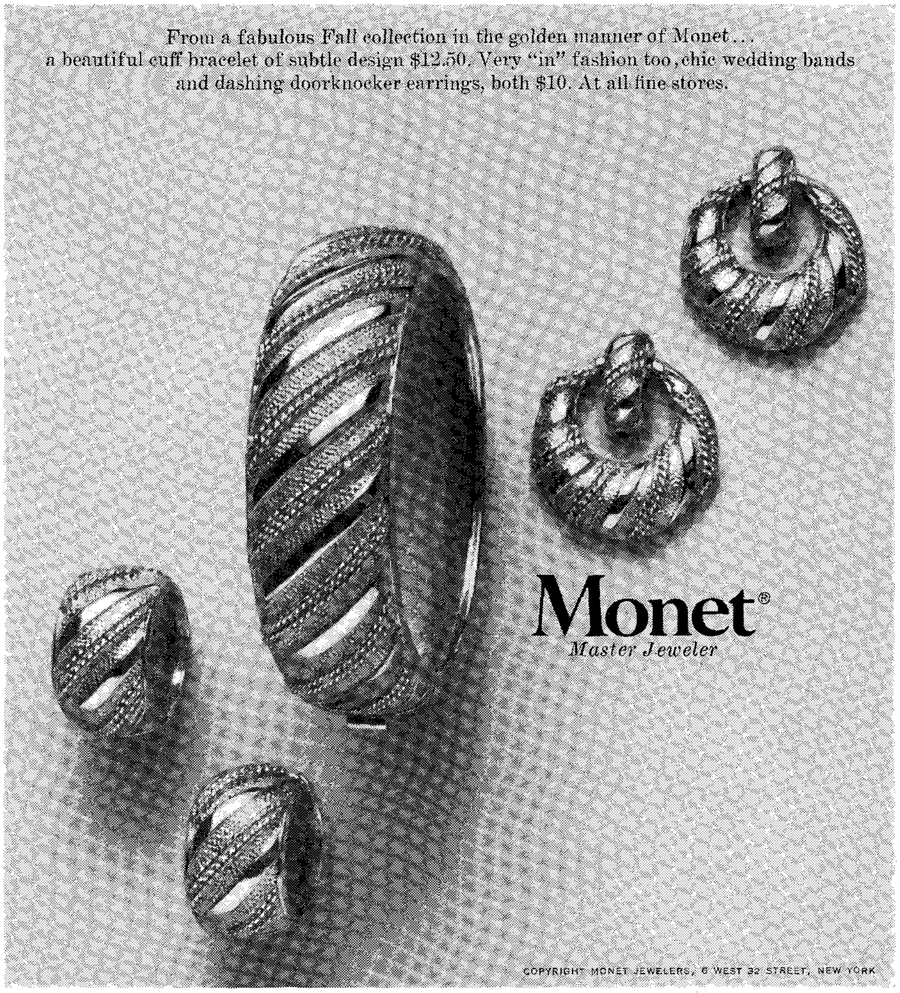
the metaphysical misalliance between economic self-interest and church affiliation so prominent in the Western world. Martin had become the metaphysical jurist of his father's class.

In fact, Martin became everything his father might have ever wished: well-to-do, respected, powerful, world famous, and the father of a son named Hans. Of course, Luther himself became depressed by that very turn of events, and Erikson, in his various discussions of the life cycle, has mentioned why. In middle life and beyond, we begin to see not so much what we wanted to do as what we have actually done—given birth to, generated, inspired by word or deed. By then, a divided self has to sense, if not see, its failures, and the failures may exist in the face of the most triumphant successes imaginable. At some level, one realizes how little healing has occurred, how unnervingly the old curses reassert themselves, whether in the guise of breakdowns or of impressive achievements. No wonder some of us in our forties and fifties feel "in a rut" and full of despair. Perhaps the despair is not only "existential"—perhaps it is not even related to immediate circumstances—but is long-lived, and is tied to the mind's ability to look back and recognize its own particular losses and defeats. In a sense, then, Luther in his final years was resigned. Like a number of other great men, he found his achievements to be futile: they did not resolve the conflicts that prompted them, and—what was much worse—they created new, surprising, frightening conflicts, in others if not in himself.

Freud was also resigned in his last years. He saw psychoanalysis used as an excuse for all sorts of foolish, bizarre, and stupid things. And there are other similarities between Luther and Freud. Both men tried hard—in Erikson's words—"to increase the margin of man's inner freedom by introspective means applied to the very center of his conflicts." Through prayer, through psychoanalysis, men were asked to find out what they "really" believed, and to mean what they said. More significant, perhaps, is another—and, I think, remarkable—comparison that Erikson offers:

> In this book I have described how Luther, once a sorely frightened child, recovered through the study of Christ's Passion the central meaning of the Nativity; and I have indicated in what way Freud's method of introspection brought human conflict under a potentially more secure control by revealing the boundness of man in the loves and rages of his childhood. Thus both Luther and Freud came



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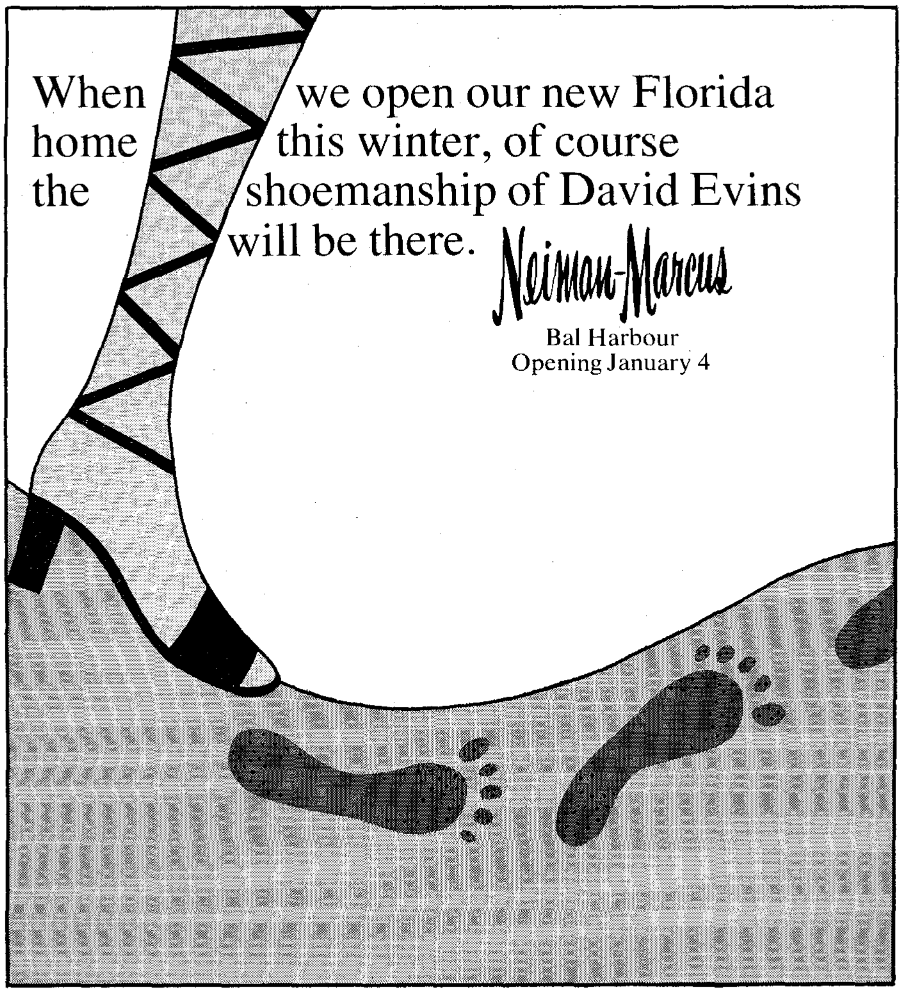

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to acknowledge that "the child is in the midst."

WITH "Young Man Luther" and the papers that in 1959 were collected in "Identity and the Life Cycle," Erikson had completed the basic structure of his thought. In the decade of the fifties, spent at the Austen Riggs Center, Erikson was rounding out more than his intellectual life. As a husband and a father, he began to see the rewards that only middle age can bring. His wife had always been part of his work, especially since she edited every word he wrote. At Riggs, she assumed the role of "director of activities." She was convinced that the capacities and potentialities of patients, particularly young ones, could be developed through the pursuit of daily activities that brought immediate, tangible, and significant rewards. In the mid-fifties, psychiatrists were resolutely looking into the unconscious terrain of their patients but not at their day-to-day lives. Joan Erikson believed that a psychiatric patient, like anyone else, needs to feel useful as well as psychologically understood. Eventually, she started an extraordinary program at Riggs. The patients organized a film series that demonstrated the history of cinematography and invited the town's residents to attend. They put on plays, to which they also invited the general public. They held exhibits of their painting and sculpture. A number of outstanding professional men and women who lived in the area were drawn into the projects, and, under the supervision of a trained teacher, the patients began a nursery school, first for the children of staff members, later for anyone in Stockbridge. It was clear that the patients had really won the respect and trust of the townspeople when parents agreed to have their children taught and cared for by them. Joan Erikson has always been an extraordinarily active woman, and she found time, apart from her duties as "director of activities," for distinguished work as an artistic craftsman (jewelry and other artifacts that she has fashioned in gold, silver, and precious stones have won prizes) and for a developing career as an author (her book "The Universal Bead," published in 1968, traces the use and significance of bead ornamentation through history, and another book, "St. Francis and His Four Ladies," which is to appear shortly, is a study of the Saint as a creative artist). While the Eriksons were at Austen Riggs, their older son, Kai, went to Reed College, and later to the University of Chicago, where he did

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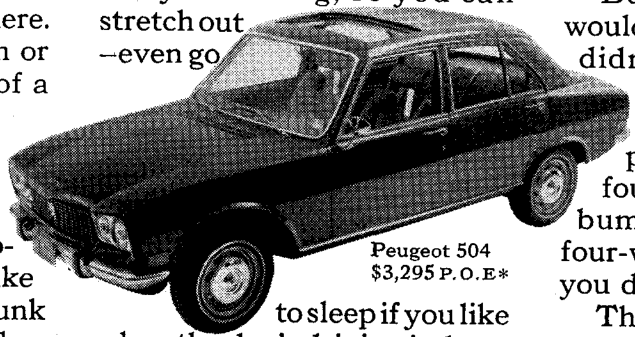

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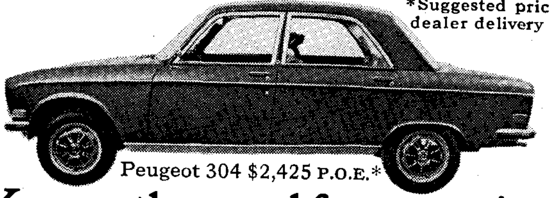

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graduate work in sociology. In 1957, an issue of the *Chicago Review* carried an article titled "Confirmation of the Delinquent," written by Erik and Kai Erikson. (Kai Erikson, whose book "Wayward Puritans" won the American Sociological Association's MacIver Award in 1967, is now Master of Trumbull College and a professor of sociology at Yale.) While Kai Erikson was beginning his work in sociology, his brother Jon was majoring in economics at the University of California at Berkeley. As a student there, and in subsequent years, he gradually shifted his interests toward the humanities—the theatre, and particularly photography. He has recently given his full time to recording with his camera the way a wide variety of Americans live and work, and a book of his documentary photographs will appear in 1971. (In one photograph of his father, Jon Erikson has caught the eyes remarkably—blue, wide open, prominent. I haven't the slightest idea how a man's psychological characteristics occasionally come to be reflected in his physical appearance, but Erikson's eyes seem both commanding and vulnerable. It is as if he demanded to see everything possible, and in so doing protected his eyes less than others do. They are not piercing or penetrating or brooding eyes; "childlike" may be the best approximation.) The Eriksons' daughter, Sue, also was away from home by the late fifties—at Oberlin, where she majored in philosophy. (Later, she went into social anthropology as a graduate student at Berkeley, where she met her husband, Harland G. Bloland, now an assistant professor of education at New York University.)

In 1960, Erikson was appointed a professor at Harvard, where he introduced an undergraduate course called "The Human Life Cycle," assisted by, among others, Kenneth Keniston, Dorothy Zinberg, and Pamela Daniels. Erikson also led a small seminar in which he shared with others his continuing effort to comprehend the precise points at which an individual's life history intersects history itself. Two notable collections of essays from this past decade—"Insight and Responsibility" (1964) and "Identity: Youth and Crisis" (1968)—are the results of various opportunities he found to "roamingly explore" the implications of his ideas while preparing himself for his next major work, his study of Gandhi.

IN shifting from Luther to Gandhi, Erikson felt required to reflect on "womanhood," on that half of man-

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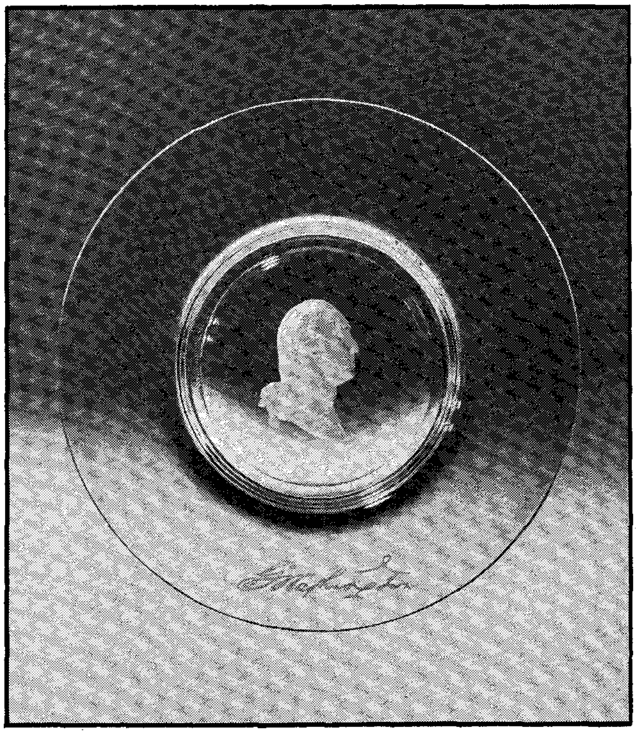

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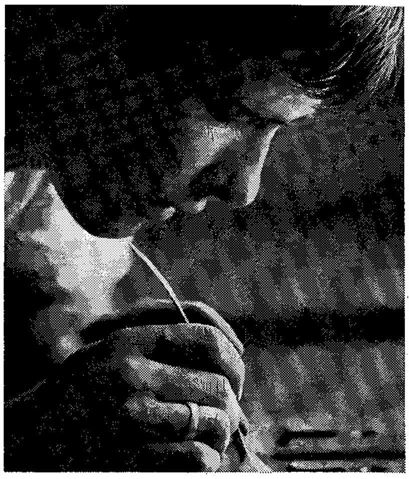
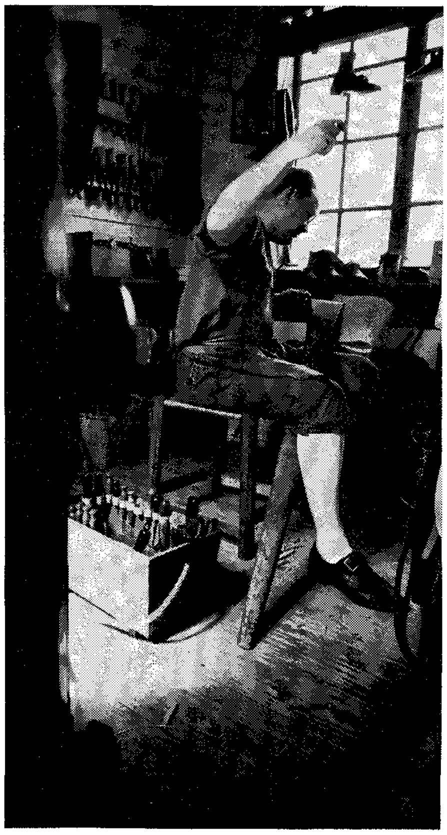
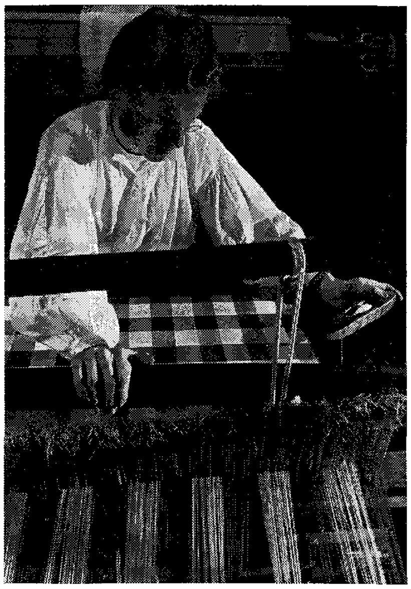
kind responsible for giving birth to children, bringing them up, and cooking and caring for them, and for their fathers, too. Men—powerful men who conquer the earth and the people on it—need much more from women than their company as "equals" in voting booths and the marketplace. Men need, for one thing, to learn how to care more the way women do—for the earth and the people on it. In an essay published in the magazine *Dædalus* in the spring of 1964, Erikson wrote that girls know even when very little that nature has endowed them with an "inner space," whose purpose is to "bear the offspring of chosen men, and, with it, a biological, psychological, and ethical commitment to take care of human infancy," and he asked, "Is not the disposition for this commitment (whether it be realized in actual motherhood or not) the core problem of *female* fidelity?"

Erikson does not deny the early psychoanalytic preoccupations—the insistence that little girls feel "penis envy," and that "masochism" and "passivity" go with being a woman, with submitting and yielding to the "aggressive" man. Instead, he once more insists that the original psychoanalytic formulations about women and their "mental life" were based on clinical work done—by men—with patients, and patients of a particular kind at that: women born into the nineteenth-century Viennese middle class who for one reason or another had become hysterical, dissatisfied with themselves, frightened, and rigid. "However," he wrote, "the cumulative experience of being and becoming a man or a woman cannot, I believe, be entirely dependent upon fearful analogies and phantasies." Women are not the tangle of shame, envy, and resignation that some psychopathologists make them out to be: "One thinks not only of pregnancy and childbirth, but also of lactation, and of all the richly convex parts of the female anatomy which suggest fullness, warmth and generosity." If women experience "penis envy," they also experience, feel, sense something else: "In this total actuality the existence of a *productive inner-bodily space* safely set in the center of female form and carriage has, I think, a reality superior to that of the missing organ." Yes, a woman does have specific difficulties, and here is one way of looking at them without letting them overshadow everything else:

> No doubt also the very importance of the promises and the limitations of the inner productive space exposes women to







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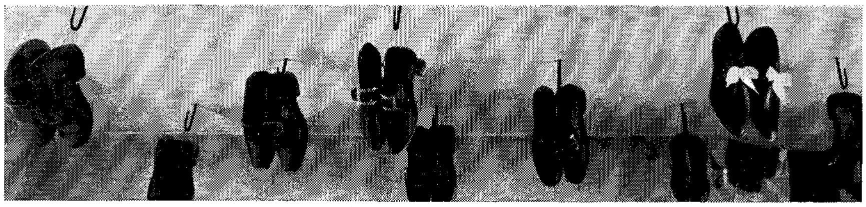

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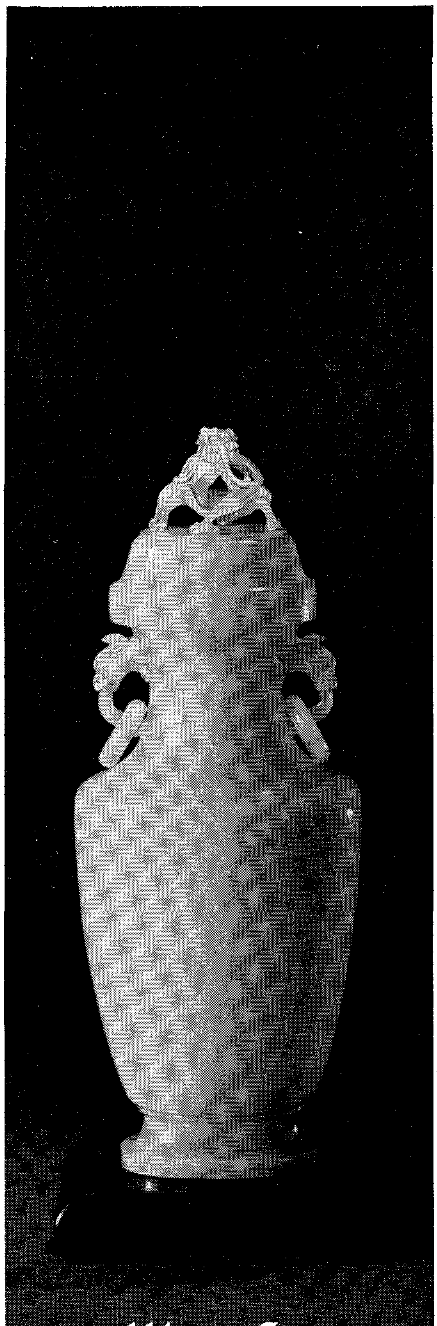

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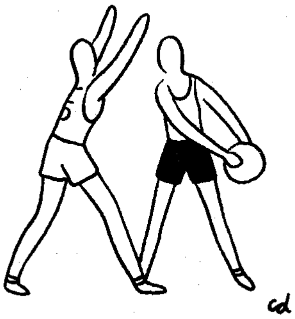
a sense of specific loneliness, to a fear of being left empty or deprived of treasures, of remaining unfulfilled and of drying up. This, no less than the strivings and disappointments of the little "Oedipus" is a fateful ingredient of the human individual and of the whole race. For this very reason it seems decisive not to misinterpret these feelings as totally due to a resentment of not being a boy or of having been mutilated.

Militant feminists would no doubt insist that what some consider Erikson's "advance" in the psychoanalysis of womanhood is actually one more condescending "allowance" made for those irreducible anatomical differences. Be that as it may, Erikson always makes it clear that while a woman is never "not a woman" (just as a man is never "not a man"), a woman is always a person and a citizen, and must be free to choose what fate she can manage creatively—which is all any human being can do.



What women go through as a matter of course a number of men seek: "The inner life which characterizes some artistic and creative men certainly also compensates for their being biologically men by helping them to specialize in that inwardness and sensitive indwelling (the German *Innigkeit*) usually ascribed to women. They are prone to cyclic swings of mood while they carry conceived ideas to fruition and toward the act of disciplined creation." Erikson has no doubt that the entire world—all its people, its men and women both—now needs at the highest levels of political power and decision-making some of the qualities that ("inferior") animals and ("inferiority"-ridden) women seem "naturally" able to summon: a sense of what survival means, a willingness to stop short of murder, an interest in producing life and maintaining it.

By many self-consciously "aggressive" or assertive men Gandhi might be considered, among other things, oddly womanish. He advocated nonviolence, and in appearance he could be viewed as fragile or delicate. He fussed over food. He advocated a return to "primitive," or "rural," ways—spinning and weaving, and all that. In contrast, we in the West have to face "reality," the issues of power—*real* power, atomic power. We know there is no return to the quaint old ways. Our task is to harness the "advanced" knowledge we possess, to achieve the complicated kind of political arrangements that "advanced" nations require. We know (we are so sure of ourselves!) that Gandhi belongs to another age, another world. Yet the life of Gandhi reveals magnificent ironies. The only weapon he owned was Satyagraha—the practice of a particular kind of nonviolence, or passive resistance, yet almost by himself he could make the mighty British Empire tremble. His actions caused infinitely more "powerful" and "practical" men to feel weak, confused, and even a bit ashamed of themselves.

Erikson knew that a psychoanalytic study of Gandhi's work called for, to begin with, a fresh examination of subjects like aggression and violence. Freud, in his well-known letter to Einstein, wrote, "It is a general principle, then, that conflicts of interest between men are settled by the use of violence. This is true of the whole animal kingdom, from which men have no business to exclude themselves." And that is the way many knowing, fatalistic people still think. War is awful, but man is the way he is, and naïve efforts to make him "better" or more "peaceful" are doomed by the facts—the facts of our deepest, most fundamental "nature," our biological inheritance. In a paper read at a joint meeting of the American Psychiatric Association and the American Psychoanalytic Association in May of 1965, Erikson for the first time in public made a connection between the rituals that animals use to achieve their common survival, as described by ethologist Konrad Lorenz, and the sort of nonviolent protest Gandhi developed:

> The recent book by Konrad Lorenz ["On Aggression"] summarizes what is known of intraspecies aggression among some of the higher animals and corrects the easy conviction that our "animal nature" explains or justifies human forms of aggression. Lorenz describes, of course, both threatening and murderous behavior on the part of animals who are hungry and go hunting; who must settle competitive questions of territorial occupation or utilization; or who are cornered by a superior enemy. The question is, under what conditions hatred and murder make their appearance among animals, and whether violence of the total kind, that is, of the kind characterized by irrational rage, wild riot, or systematic extermination, can be traced to our animal nature.
>
> Within the social species closest to man (wolves, deer, and primates), Lorenz describes ritualized threatening behavior which in fact *prevents* murder, for such mutual threats usually suffice to establish

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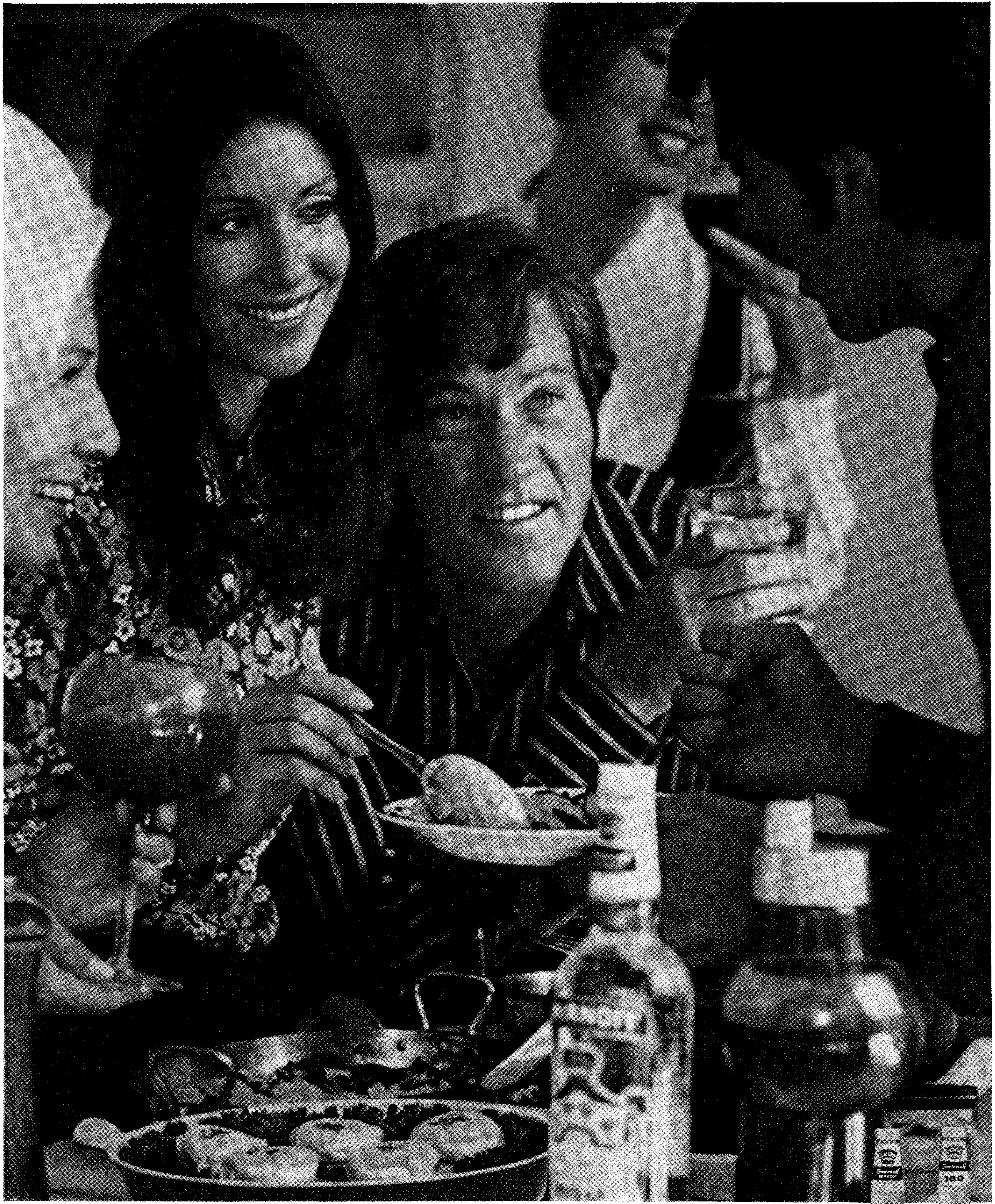

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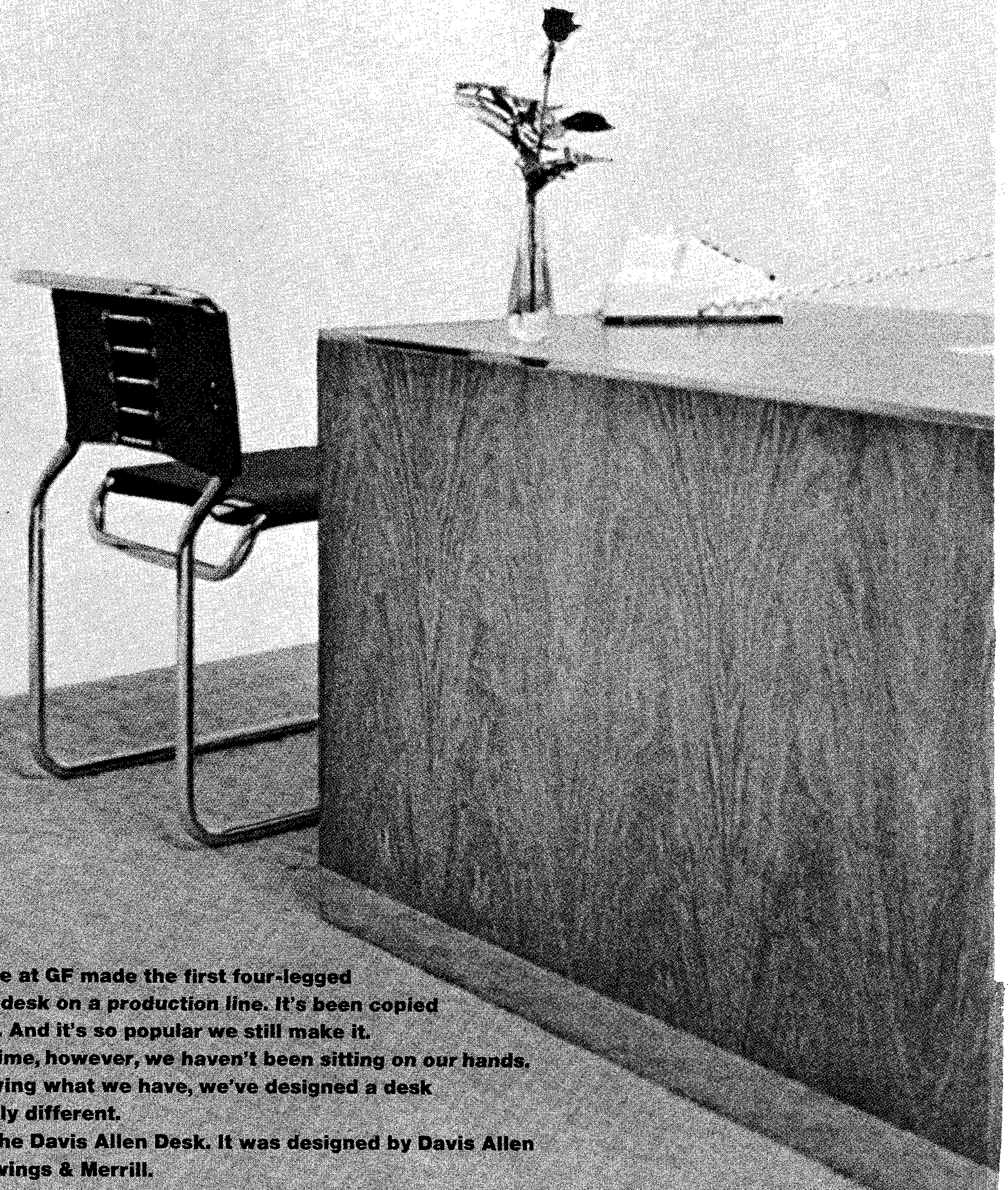

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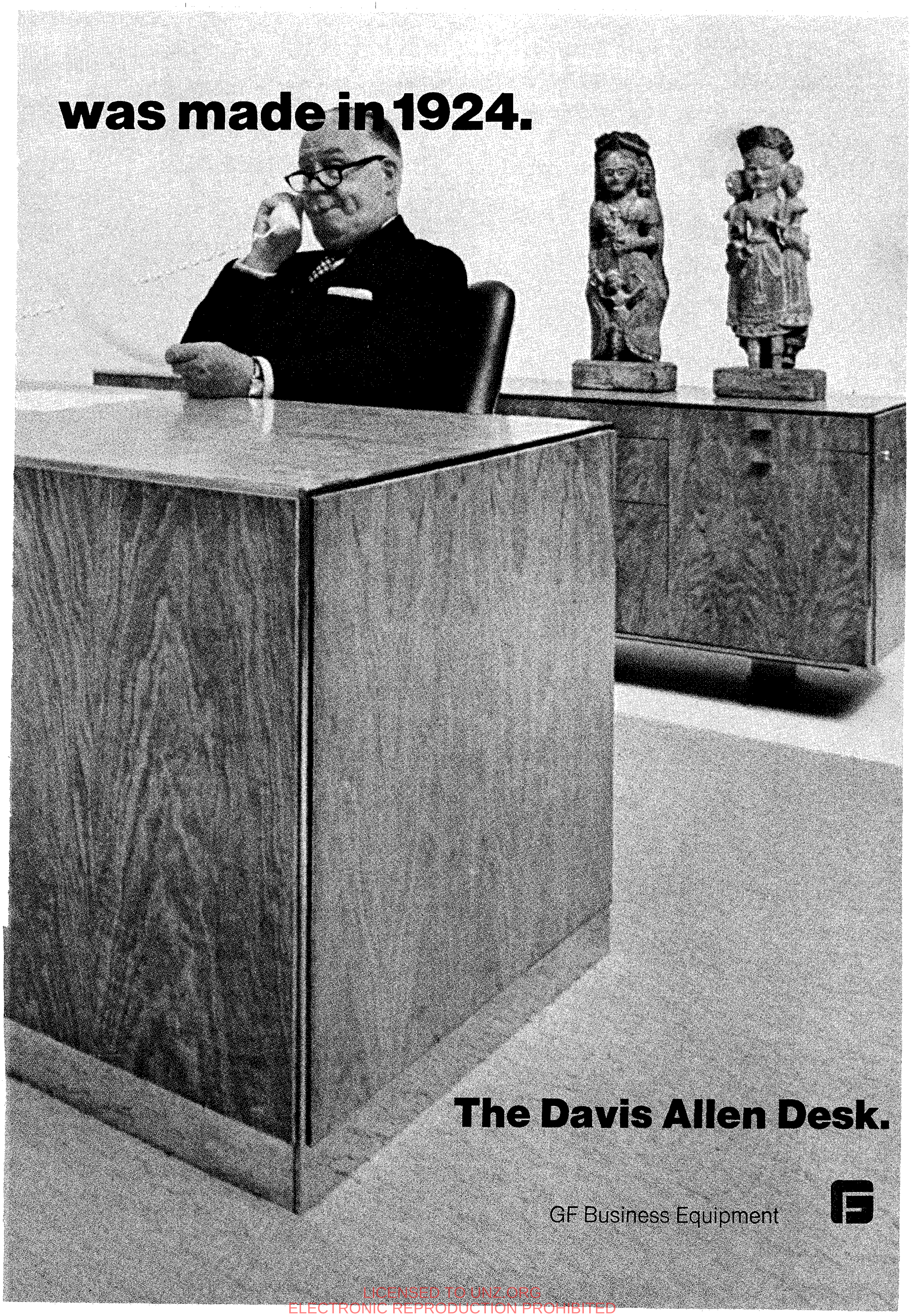
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an equal distribution of territory governed, as it were, by instinctive convention. Out in the wild, so he claims, such threatening behavior only rarely escalates into injurious attack; and one may well say—as is, indeed, the case with some human primitives who share the institution of highly ritualized warfare—that some "aggressive behavior" prevents war.

The critical point here is the animal's capacity for making a ritual work. Gandhi discovered that Satyagraha—very much a ritual as he urged it and lived it out—can work well enough under certain circumstances to make man worthy not only of his animal heritage but of his earliest childhood. In a paper delivered in 1965 before the Royal Society of London on "Ritualization in Man" (Lorenz delivered a corresponding paper about animals on the same occasion), Erikson wrote, "Beginnings . . . are apt to be both dim in contour and lasting in consequences. Ritualization in man seems to be grounded in the pre-verbal experience of infants, while reaching its full elaboration in grand public ceremonies." Gandhi took part in—even arranged—a number of those "grand public ceremonies." He had an uncanny sense—in view of what Lorenz tells us, an "animal-like" sense—of what confrontation could safely and usefully do to all the "sides" in a struggle. Of all modern leaders, he knew best how to balance things, by combining religious principles with political acts, by weighing the possibility of new injuries committed in the name of necessary change against the terrible presence of old injuries. In essence, he was artful, sensitive, and incredibly determined. The birth of free India was his desire, his dream, the inspiration for his daily tasks. Sometimes great men treat their ideas and purposes as mothers do infants. And sometimes their followers respond. A child who has known a loving mother's eyes and nose and mouth has experienced a hallowed presence—has experienced what Erikson calls the "numinous." In certain leaders, the numinous reappears.

Gandhi was a man who became for millions of Indians an embodiment of what they felt to be important and valuable in themselves. If we are to understand Gandhi, we have to understand whom he spoke with, and to, and eventually for, and Erikson went about achieving that understanding in a way that was altogether typical. The preface to "Gandhi's Truth," which was published in 1969, tells us that Erikson first went to India in 1962, because he had been invited to lead a seminar on the human life cycle. The seminar took

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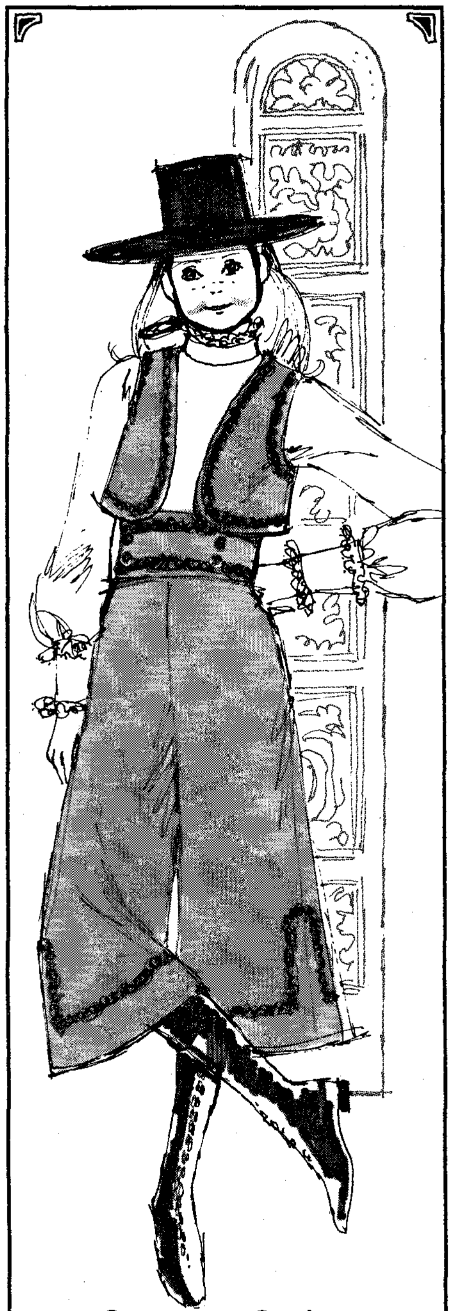

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place in Ahmedabad, an industrial city not usually frequented by Western tourists—perhaps because it reminds Americans and Europeans of what they have left behind and would hardly travel so far in order to see again. Erikson and his wife were given accommodations on the estate of Ambalal Sarabhai, a millowner and one of Ahmedabad's leading citizens. Sarabhai was a kind and generous host, and he was also a man with a significant past, as the Eriksons found out. In 1918, Sarabhai, as Ahmedabad's largest millowner, had been Gandhi's chief opponent. The men who labored long hours in the mills were pitifully underpaid, and Gandhi had assumed the leadership of their struggle to obtain higher wages from men like Sarabhai—whose sister, Anasuya, was close to Gandhi and much devoted to the workers' cause. It was in Ahmedabad that Gandhi fasted for the first time.

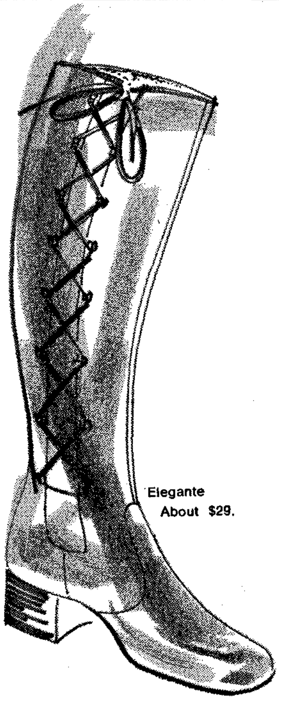
The drama was obvious: brother against sister, friends against one another, a public fast entered into by a man already famous for his achievements as a leader of his people in South Africa. Yet in his "Autobiography" Gandhi mentioned the event briefly and rather casually—almost as if he didn't care to write about it at all—and his various biographers have never made much of the event. Erikson's diligent search finally turned up "a crumbling number of the Bombay *Chronicle*" containing a long letter signed by M. K. Gandhi and apparently written right after his fast. The letter begins:

> Perhaps I owe an explanation to the public with regard to my recent fast. Some friends consider the action to have been silly, others cowardly, and some others still worse. In my opinion, I would have been untrue to my Maker and to the cause I was espousing if I had acted otherwise.

It concludes:

> I felt that it was a sacred moment for me, my faith was on the anvil, and I had no hesitation to rising and declaring to the men that . . . I would not take any food until they had the 35 percent increase given or until they had fallen. A meeting that was up to now unlike the former meetings, totally unresponsive, woke up as if by magic.

Erikson soon came to suspect that one strike and the fast Gandhi had taken up "represented a demonstrable crisis in the middle age of a great man and was worthy of study as such." In 1918, Gandhi was almost fifty, and he had long since settled upon his life's priorities, upon his identity as a spokesman, one of many leaders his people had and certainly needed. It was a



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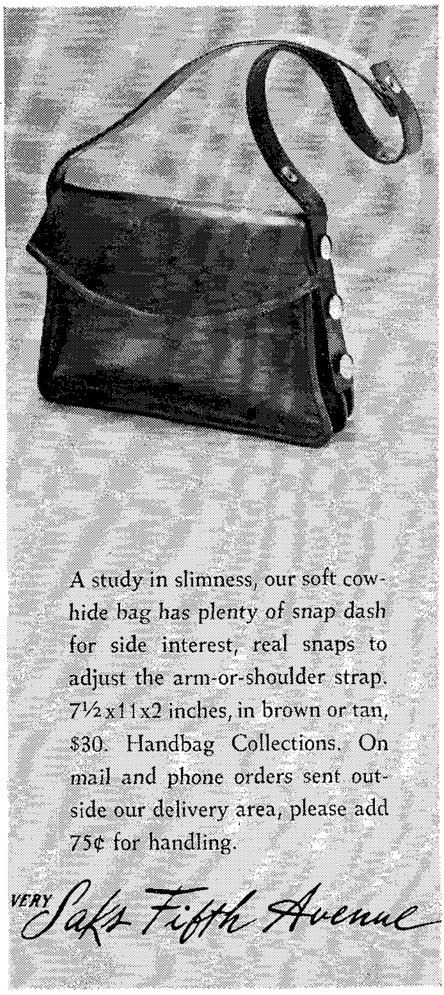

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time when Gandhi was "in between" things, or so Erikson began to view the matter: "The South African Gandhi already had become historical and had earned himself the renown due to *a* mahatma, while the history of Gandhiji, *the* Mahatma of all India, had not yet begun." The event in Ahmedabad clearly marked an important point in the development of Gandhi's methods—the consolidation of his purposes, even. By fasting until his personal restraint, both utterly concrete and enormously symbolic, became a force in itself, the man became an unforgettable and decisive "presence"—to use the word that always came up when Erikson was talking with Indians about Gandhi. Yet in spite of all that, or maybe because of it, Gandhi was moved to near-silence when he wrote about his work in Ahmedabad.

Before Erikson could discuss what he called the "Event" in Ahmedabad, he interviewed a number of people and made a remarkable study of Gandhi's past—his years in England and South Africa, the experiments he entered into, the special form of "playfulness" that characterized his entire career, the vows he took, the efforts he increasingly made on behalf of others. The first vow (and experiment and struggle) concerned meat. Gandhi sailed for England to study law in 1888, having sworn to his mother and a Jain monk that he would not succumb to temptation and eat meat either aboard the ship or in England. But he was tempted. He was tempted because he was lonely and hungry. He was tempted because he had a lusty appetite. He was tempted because he was very sensitive to the habits of those around him and wanted to look and act like them, even as he refused to do so. He was no born ascetic or wayward masochist. He loved music and people and good clothes and a comfortable kind of living. A neat man who worried about his appearance, he bought Bond Street suits, learned to dance, took violin lessons and also lessons in French and elocution. But he abstained from meat. He found a vegetarian restaurant, and read deeply in a literature that championed not only celery and carrots and antivivisection but also a number of progressive social measures. In England, he discovered how ingenious and sturdy he could be. He was able to stick with potatoes and no roast beef, and was able to get along by himself. He was lonely but defiantly alone—helped, yes (by people who quickly took to him, a pleasant and respectful man), but by no means intimately reached and touched. Erik-

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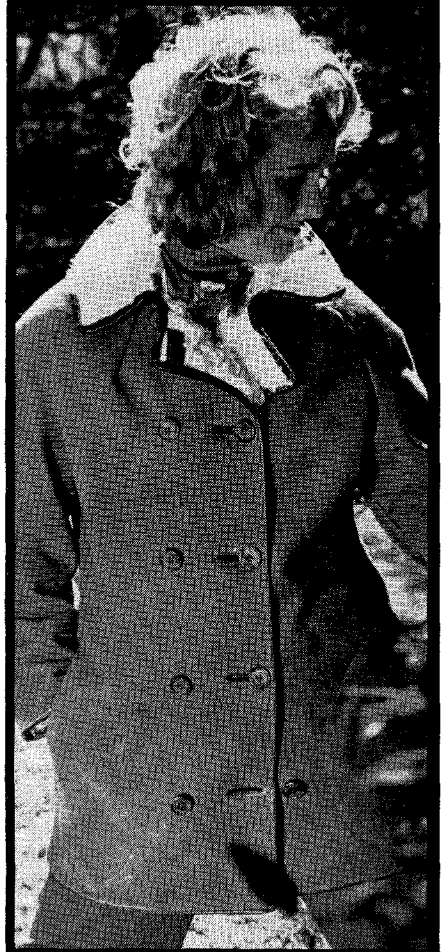

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son noted that Gandhi refers to "my choice" when talking about his battle over meat in England. The choice was perhaps a wider one also:

> By facing the whole meat-eating issue in all its tragicomic irrelevancies and exaggerations, the future Satyagrahi had to learn to *choose actively and affirmatively what not to do*—an ethical capacity not to be confused with the moralistic inability to break a prohibition.

When Gandhi went home to India, his family expected him to become a successful and prominent professional man. He now spoke cultivated English. He dressed formally, even a touch elegantly. Frantz Fanon has recently told us about the so-called "native bourgeoisie" in the various European colonies of Africa and Asia: about the imitation of the master by such men and women, their affected manners and snobbishness, their sense of shame at not being altogether English or French, or whatever, and their willingness to lord it over the poor, to take advantage of them, to ignore their needs, and in general to exploit—exploit with the best of them from London and Paris and The Hague and Lisbon and Rome and Madrid and Brussels. Maybe the Gandhi who returned to India in 1891 would have impressed Fanon as just such a man, and maybe correctly so, to some extent. In any event, Erikson speaks candidly of the Gandhi who arrived home from England and of the Gandhi who emerged in the years that followed:

> There was, and there would be, much vanity in his poverty, much conceit in his humility, and much stubborn persistence in his helplessness, until he would find a leverage to make—for himself and for the destitute Indians—out of poverty, humility, and helplessness a new strength and a new instrument.

In 1893, Gandhi again left India for another continent—not Europe this time but Africa. He had been getting nowhere, and when he received an offer of a job with an Indian law firm in Durban, he accepted. Clearly, Gandhi went to South Africa in order to become a well-paid barrister. How did he get sidetracked, so to speak, into political "agitation"? The answer is that he didn't knowingly and calculatingly do so. In this life, we prepare for things, for moments and events and situations, that we don't actually know about until they are upon us. We worry about wrongs, think about injustices, read what Tolstoy or Ruskin or Thoreau has to say, speak with friends about man's inhumanity to man or God's will. Then, all of a sudden, the issue

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is not whether we agree with what we have heard and read and studied and talked about with friends. Rather, the issue is what we have become: our response to specific, concrete circumstances can be as significant and compelling and "basic" as any psychological "drive" ever is. For circumstances reveal what has been there and waiting in us, or is simply not there. In May of 1893, only a week after arriving in South Africa, Mohandas Gandhi, travelling first class, left Durban by train for Pretoria, in the Transvaal. In Pietermaritzburg, a white man entered Gandhi's compartment, saw him, demanded that he leave, and eventually got him put out by the police, who unceremoniously deposited him and his bags on the station platform. The bags were seized by the stationmaster, and Gandhi was left alone to spend the night, without an overcoat, in a dark, cold waiting room. That did it—that experience: that cold night, those long hours spent alone. Later, Gandhi would write, "The hardship to which I was subjected was superficial—only a symptom of the deep disease of color prejudice. I should try, if possible, to root out the disease and suffer hardships in the process."

Once Gandhi had made up his mind, he suddenly became taken—completely taken—with a new life. He continued the law practice that had brought him to South Africa, but he also started doing what today would no doubt be called "organizing." He wrote to a prominent Indian merchant and announced that he wished "to get in touch with every Indian in Pretoria." In Erikson's terse sentence, "That was Gandhi." Such "investigative determination" was to make its mark in South Africa, and later in India. If Gandhi had a sense of the importance that facts have as a road to some larger—political and philosophical—truths, he also had a developing sense of himself, of his special concern with and involvement in those "facts" as a means of approaching those "truths." Erikson quotes from a letter Gandhi sent in 1894 to Dadabhai Naoroji, a prominent Indian nationalist:

> A word for myself and for what I have done. I am yet inexperienced and young and, therefore, quite liable to make mistakes. . . . *I am the only available person who can handle the question.* You will, therefore, oblige me very greatly if you will kindly direct and guide me and make necessary suggestions which shall be received as from a father to a child.

Erikson italicizes Gandhi's words because he believes they "express the

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core of his freshly gained identity, for which he was seeking sanction from the 'grand old man' of the nationalist movement." Other Indians in South Africa had felt a discriminatory hand upon them. Other Indians had been scorned—or had moved heaven and earth not to be—but, silently and ignominiously, they had yielded, obeyed, explained away, and justified their surrender. It was Gandhi who said no, and not just once and by accident, or because he was new to the scene or had a temper or was driven by "self-destructive" impulses or fantasies, or whatever. He said no because he meant it, because the entire thrust of his life would not allow him to be brushed aside, treated like a "coolie," dismissed as of little worth. In other words, he said no because he wanted to say yes; he had pride—a lot of it—and, for all his doubts, he had self-respect. He had grown up to expect something of himself, to believe himself worthwhile, destined for something.

In January of 1915, Gandhi returned to India. He was forty-five years old, and firmly set on his course; he had set it for himself while abroad, and he would continue on it at home. Erikson shows just how it all happened: the encounter between a man and his destiny, a man and India, a man and an empire. There was about Gandhi from the moment he set foot again on Indian soil a sense of mission—to which he gave expression immediately. He was no longer the English dandy, the Indian lawyer on the make. At a rather formal and lavish welcome-home reception, he wore noticeably simple clothes, and he spoke in his native Gujarati rather than the King's English. By implication, he was already urging his countrymen to throw aside silly pretensions and accept their responsibility to work with one another for India's future.

Erikson feels strongly that Gandhi had about him a magic spell—not the kind that is based upon a speaker's hypnotic braggadocio but, rather, the kind that parents create for children and children for parents. The very essence of life can seem at stake when a mother and father look at a little boy or girl and when the child looks back at them. Gandhi made millions care for him, trust him, worship him almost—but not because he curried favor with them by promises or because he had wealth and power. He cared for those millions—really cared. He wanted desperately to earn their trust. To the last moment of his life, he tried to speak with them rather than for them, to stand by them rather than in front of them.

On March 15, 1918, in Ahmedabad, Gandhi began the first of seventeen fasts "to the death." Erikson describes what those fasts came to mean to India, and pointedly refuses to go after what some might want to call "the psychodynamics of fasting." As for India:

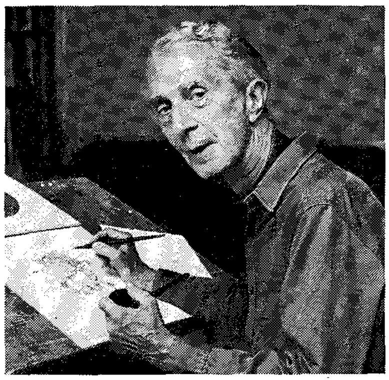
> In later years, all of India would hold its breath while the Mahatma fasted, and whole cities would leave their lamps unlit in the evening in order to be near him in the dark.

And as for the rest of us:

> Since then, many others have followed the Mahatma's example, though their reasons have often been impulsive, vindictive, or faddish. It is, therefore, especially important to understand what motivated Gandhiji's decision in this first instance and why he came to regret it as not quite worthy of his cause. But it should be clear that there cannot really be any "pure" decision to starve oneself to death, for such determination can only emerge from a paradoxical combination of a passionate belief in the absolute vitality of certain living issues and the determination to die for them: thus one "lives up" to a principle by dying for it. A martyr, too, challenges death, but at the end he forces others to act as his executioners. The decision to let oneself die is of a different and admittedly more obscure order.

Gandhi put it this way when Anasuya and others wanted to fast with him: "Leave this to me. Fasting is *my* business."

Gandhi "won." The Ahmedabad millowners basically acceded to the conditions he had set forth when the strike began. But he was too honest and decent to hide from himself the fact that his "weak condition left the millowners no freedom." He said that, and when others rejoiced, he was, in Erikson's phrase, "sad to the bone." In a leaflet put out during the early days of the strike, Gandhi wrote, "That action alone is just which does not harm either party to a dispute." What did Gandhi's willingness to suffer prove, then? To many, and not only his British adversaries, he was a crank, clever but untrustworthy, "a naked fakir" who turned up anywhere and everywhere to make already difficult matters even more dramatically confused. Some have called him naïve, preoccupied with all sorts of "irrelevant" issues, a faddist of sorts, and an ascetic who helped arouse backward India but had few ideas that a modern industrial state can find valuable. And always the British are called a "special case," both in South Africa and in India; had Hitler been the enemy, Gandhi's non-



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violence would not have been tolerated, and Gandhi himself would have been shot very quickly. Anyway, India was and still is "primitive." Gandhi is thought by some to have done nothing to change that state of affairs, and even to have done a lot to strengthen the worst trends in both his country and his people: the mysticism, the "reactionary" village spirit, the superstition. True, he was well-meaning (the ultimate epithet). He did what he could, but what he did was at best a mere beginning. He was hard to pin down, slippery, evasive. He was obviously mixed up. Just look at his dietary habits and his sexual life—no meat but much desire to eat it, and after his mid-thirties no sex, either. He knew nothing about modern technology. He never analyzed India's hard economic problems. He never realized how corrupting India's social system is, how enervating its various religions can be. He was quaint; he was quixotic even. He did his best, but what he did was actually very little—because, Gandhi or no Gandhi, India would have become independent in the late forties.

Erikson did not write his book to affirm or refute those lines of analysis and argument. "Gandhi's Truth" is neither "for" Gandhi nor "against" him in this sense. "Gandhi's Truth" is not Gandhi's biography, and, for that matter, the "Event" is meant to be not *the* event in Gandhi's life but, rather, a particular "moment" that, when carefully explored, helps us understand at once a man, an ethical ideal, and a means of political and social action. The later Satyagraha campaigns are mentioned to remind the reader what a long and hard and by no means satisfactory or conclusive struggle Gandhi continued to wage, until, at the age of seventy-eight, he was felled by an assassin. It was in many ways an ultimately tragic life, but it was also an exemplary one, and one by no means devoid of joy. As Erikson briefly takes up the campaigns that came after Ahmedabad, he seems to want for us what he must have felt over and over again as he wrote the book: an awareness of the work that went into those campaigns, the energy, the devotion, the imagination and resourcefulness, and also an awareness of how high the stakes were, how vicious the police, the Army, the government eventually became, as a man and his companions and followers, step by step, took on an empire that considered itself civilized but could, in the clutch, resort to awful violence, even as could the

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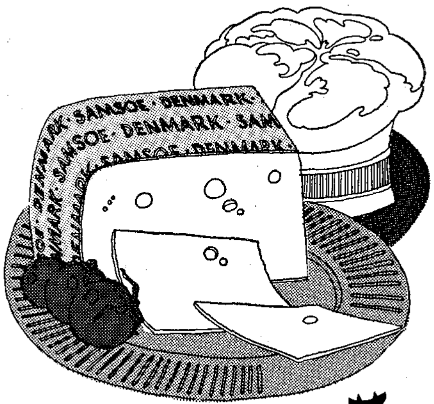

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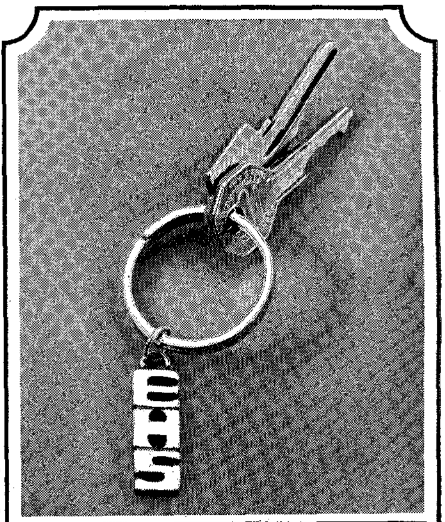

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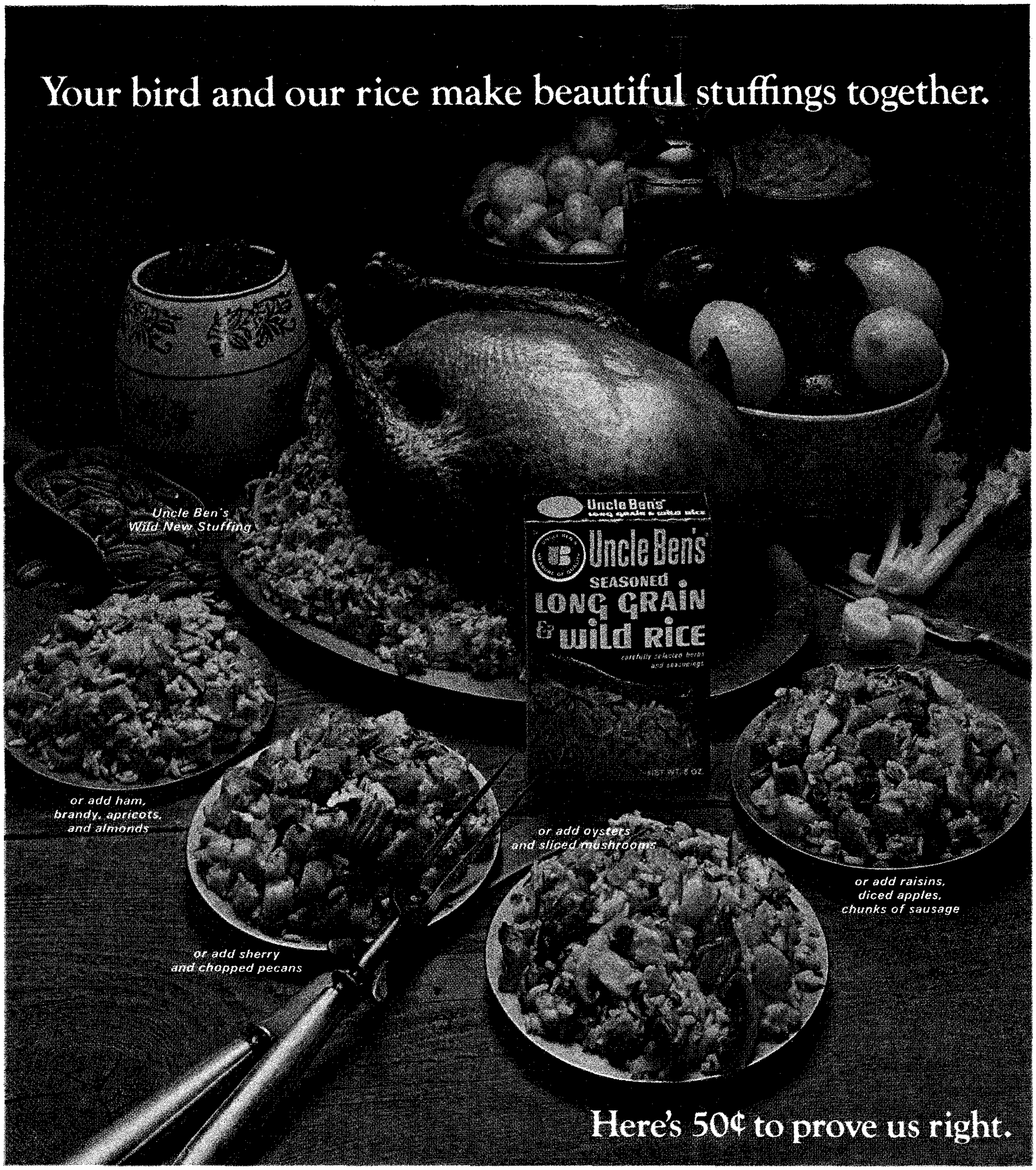
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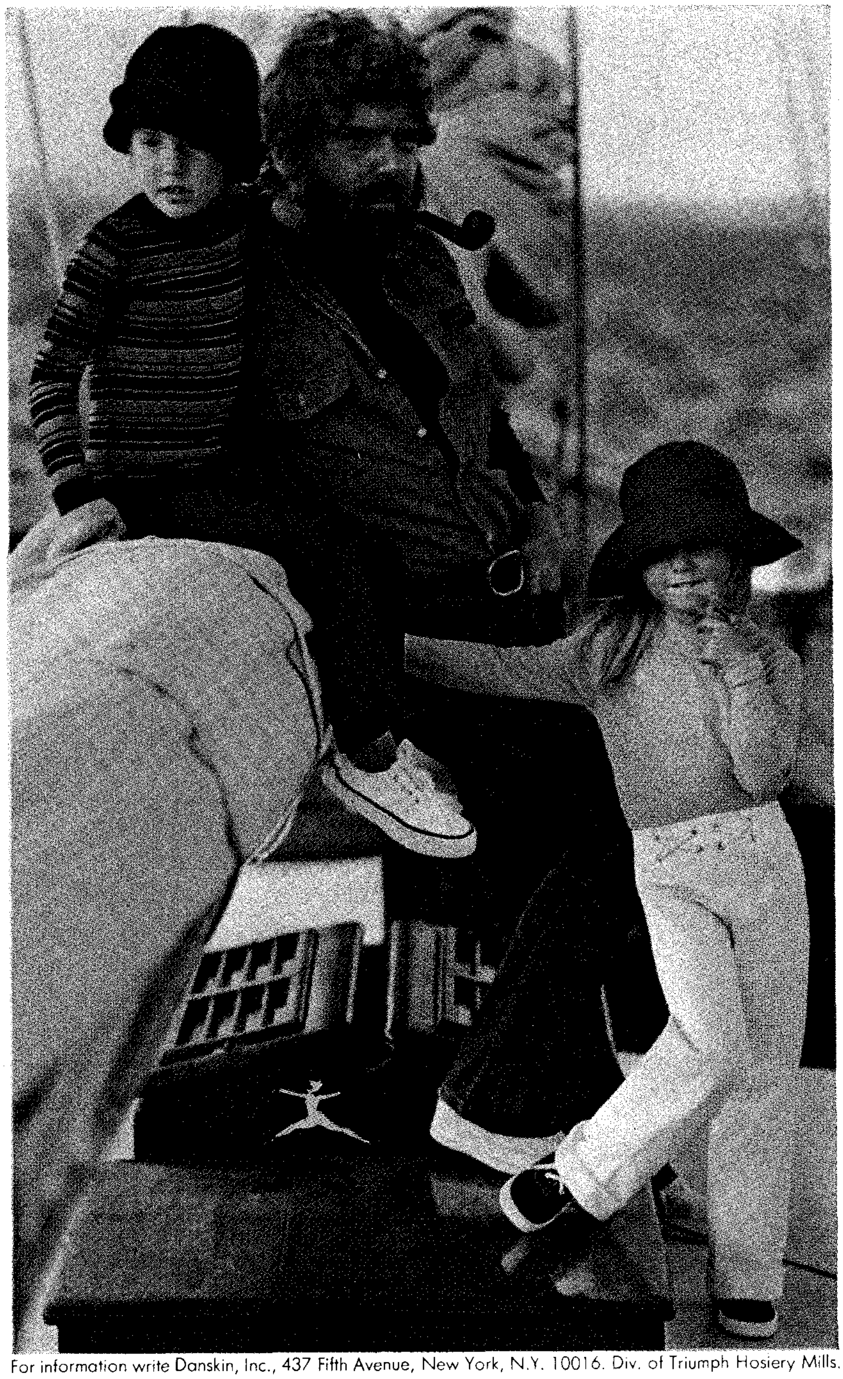

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frightened, hungry, and uneducated masses of India.

In the book's last chapters, Erikson makes clear his conviction that the stakes were higher than Gandhi himself realized, could conceivably have realized. Gandhi was seventy-five when two atomic bombs were dropped on another Asian land. Since Gandhi's death, the world has accumulated quite enough weapons to destroy every nation, to end life of all kinds on this planet. In this way has one man's feverish desire to curb violence become everyone's cause—the farthest thing from a casual matter, an abstract intellectual exercise.

To Erikson, Gandhi was, above all, a man who could sense a universal danger and try to end it. "I think the man was right who said that Gandhi, when he listened to his inner voice, heard the clamor of people," Erikson concludes. Gandhi had another side to him, of course—a tormented and bitter side. He could be deaf to the cries of his own sons. Yet, despite all the suffering Gandhi went through and put others through, he struggled hard to stop suffering, real and awful suffering, and, most of all, he struggled to realize, not only for others but also for himself (exactly *who* is without any meanness?), a world substantially kinder than the one he knew. Perhaps he *more* than struggled. Perhaps that is the point:

> Therefore I would interpret, and interpret with humility, the truth-force of the religious actualist thus: to be ready to die for what is true now means to grasp the only chance to have lived fully.

Gandhi was obviously no ideologue; he was for much of his life racked with self-doubt. His mind gave him little rest in that regard, little rest in general—always he was thinking, praying, writing his thoughts down, changing his mind, calling himself mistaken, adding a twist or turn to an idea, qualifying what had before been stated a bit categorically. "I have taken up things as they have come to me and always in trembling and fear," he said once in a letter. He was trying to make the point that, thoughtful as he was, his life was not thought out in advance, not self-consciously planned and punctuated in accordance with some program. He knew how to ride with the flow of events, with changing circumstances, with the accidents and incidents that daily take place, with dozens of swift and sometimes swiftly changing currents, with history itself. It is fitting, therefore, that a study of his "truth" should end with a discussion

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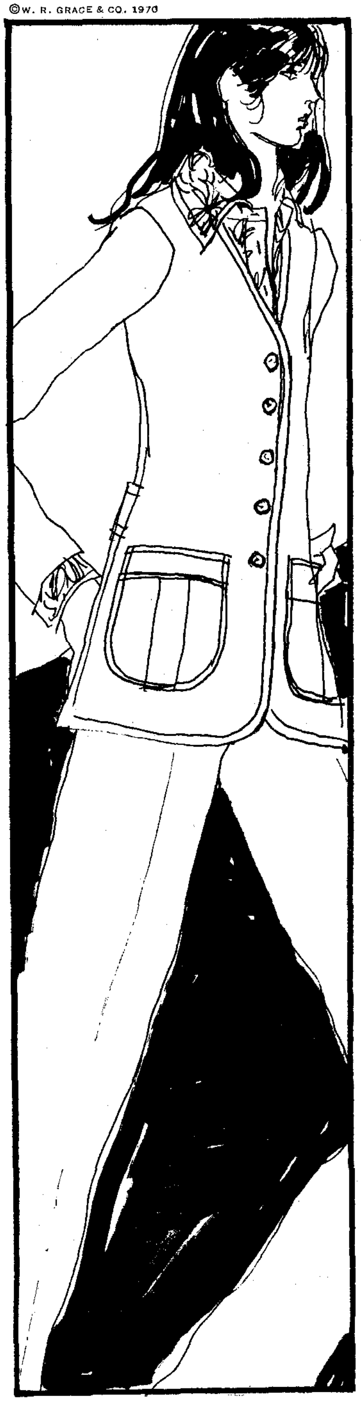
of what he has done rather than what he thought, or feared. "We have reported Gandhi's saying that God appears to you not in person but in action," Erikson says in his last chapter. There follows another sentence (a warning it is, but really an act, one that may inspire others to watch their thinking, watch their tongues, watch the way they jump—*to* conclusions and *on* people): "But this also means that the full measure of a man—and that includes his unconscious motivation—can never be comprehended in isolation from his most creative action."

It is just such "creative action" that Erikson has wanted to understand. The "unconscious motivation" he found in Gandhi is not so different from the urges and forces, the rages and compulsions (the labels go on and on) we all contend with, express, carry with us. But just look what an intelligent, kind, and honorable man did with those demons! Whatever his "problems," whatever the punishment he felt worthy of, there was in him something that seemed to say, "Enough!" That is, we have had enough of the blind leading the blind, enough of the hurt inflicting more hurt. Somehow such cycles have to end, so that life can go on more decently and surely, so that the lives of millions are no longer tragically interrupted and destroyed.

One feels that "Gandhi's Truth" is itself part of the history it describes—the long and by no means ended struggle man has waged to live ethically, foregoing the fist, the sword, and, yes, the dubious pleasure and outright danger of the raised self-righteous voice. At this point in history, men like Erikson and Konrad Lorenz have come to realize how far we have to go if we are to be as "civilized" as many animals, who have yet to "learn," as we have, the ability and willingness to commit wholesale murder. Many critics of Gandhi, and even those drawn to him, have wondered whether man can ever really be "nonviolent." They suggest that we are "instinctively" violent, or "aggressive." Yet there are concrete observations that ought to make us wonder about animals, let alone human beings. Animals, which supposedly are far more "driven" than we are, far more "aggressive" and "primitive," in fact display the kind of restraint our nations, and particularly our "civilized" nations, had better cultivate if any nation is to be around much longer in an age when our technological genius has given us the ability to press a button that can destroy the planet. Of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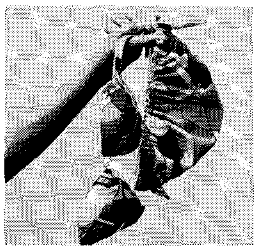
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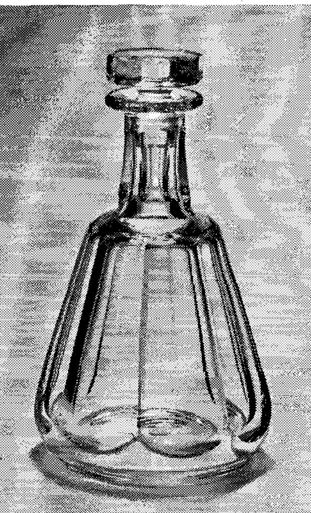
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course, the Gandhis of this world have always been dismissed as dreamers—as if to dream were somehow less "practical" than to kill. But Gandhi was even "practical," we now know; and, by the same token, what he saw as right and *important* was also *natural*—for animals certainly, and for us potentially—*if*, as he kept on saying and demonstrating, we could adequately understand ourselves.

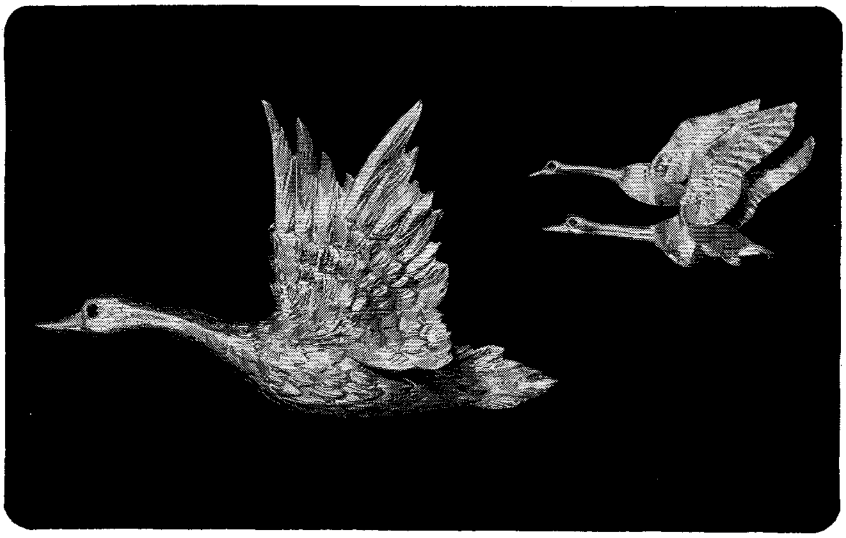
As for how man can acquire the understanding by which he "may yet overcome certain stereotyped ways in which history repeats itself—ways man can no longer afford," Erikson sees a connection between Gandhi's methods and those of Freud:

> In both encounters only the militant probing of a vital issue by a nonviolent confrontation can bring to light what insight is ready on both sides. Such probing must be decided on only after careful study, but then the developing encounter must be permitted to show, step by step, what the power of truth may reveal and enact. At the end only a development which transforms both partners in such an encounter is truth in action; and such transformation is possible only where man learns to be nonviolent toward himself as well as toward others. Finally, the truth of Satyagraha and the "reality" of psychoanalysis come somewhat nearer to each other if it is assumed that man's "reality testing" includes an attempt not only to think clearly but also to enter into an optimum of mutual activation with others. But this calls for a combination of clear insight *into our central motivations and* pervasive faith in the brotherhood of man.

Erikson adds a brief autobiographical remark:

> When I began this book, I did not expect to rediscover psychoanalysis in terms of truth, self-suffering, and nonviolence. But now that I have done so, I see better what I hope the reader has come to see with me, namely, that I felt attracted to the Ahmedabad Event not only because I had learned to know the scene and not only because it was time for me to write about the responsibilities of middle age, but also because I sensed an *affinity* between Gandhi's truth and the insights of modern psychology. That truth and these insights are the legacy of the first part of this century to its remainder. A concrete event has served to illustrate their origins in all the complexity of historical actuality. I did not undertake to do and could not do more than that. But as we historicize more consciously, we also assume some of the burden of tradition. Even one past event, seen in the light of a new awareness, must make it apparent that man denies and abandons the visions and the disciplines he has already acquired only at the risk of historical and personal regression.

A man who writes a book cannot thereby change the world. But the man who wrote "Gandhi's Truth" has



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at least gone all over that world in order to see and hear and listen, and in general put his profession "on the line," at the service of urgent ethical tasks. He has also rescued from various kinds of pedantry and idolatry the living spirit of two immensely worthwhile men, Gandhi and Freud—men whose ideas, so often chewed over and picked apart, do not need yet another interpreter but a responsive listener, who will use what was once said by others to help us today understand what is, and what might someday be.

ERIKSON is sixty-eight. At times, when I look at him and watch him, I see a child—direct and smiling and lively. At other moments, he is a thoughtful man who has lived a long time and seen a lot and, like many others today, feels troubled and uncertain about the future. He speaks of "the repetition compulsion" in history, which seems to make men and women deny what they have learned and sacrifice themselves and others for utopian schemes of domination and liberation. On the other hand, he sees in the concerns of many young people today "genuine evidence that human values are once more being renewed." He is an energetic man, not much given to despair. The white hair, the full face, the reddish complexion, the open blue eyes, the tall and sturdy body, the erect carriage—one searches in vain through those physical characteristics for an explanation of the man's presence. Can such a quality ever really be explained, however hard some wordy and abstract minds try to do so? And can it be that some artists, writers, or scientists, however well they understand themselves, never know what they will do until they find themselves doing it, mysteriously at work again? In any event, I asked him about his future plans, about the ideas he wanted to develop and the books he might have in mind to write, and he replied, "There are two things that are more important than writing. One is action, and the other is silence. Don't count me out on either possibility." —ROBERT COLES

(*This is the second of two articles on Erik H. Erikson.*)

•

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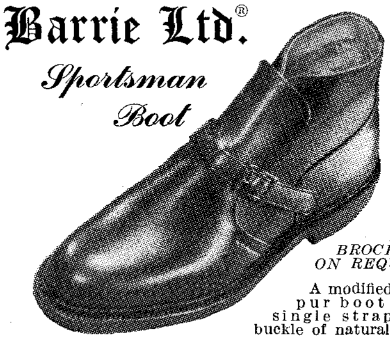

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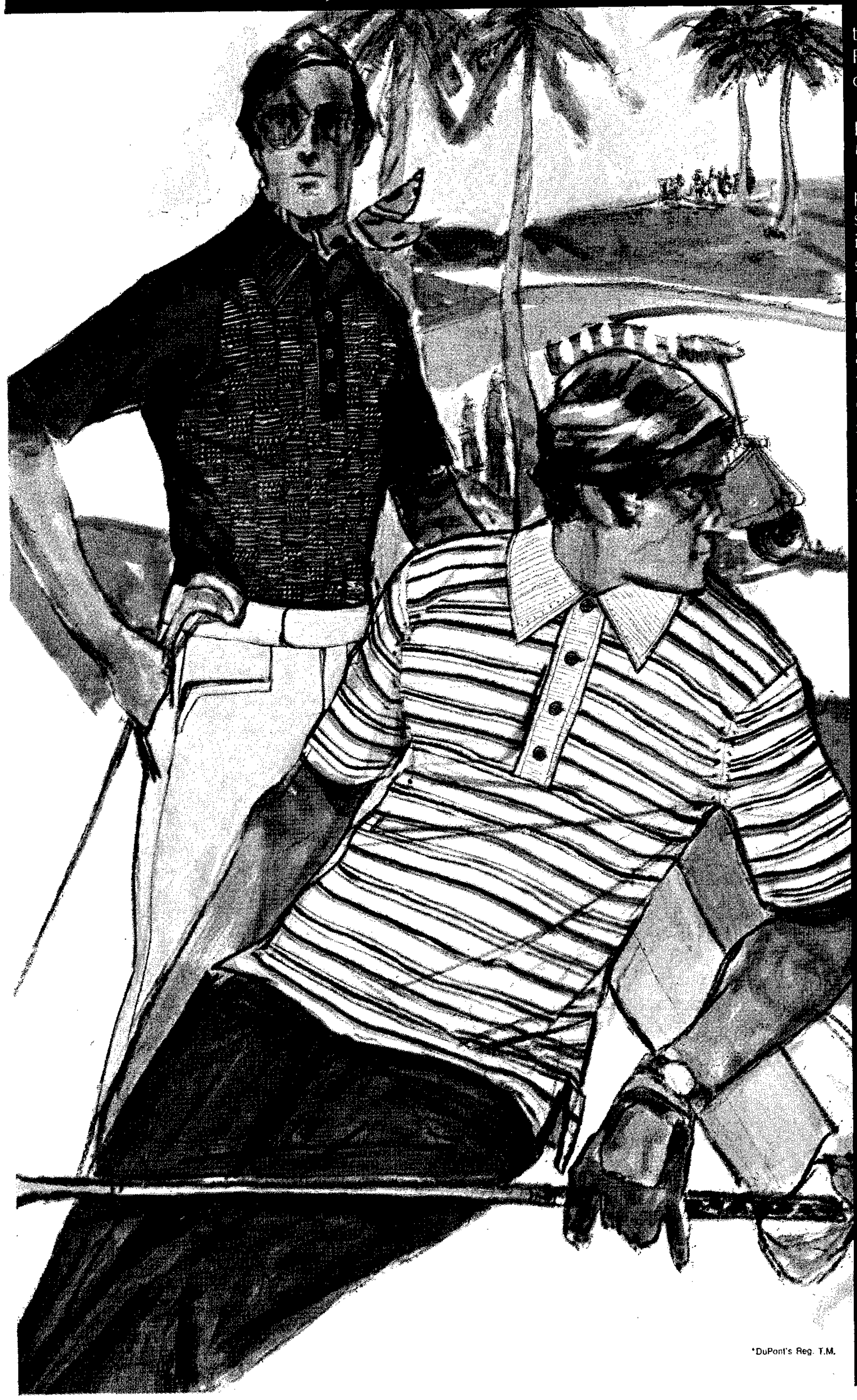

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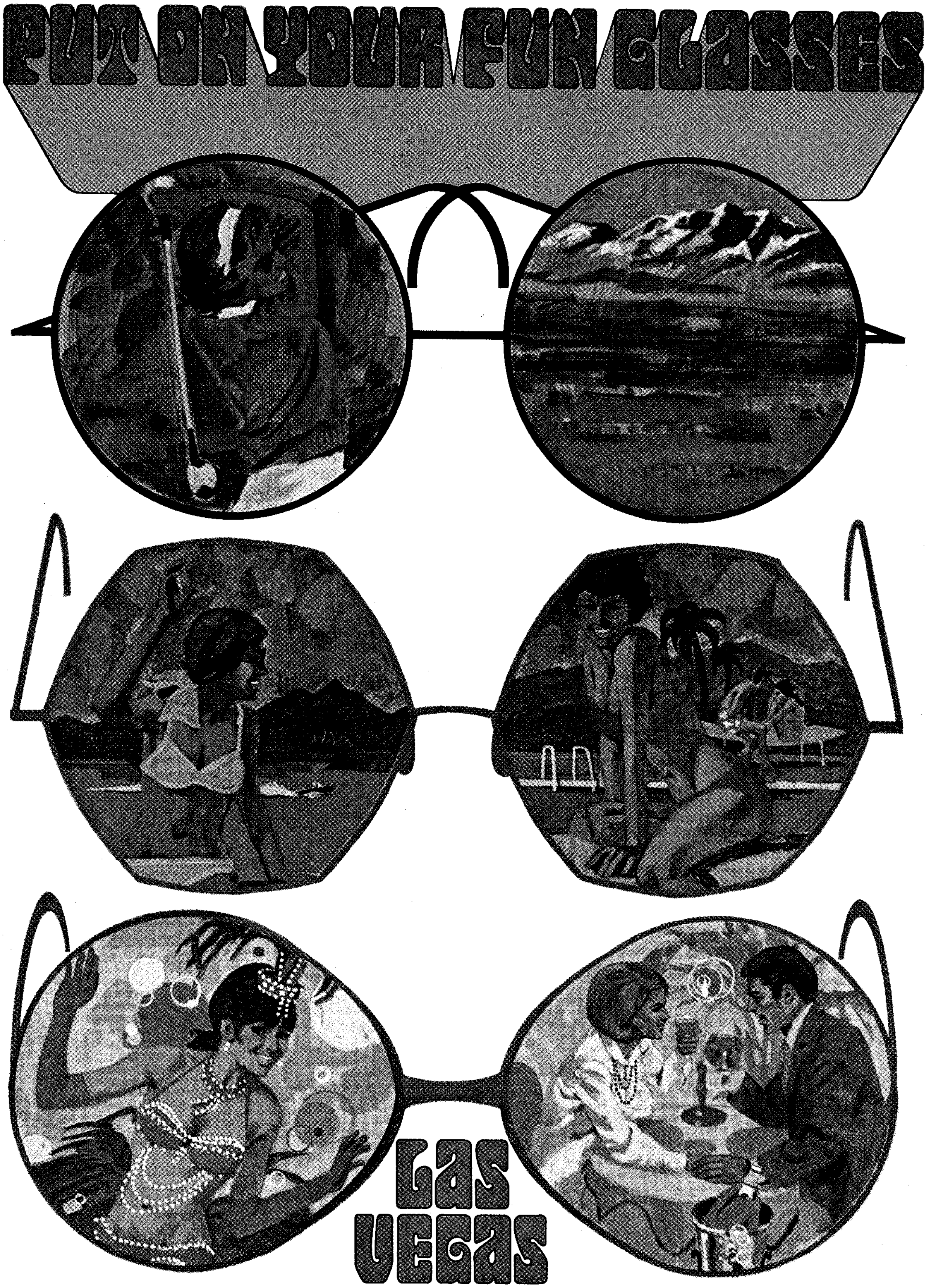
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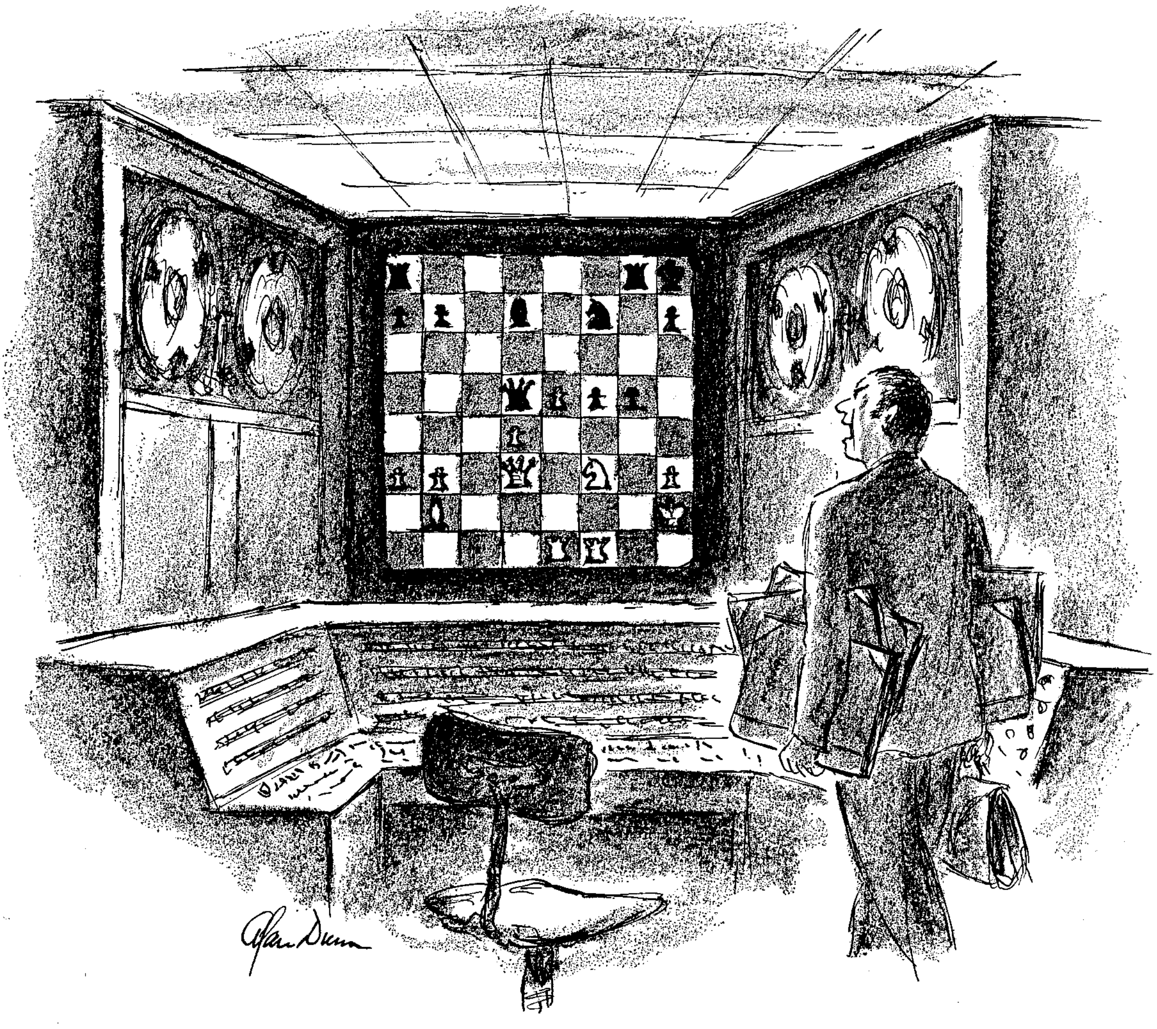
THE THEATRE

## SOLEMN BRECHT, MERRY ARIOSTO

THE first play of the season to be put on by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center is Bertolt Brecht's "The Good Woman of Setzuan." I am told that this bittersweet parable is a favorite among drama groups in colleges throughout the country, and that when it is performed well it gives an impression of airy, headlong high spirits. No such impression can be gained from the current production at the Vivian Beaumont, where all is heavy-handed and heavy-footed, and the timing of the lines is so sluggish that the tiny plot upon which the play turns comes to seem, by its intolerable duration, even flimsier than it is. With very few changes, "The Good Woman" could have served as a libretto for an opera by Mozart, but Robert Symonds has directed it as if it were a turgid nineteenth-century funeral march; the gloomy effect is enhanced by the single set, designed by Douglas W. Schmidt, which is big and dark and of a spirit-crushing solidity, and by Carrie Fishbein Robbins' overstuffed, quasi-Oriental costumes.

If Brecht is nearly always sour, he is also, when he chooses to be, very funny, with something of the calculated abrasive disconcertingness that W. C. Fields brought to acting. From time to time in "The Good Woman," the author tosses off some sufficiently Fieldsian wisecracks about the impossibility of doing good in the world unless one is prepared to do evil as well; having fashioned a shuttlecock out of this single insight, Brecht plainly intended to have it batted back and forth at a height and speed that the Repertory company has not been encouraged to attain. In the leading role of Shen Teh, a prostitute impoverished partly because of her inveterate generosity, Colleen Dewhurst is a trifle too formidable for my taste. I believed in her most when she dressed up as a nonexistent male cousin and treated the greedy rascals of Setzuan with an appropriate malicious asperity; I believed in her least when, as the prostitute, she was being victimized by these rascals, for Miss Dewhurst seemed Gibraltar-like in her strength and more than a match for the wiliest of them. Stephen Elliott is admirable as Mr. Shu Fu, a barber quite unlike any that I have ever encountered, and so are Frances Foster as Mrs. Mi Tzu, a tyrannical landlady, and Lou Gilbert as an itinerant water-seller. The music that accompanies the show was written by Herbert Pilhofer, who also composed several songs, very Weill-like in character, with words by John Lewin. I should mention that the Repertory Theatre version of "The Good Woman" has been newly translated by Ralph Manheim. The translation struck me as marred by what are surely post-Brechtian gags ("A funny thing happened to me on the way . . .") and by an insensitivity to the context in which certain phrases are used, but then Brecht's harsh, lyric flavor is said to be very hard to convey in any language but his own.

BACK in the sixteenth century, the Ferrarese poet Ludovico Ariosto wrote a fantastically long epic poem called "Orlando Furioso." I've never read a word of this masterpiece, and I suspect I never will, but my ignorance of the original didn't keep me from having a marvellous time at a dramatized enactment of the poem that opened last week in a big white plastic bubble in Bryant Park. (The bubble, which has no interior supports and preserves its shape by dint of the air being constantly pumped into it, was provided by Year Round Tennis, Inc., whose spe-



*"Knock it off, you two! Time to get back to work."*

cialty is indoor tennis courts.) A production of the Teatro Libero di Roma, "Orlando Furioso" is every bit as curious as it is furious. It had its première at the Festival of Two Worlds, at Spoleto, in 1969, and Gian Carlo Menotti, the festival director, has been quoted in the papers as saying he didn't understand it then and doesn't understand it now. Under the direction of Luca Ronconi, a cast of over forty radically energetic young Italians plays such roles as Old Dutchman in Boat, Queen of the Homicidal Females, and Outraged Damsel while being rushed pell-mell over the wooden floor of the bubble at seemingly reckless high speed on crate-like plywood dollies. The bubble has a capacity of three thousand people, and the audience wanders about ad lib, risking life and limb (although nobody *really* gets hurt) as the performers go careering by on shiny, chromium chargers, brandishing huge wooden swords to heaven and uttering stupendous imprecations at each other in an Italian that I couldn't catch a word of, with the exception of an occasional *"Aiuto!"* ("Help!"), which I may have uttered myself. The spectacle resembles nothing so much as a manic, or perhaps even demonic, Wild West show in a Renaissance setting, and I think you will find it incomprehensible and exhilarating, and well worth a visit.

—Brendan Gill

●

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●

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"I think it was Anatole France who said—of all sexual aberrations, chastity is the strangest."—*"The Seven Minutes," page 56.*

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# FOOTBALL

## *Aches and Pains*

There was high-school football in the outer reaches of Philadelphia on Thursday of last week, and more of the same sort at Palmer Stadium, in Princeton, on Saturday. The reprise was enacted by the hosting team, which was entertaining (in every sense) the visiting Harvards, and the reason for mentioning the event at all is that—regardless of what misfortune Notre Dame may be inflicting upon, say, Pittsburgh on a given weekend in November—the trilogy in which Harvard, Yale, and Princeton accomplish a round robin has been what is more and more intemperately termed a classic. No need to dwell on the time when the Big Three were hardly ever beaten by anyone except themselves; no need to dwell on Saturday at Princeton, except to comment upon the apparent belief that any Princetonian detected holding on to a football would be sent down for the rest of the semester. The ball kept dropping into Harvard hands on earth as it did in heaven (the accuracy of the Princeton passers being what it was), and Harvard moved on, quite casually, through a Princeton team to a count of 29–7, the easiest part of it being the quarterback sneak by Foster, who runs Harvard and runs himself faster than almost anyone else now playing football. The sneak took him through a stock-still Princeton line and secondary for seventy-eight yards and a touchdown. It looked like a clip from a Buster Keaton movie.

No need to dwell, either, on the misfortune (55–0) inflicted upon Columbia by Dartmouth, a team for which, since it had already put down Yale so firmly, the remainder of the season is anticlimax. No need to dwell on Army's defeat, 31–29 (the closest it has come to winning in two months), by Syracuse. Jensen, kicking his thirty-second field goal as an Army man, and Albano, catching thirteen Army passes during the afternoon, were simply not enough. No need to dwell on the misfortunes of Pennsylvania, which gave Yale such a hard time before losing, 32–22. Micir, the one Ivy League quarterback who can throw the ball with the velocity *and* accuracy of Notre Dame's Theismann, had to do it all himself; his ground crew ran for just

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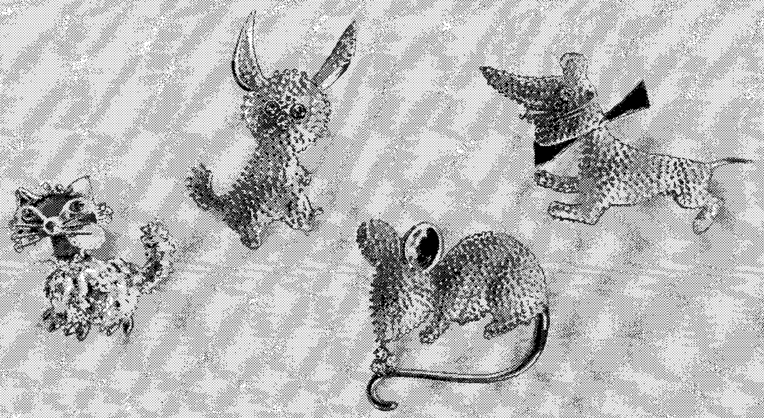

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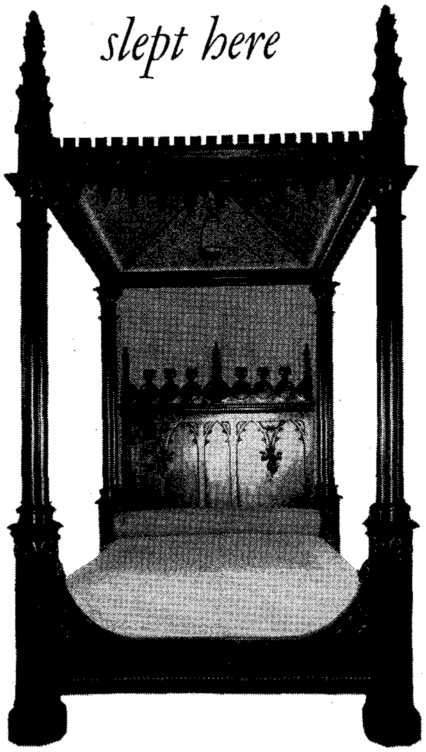

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forty yards against Princeton a while ago, and ran for a loss of a yard against Yale. Micir's passing and a brace of Yale fumbles, one brought about when the runner banged into an official (always something new in the Ivy League), made it possible for Pennsylvania nearly to catch up in the third quarter. As for Micir's Big Time counterpart, Theismann, he began Notre Dame's game plan by throwing two passes from his five-yard line—an oblique indication of opinion on Pittsburgh's defensive skill—and carried on from there. The Theismann pass that won the game, long before the end, did, it is true, need help—sliding through the fingers of a Pittsburgher and on into the fingers of a Notre Dame player for whom it was not intended—but that is, as someone or other once said, how the ball bounces.

PROFESSIONAL conduct was also the order of Sunday afternoon at Yankee Stadium—Giants vs. Cowboys. The Giants began as whimsically as Princeton, dropping the ball to the Cowboys on the second play, but they quickly slid back into form. And, after all, what could be better than a match that pits the Giants' Tarkenton and Johnson (the best runner in town, now that the Jets' Snell is out of service) and Williams and Frederickson and Gogolak against the Cowboys' Morton and Hill and Hayes and Thomas and Rentzel? The Giants kept in touch with the situation, first on the perpetually astonishing Gogolak's three field goals, then on a pair of touchdowns, the last of them in the final three minutes, and that was enough—Giants 23, Cowboys 20. No better football is likely to ensue this year—the perfect matching of two even-Stephen squads. And the intermission act put on by the University of Connecticut marching band (and maybe the entire student body) was voted the best girl show around here since the Copacabana gave up its corps de ballet.

—J. W. L.

•

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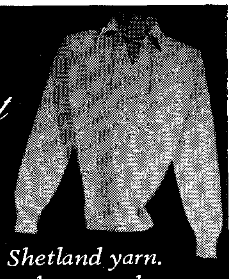

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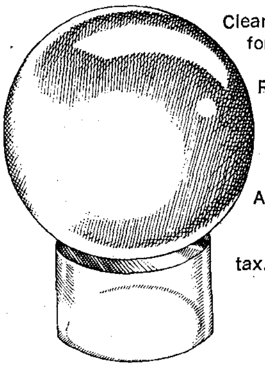

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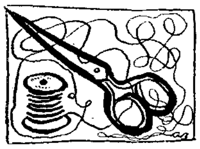
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

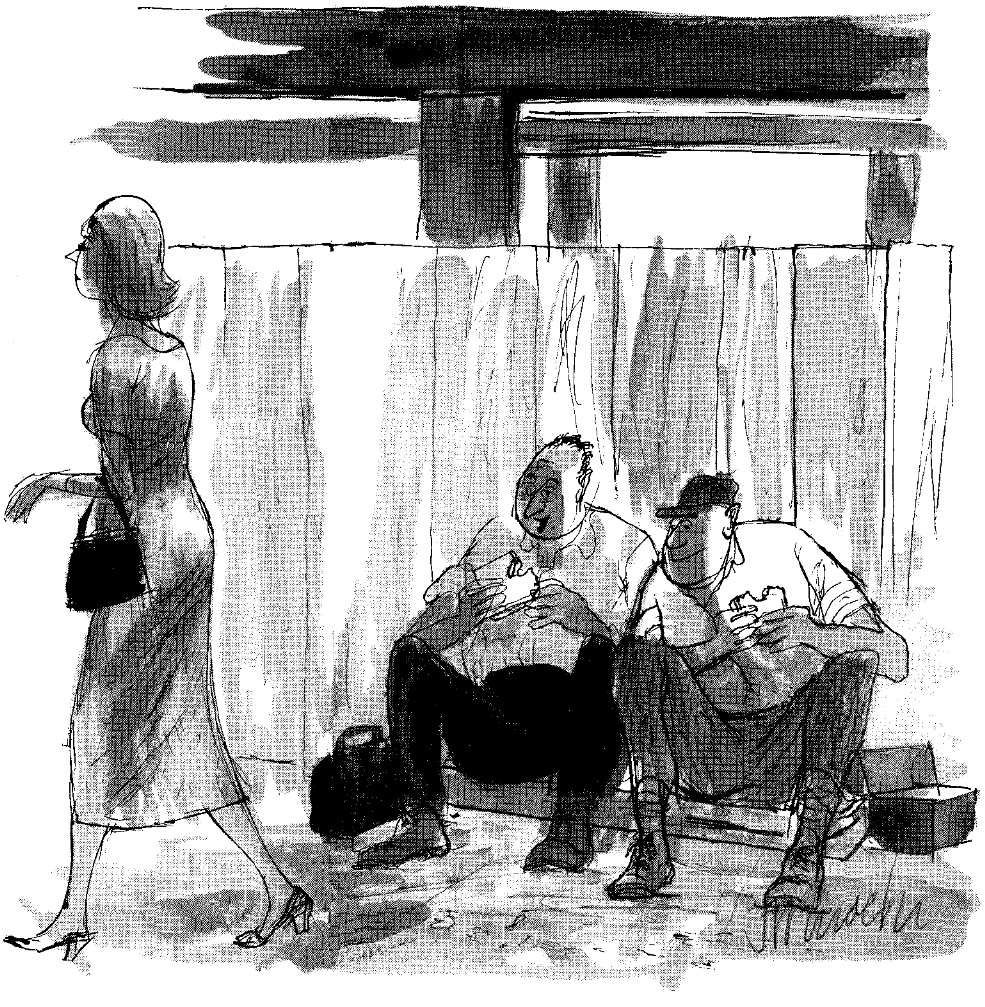


WOMEN and makeup is a subject that abounds in inconsistencies. Few of us, if we are challenged, can give account of aims and motives, and we often look quite different from the way we think we do. A woman will "put on her face" before she leaves the house. This "face" represents many things to her. It is at once a mask to shrink behind and a way of flaunting herself and exaggerating life. It is something separate, to be assembled and donned at will, and yet it becomes as much her own as her flesh and bones. The real face is the most revealing part of us; the false face may be used to conceal age, ill-health, tiredness, or disconsolacy. Before she allows the world to judge her face, a woman is entitled to create it. Makeup begins by being a trick to play upon society, then becomes a trick we play upon ourselves. We set out to fool and falsify with the aid of pots and tubes of color, but we are reluctant to accept this as artifice. "Naturalness" is the effect most women who wear makeup seek, and "natural" the favorite word of all cosmetic companies. Many people seem to be frightened by the term "makeup." They think it smacks too much of vulgar, theatrical deceit. It is sometimes used, in a restricted sense, to describe the kind of matte covering foundation that is no longer fashionable. Fashion magazines deal with makeup in a section touchingly called "Beauty." Things were clearer when there were two kinds of women: women who wore paint, and decent women, who did not. For some years, women have been applying makeup with the intention of seeming to wear none. This year, the distinction between Nature and artifice, Beauty and her handmaids, is smudgier than ever.

Two vague tendencies may be detected. They sometimes contradict each other, and they often merge. In the first place, the face is to be treated as an extension of the body—not the same, tired old body but the lissome, affluent, and gleaming body that frequents the figure salons, disports itself frenetically along the bridleways of Central Park, and is immersed in scented unguents and invigorating rubs. The face to complement it is pared and healthy, lightly blushing, and looks good with a suntan. The wearer of this face is often quite concerned about looking young. The look is not entirely natural; in fact, the principle of the new transparent blushing gels—which look convincing—may be almost decadent. Contrivance and sophistication usurp the spontaneity of the ingenuous.

The marriage of face and body is reflected in the advertisements of cosmetic firms. Sex is no longer used to sell makeup—there is little suggestion that lipstick makes your lips more kissable—but is elevated, for the sale of products for the body and the bath, to something far more rare and dignified. Most cosmetic advertisers now appeal to narcissistic instincts. Beautiful women are untouchable, and are glimpsed as they muse upon the dewy innocence of their expression and the opulent perfection of their setting. The women of Revlon's Ultima range of goods are too subtly private to be subjected to the camera; they are sketched in sepia tints, lolling on their yachts or mounting marble stairs. Everything is muted. Makeup, it appears, belongs neither with real life nor with art but in a world of dream. The language of cosmetics is almost entirely euphemistic and incantatory. Complexions glow and blush, become tender and translucent; eyes peer out of smoky, opalescent shadows, and even mascara is guileless and natural. A favored description of fashionable makeup is that it is nothing, or looks like nothing. (This is a notion equally dear to lingerie manufacturers, and one firm advertises underwear as "translucent body makeup." The links between non-makeup and non-underwear are very close, and many new products are the facial equivalent of the body stocking.)

A second tendency is toward the face as face, as the focus of intelligence, experience, and feeling, and aims to exaggerate the part of you that is most alive. Fashions in clothes are drawing attention away from the legs and hair and toward the features. The face is treated as a canvas, to be painted up with craft and boldness. This trend includes, among extreme



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exponents, the use of makeup as fantasy and costume and, more moderately, as a visible accessory. In this spirit, the girls in London paint their lids with Union Jacks or rainbows, or re-create the face Serge Lutens designed for Dior, without brows or false lashes but with bright question marks of rouge to curl from brow to cheekbone. The wildest examples of the costumed face are better suited to women who are young than to those who wish to appear to be so. To wear makeup noticeably or as a joke is to belong to a generation that is bored by prettiness. The two types of fashionable face are often jumbled up. A lipstick in deeper colors may be used, but it will be a transparent tinting rather than a coat, thus nodding to both Costume and Nature.

A way is surely to be found between the two. There is a limit to the amount of color we find acceptable, and if we err too far toward the natural, makeup becomes a waste of time. If, as seems probable, lips and nails are to become darker—toward scarlet and even mulberry—the eyes will look much softer. Eye-liner is beginning to look wrong, and the eye should not be ringed with lines. The new eye wears somewhat shiny shadow, which may be taken far toward the brow and around beneath the eye, especially at the outside corner. Almost any shade of eyeshadow is possible, and any number can be used together. If eyeliner disappears, false eyelashes will be in jeopardy, since a line is needed to hide the strip where the false lash is glued near the base of your own. I find a lengthening mascara quite enough, but some people are known to be addicted to false eyelashes. They can adopt the shadowed eye if they choose lashes with a transparent base that can be worn without eye-liner. Eylure of London has produced Space Lash, with fine hairs, neither too long nor too curly, tied at intervals along an invisible band. Thick dark lashes like furry caterpillars are too heavy for this season's eye. Brows should be fairly narrow, and may be brushed upward at the inside end. Nails should be short, and lips may be glossy. Neither lips nor nails should be pale pink or pearly. It seems clear that foundations will be more revealing, and that cheekbones, earlobes, chins, and foreheads may safely wear a pink and lightly polished blush.

To generalize about the fashionable face, however, is to presuppose a woman who is happy with her face. That makeup be fashionable is probably the least of all the things we ask of it. The

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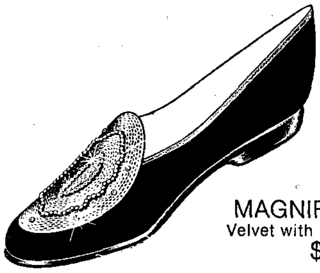

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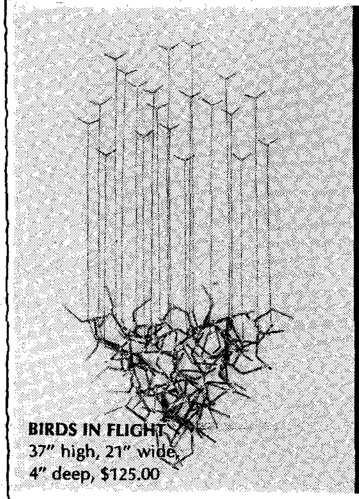

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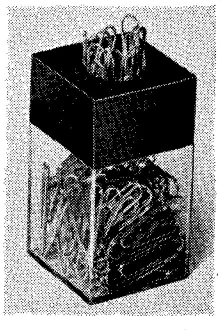

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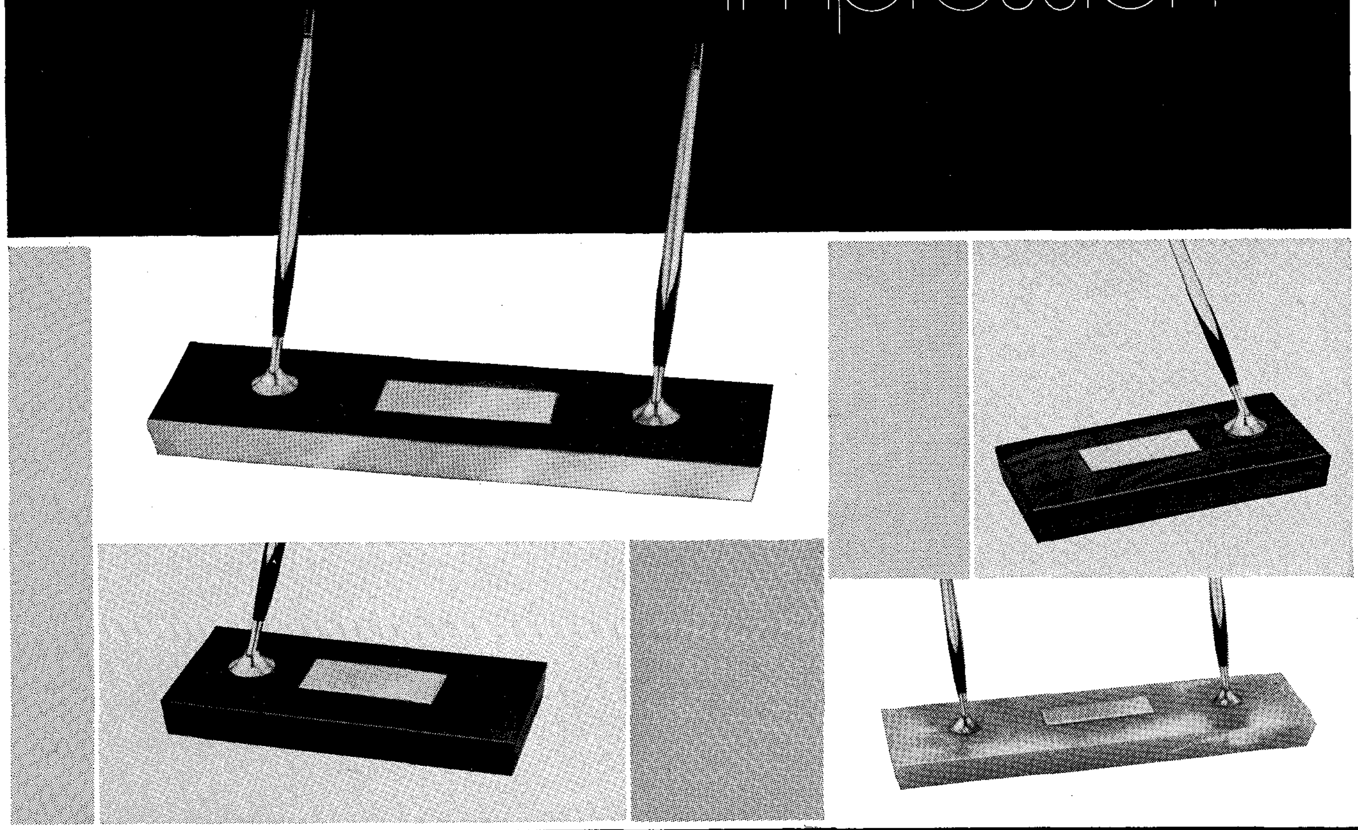

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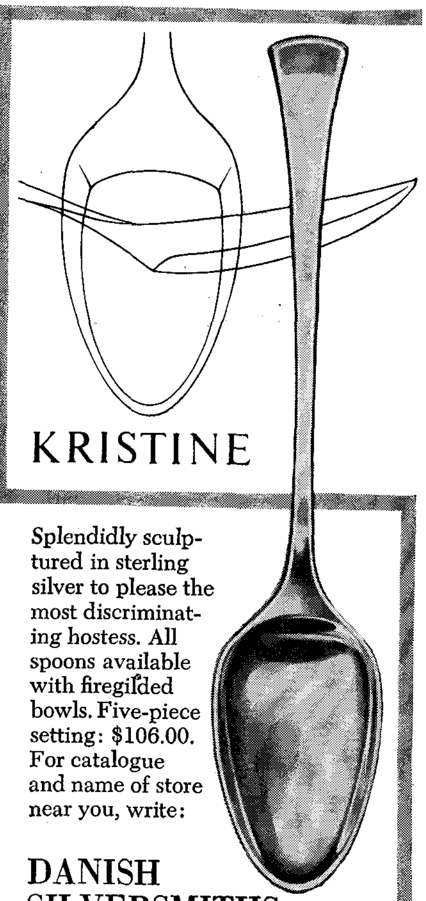
illusion of perfectibility is a commodity, and the cosmetic industry, in its own interest, asserts that fashions in makeup change just as frequently as those in clothes. It is doubtful whether many women change their style of makeup as often as they buy new clothes. Women buy clothes and makeup for quite different reasons. Clothes are a social statement; makeup is closer to our secret hopes and fears. Many women wear makeup to conceal flaws whose hideousness they alone could ever recognize. They may consider their eyes small, their skin sallow, their lashes laughably thin. (Many are hoping to hide the advance of years. The value of makeup as the cloak of age is dubious. It is generally agreed that as you get older you should wear less.) A woman's picture of her face is not invariably accurate, but she can be brutally rude about how it looks without makeup. Yet makeup becomes so closely associated with the face it adorns that any observation about it is liable to give offense. You may remove a smut from a woman's cheek, or a smear of lipstick from a man's, but it is perilous to tell a woman that her eye-liner is wobbly or that she has too much powder on her nose. She is likely to take this to mean that her eyes are too small or her nose is too big. The woman who replaces her lipstick at the end of a meal often does so with a desperation which suggests that her mouth itself has been obliterated by chewing and by conversation.

Women wear makeup for their own benefit. Unless something happens to it—an eyelash begins to peel, or the lipstick goes askew—or unless they see someone without it for the first time, women hardly give a thought to other women's makeup. Men are blind to all but great changes and excess. Yet in some strange way makeup persuades us to feel better and more confident. Irrationality and insecurity are the very stuff of makeup. We know that our makeup cannot look the same at the end of the day as it does in the morning, but we feel easier if we know that it was once there and once looked satisfactory. Women may feel naked without certain cosmetics—lipstick, or something on the eyes—but this worry is far from constant. The absence of makeup might disturb us at a party but not at a picnic. Since it muddles logic and touches so upon our sensibilities, we should at least make an effort to enjoy it. It is possible to get the whole job done in seconds, but this seems a little sad; it is worth one's while to indulge in our lonely games with



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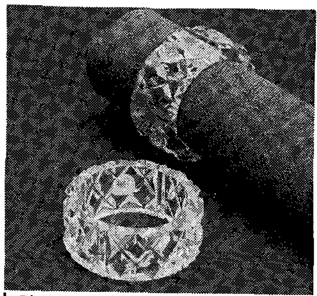

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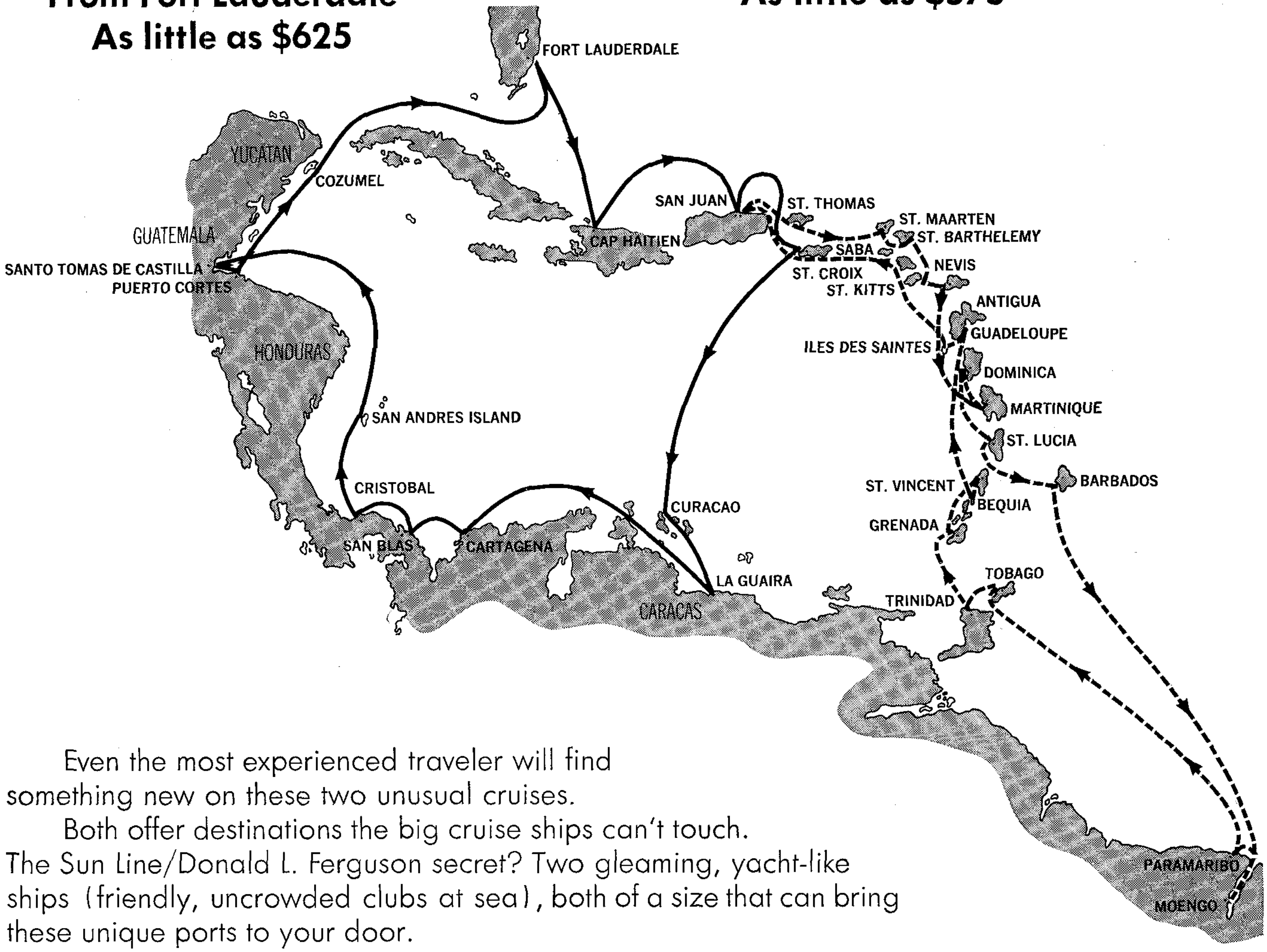
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paints and brushes. If we put on a face mechanically and do not dare experiment, we succumb entirely to ritual and folly. Makeup has no real purpose save that of adding drama to routine.

RECENTLY, still feeling puzzled by the whole idea of makeup, I went to talk to people who should be counted on to have a clearer view. The high-up offices of Estée Lauder, Inc., testify to Mrs. Lauder's love of beauty, and to visit them is like looking at a face of perfect makeup. The arts of interior decoration and cosmetics merge particularly well in a reception room that is a study in blue eyeshadow, and in Mrs. Lauder's office, a place of powder shades and blushes. She bubbles with enthusiasm about the powdered shadows for her Gaucho Eye, her Fresh Air Makeup Base, and all her range of products called the Little Nothings. These nothings consist of eleven tones of Tender Makeup Base, twenty-three shades of lipstick—Tender Lip Tints—and a group of soft, reddish blush jellies known as Face and Cheek Tints. Several ladies of her staff were settled down on sofas of tea-rose watered silk and smiling upon each other's makeup. Mrs. Lauder made friendly little rushes at me with Tender products, and led me by the hand to a gilt-framed mirror—the kind whose liver spots betray distinguished age—to show me the blushes she had wrought.

Throughout these activities, she talked. "Of course there are fashions in makeup as in anything else. When I went to the Paris showings, I was looking not at lengths but at the faces beneath pulled-back hair. The new look of the face is ladylike but not casual. The face is the focus, and no longer the legs. It should have the young, bright, soft look. Face and Cheek Tint looks young and gives shine and glow. It makes you look as though you have been outdoors and love to be kissed. We are all trying to look young, and Face and Cheek Tint can be worn by the sixteen-year-old and the sixty-year-old. In fact, the older the person, the younger she will look when wearing Little Nothings. There is no age in makeup, and none in clothes."

Mrs. Lauder thinks that no fastidious, well-groomed woman would go without makeup. Making-up is no more mysterious to her than putting on one's shoes and stockings. "Makeup should not be the same in the evening as by day, and women should have a wardrobe of makeup—four or five lip-

Renaissance elegance in the most splendid of patchwork. Velvet, satin and brocade combined in a Mondrian design with satin border. Lined in silk. Truly the ultimate in a wrap evening skirt. Color combinations of:

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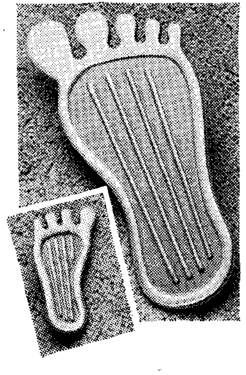

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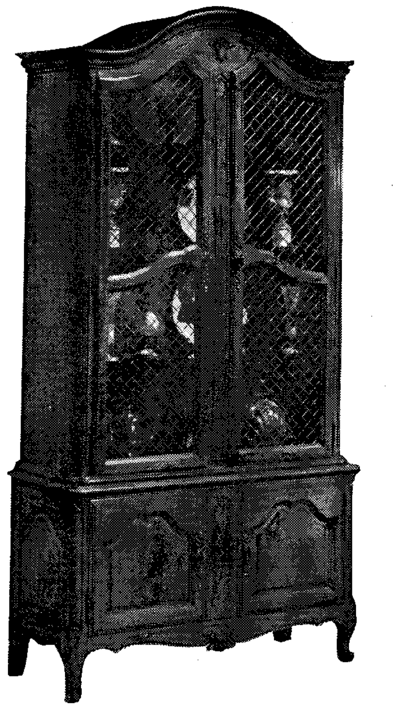
BONWIT TELLER

sticks, four or five shadows, and two glows. We dress the face just as we dress the body. No one should take more than five minutes to put on her makeup in the morning. After lunch, replenish your lipstick and your Face and Cheek Tint."

A telephone coughed behind a bowl of flowers, and Mrs. Lauder tried to answer it but found that she was not connected to the caller. She wandered out to take the call elsewhere. Mrs. Ida Stewart, vice-president of merchandising, assured me that it takes Mrs. Lauder three minutes to apply her impeccable makeup. I admired Mrs. Stewart's eye makeup and asked about new ways with shadows. "The fashion for heavy liners and no mouth is quite gone. The halo eye, with shadow above and below it, pulls the eye down into the face. After all, there isn't all that much going on beneath the eye. The new eye is big and blurred, not just that little old eye, with its ball and pupil." This talk of eyes was accompanied by gestures, and Mrs. Stewart illustrated the use of the index and middle fingers for initial application and smoothing of eyeshadow, and the fourth—still clean—to take up the surplus from the lid and stroke it on below the eye. When Mrs. Lauder returned, Mrs. Stewart asked her to lower her eyes so that I could see her masterly blending of shadows. By some miracle, Estée Lauder's eyelids matched her hair.

All this seemed reasonable, but I wondered whether a man might have a more detached view of women's wiles, and I took the elevator ten flights up to Revlon. From here, the Park and the roof of the Pierre are even more tenderly muted. Revlon's advertising is often prefaced by playfully authoritative statements about women, life, and fashion, which are signed by its chairman and give the impression that Charles Revson is the philosopher-king of the cosmetic world. He is also, obviously, an artist. As he pondered the subject of women and their makeup, he seemed to see an infinite parade of trusting, upturned faces. He claims to know by instinct how to "zing up" a face, and he wonders, laughing, whether women left to their own devices really succeed in making themselves look better. "When people talk about faces being strong and having lots of character, I think they mean having lots of creases and wrinkles, and shaggy eyebrows. It's obviously no compliment to say a woman's face has character. The eyes and the lips are the most vibrant parts of the face, and it is



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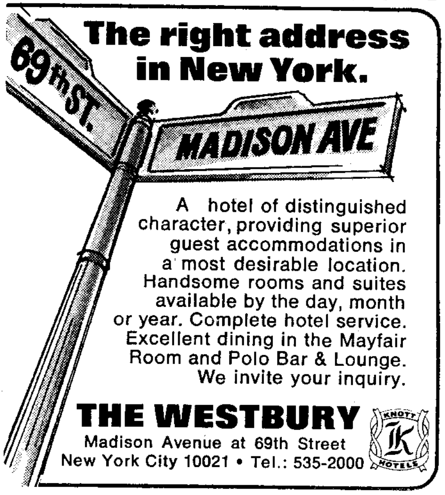

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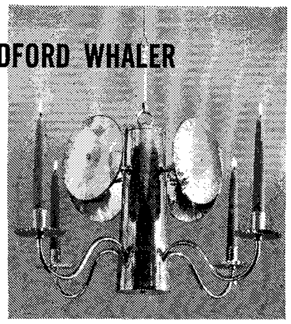

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to them that most of the emphasis should go, but the face is the background for the eyes and lips, and should not be ignored. I feel that all women should wear a base makeup, and everyone should wear a blusher, but not in an unnatural way. I believe that beauty and makeup—even when you are dressed to kill—should have something casual about it. Women with good skins—I mean neither pockmarked nor blemished—should use the minimum amount of makeup, and women with lines should use it with great discretion. Older women often make up very badly. They get used to seeing the same old face in the mirror—oh, perhaps they count the wrinkles, or watch a certain little piece of hair—but they have no real conception of their face, and their eyesight is often failing. In a strong light, in her bathroom, a woman can make believe she looks all right. It is a nervous habit to put on your lipstick every three minutes and powder your nose every ten. You need a little repair job now and again—a little transparent powder, if you're sweating, but not much more than that."

Remembering the Revson faith in eyes, I asked him about the future of false eyelashes. "I believe in them. They are here to stay. In the hands of someone who is willing to learn, they can be used for enhancement." Putting on his horn-rimmed spectacles, he rose to examine my own lashes, to see whether my doubts about unnatural aid were based on misplaced confidence in what Nature gave me. He pronounced them rather thin but acceptable, and recommended Moon Drops mascara—which, by chance, I was already wearing. Mr. Revson's enthusiastic talk of emphasizing, enhancing, and accentuating eyes and lips led me to think that he is more interested in the overt artificialities of makeup than in rejuvenation or camouflage. Yet he does not always distinguish between faces and their trappings; in the discussion of false eyelashes, he did not use the adjective. Feeling rather shaky after the inspection of my eyelashes, I asked whether other women felt bewildered and uneducated about makeup. He nodded energetically. "There are so many products on the market, so many things to know. There are, however, certain rules. Don't overdo it, and never allow your face to look greasy. Make up with care, then look at yourself in a different light. If there is too much on, don't be afraid to take a tissue to it. It's terribly hard for any of us, with all our hangups and our difficulties, to be

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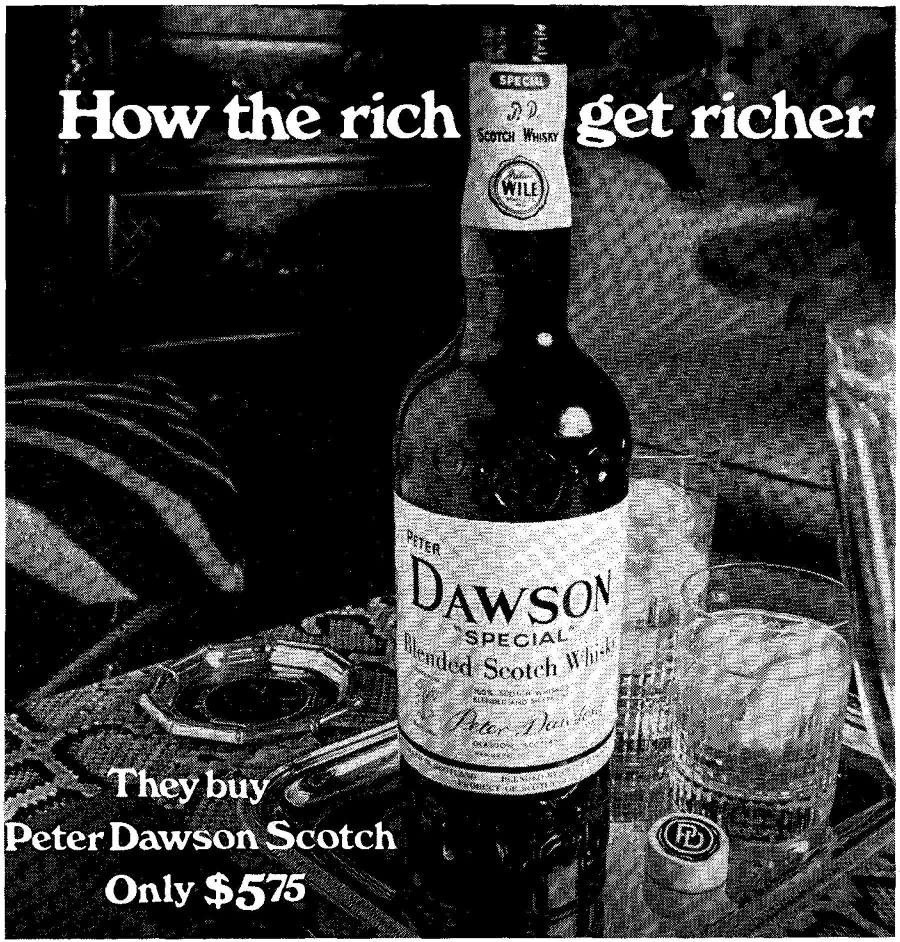

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objective. But when making up you simply have to try. Women should look natural. When I say natural, I don't mean morning-natural, straight-out-of-the-tub stuff. I mean natural in the sense of not over-made-up. Some people think that the natural look means wearing no makeup, or wearing makeup to match your skin tone. That is not natural at all."

—KENNEDY FRASER

•

### FATHERHOOD IN THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Letter to the Asahi Shimbun, Tokyo, reprinted in the English-language Asahi Evening News*]

EDITOR:

I bought a color TV set on an installment plan the other day. It is almost impossible for low-salaried workers to get a color TV set. I was no exception. But I paid for it through the nose, for my three-year-old son.

I am simply desirous of his quick and healthy growth.

But the world of today is insecure—marred by traffic accidents, kidnaping of children and murders. They are occurring successively everywhere.

Under these troubled circumstances of today, can I successfully keep on protecting him until he has grown up?

The cause of kidnaping, as well as of poverty of politics, is mentally abnormal people. There are so many crimes and so many spiritually defective persons.

No one can tell when they may make trouble. Unforeseeable and unexpected misfortune may arise at any time.

Supposing someone had kidnaped my son and held him for ransom, I would have been unable to pay ransom and hard hit by it. So I bought a color TV set for my son. He can now enjoy Kyojin No Hoshi (A Star of the Giants) or Ultraman in color.

Misfortune may befall him tomorrow.

I also want to try specially-distilled sake I have never tasted. My mind is preoccupied with such cares and worries. Do I not well claim the name of a father?

TOSHIO TANAKA, 27
*Taxi Driver*

•

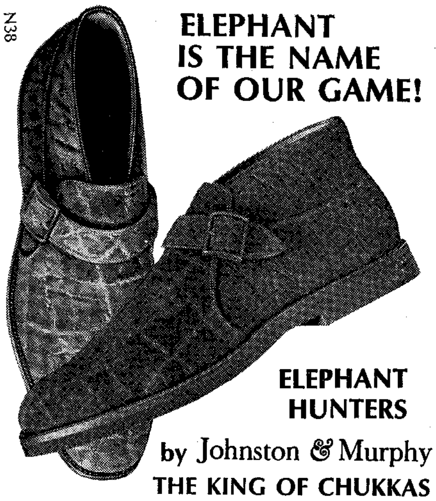
Roger Clark Gard, director of high school bands at Oconomowoc, Wis., has been appointed an assistant professor of music at Concordia and will direct the reorganized instrumental studies.

Credits on brasses, woodwinds, percussion and strings, as well as in voice, will be available to students wishing to pursue a new director of parish music program.

"And if you think my dad had a fighting reputation, you never met my mom," he continued. "She used to bring an umbrella with her to every game in case there would be a fight."—*Oak Park (Ill.) Oak Leaves.*

How is she at concerts? Still the same old girl?

N38



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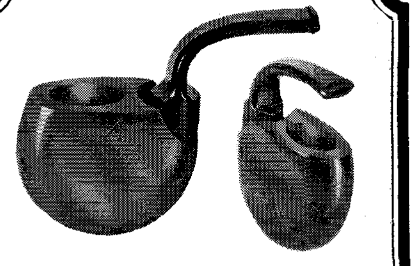

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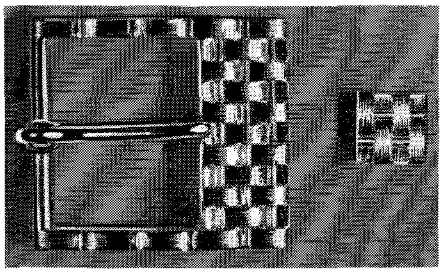

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*Elephant at foot of Mt. Kilimanjaro*

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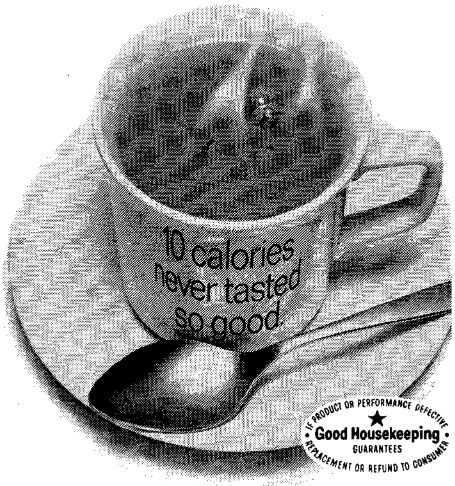
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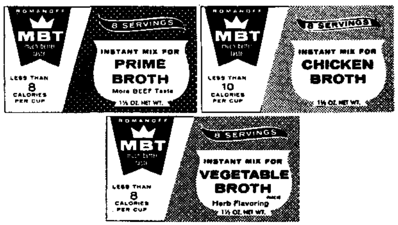
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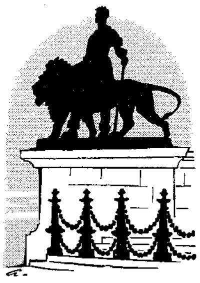
# LETTER FROM LONDON



NOVEMBER 4

THE autumn package of Government economies unwrapped last week by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Anthony Barber, had been awaited with exceptional public interest as well as with the more normal apprehensiveness about where the new measures would begin to hurt. It was the first big test of the Government and of the largely unknown man who had unexpectedly inherited the office of the late, much-lamented Chancellor, Iain Macleod, and the first Conservative reactions to both were of congratulations and relief. It has long been a grumbling truism that all parties have been obliged to adjust to economic crisis and social change and borrow from one another's philosophies here and there, so that all have a certain family resemblance. What delighted Mr. Heath's supporters was that at last, in their view, a start has been made toward what they have been impatiently looking for ever since the June victory—a complete, unmistakably Conservative change of direction for the country's affairs. For one thing, Mr. Barber had managed stoutly to make good his predecessor's promise, which none of the economic pundits had expected him to be able to do, apparently. He lowered the income tax for the first time in eleven years by a token but psychologically cheering sixpence in the pound. The change will certainly mean only derisory relief, as the Opposition angrily pointed out, to the average hard-pressed family man, who will soon (when Mr. Barber's list of cushioning government subsidies to be pulled from under various services begins to be uncomfortably felt) have to fork out still higher fares on his commuter train in to London, and pay more toward his children's subsidized school meals. On the health-service side, his charges for dental treatment, spectacles, and chemist prescriptions all went up. The Opposition immediately called the new measures mean and heartless, benefitting only the better off. Since the Labour Government was also forced by harsh necessity to push up health-service charges not long ago, which seemed mean backsliding indeed in the eyes

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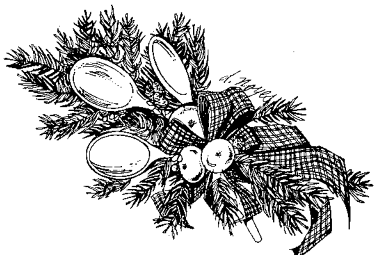

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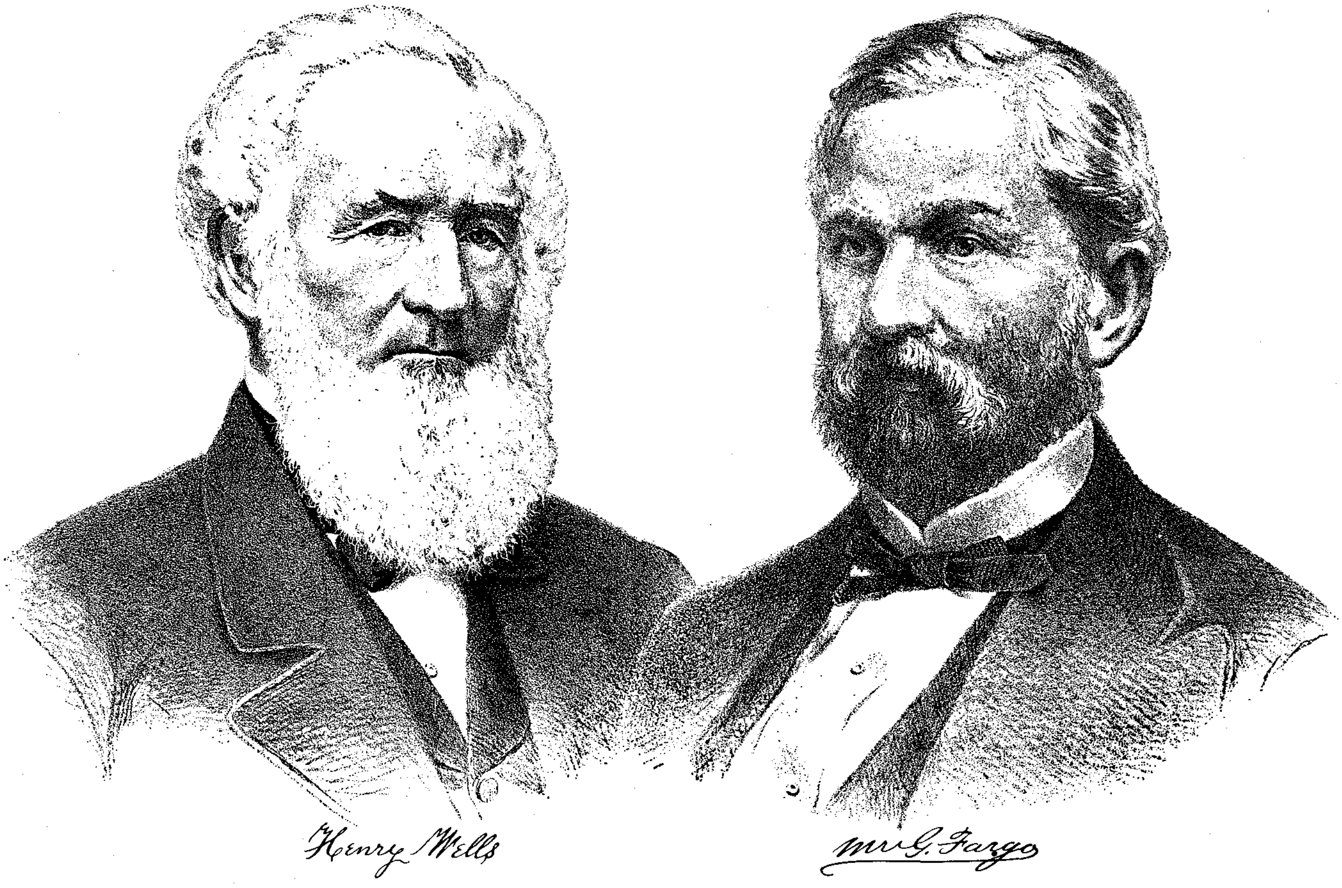

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of its radical idealists, this particular ground may be awkward to fight over in the bitter Parliamentary battles ahead. As a matter of fact, the amount of lopping done to the welfare state was moderate, with safety clauses of a bit more cash for the neediest families carefully tacked on.

The Conservative policy that seemed to emerge from last week's changes was a determination that more of those newly affluent citizens who can afford to pay realistic prices but have enjoyed the same indiscriminate benefits as the truly poor will now be required to do so. Mr. Barber's announcement that the museums and galleries are to charge an entrance fee, in line with great national collections abroad, was welcomed warmly by some of the museums that have had to compete in the hard international art world on a shoestring of resources, though not by others. It is not yet clear whether the change will mean vastly improved finances at last, as is hoped, or whether the Treasury intends to dock the amount of the new revenue from its grants to the arts. Hard-up parents who have always found it a marvellous answer to desperation in the holidays to dispatch the young for blissful free hours among the fascinations of Bloomsbury or South Kensington were depressed by the news. The Chancellor's new agricultural-import levies brought cries of protest from the big Commonwealth food purveyors and warnings that when, as a result, food prices climb next year, the unions are not likely to sit on pending wage claims. This seems designed to bring prices more in line with those across the Channel and to ease the negotiations toward Britain's entry into the Common Market, which most British appear to feel (though with violently divided opinions of approval and disapproval) is approaching as inexorably as the split-up, after February, of the good old pound in their pockets into one hundred confusing new pence. After the first flush of congratulations to the Chancellor had subsided, the City of London reacted nervously to pessimism over the spin that may be given to the spiral of wages inflation, which his critics think his new measures will bring about this winter.

ROBERT BOLT's new play "Vivat! Vivat Regina!" was the sensation of the summer's Chichester Festival and is now settled successfully at the Piccadilly Theatre. The advance tidings that it was yet another play about Mary Queen of Scots and Queen

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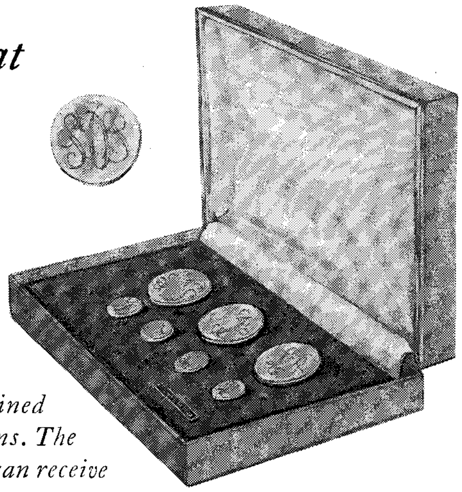
Elizabeth may not have struck anyone as an exhilarating prospect, but Mr. Bolt has succeeded in bringing off a double portrait that is extremely distinguished, convincing, and as brilliantly fresh as though he and we were looking at his sitters for the first time. The action covers, ingeniously and fast, the years between Elizabeth's accession and Mary's execution at Fotheringhay. The only indication that the simple set represents now the English court and now the Scottish one is provided by the alternating Tudor and Stuart emblems and royal ciphers displayed above the doorways as the scenes switch. Minor characters speaking up from other places are suddenly spotlighted, as though making their comments from a glass box suspended high above the darkened stage—John Knox, for instance, ranting away in Edinburgh, or some bishop trying to cross pens with the Queen of England and finding out his mistake very swiftly when the splendid, biting voice from the throne polishes him off. The curious love-hate relationship between Mary and Elizabeth is well brought out—scornful on Mary's side, half wistful on Elizabeth's. Perhaps the Scottish Queen's character, which has dazzled so many writers, is the harder to portray. Sarah Miles makes a spirited try at it but remains (to this theatregoer, at least) obstinately grounded in the twentieth century. Eileen Atkins is superb as Elizabeth. This tall, handsome actress succeeds wonderfully in showing the steely intellect behind the familiar self-created fantasy of the extraordinary ship of state sailing along on the spread canvas of the hooped skirt, the monstrous pearled ruff, and the towering wig. She is particularly effective in the last scene—of the aging Queen, raddled and tortured by rheumatism, sitting alone on the throne that Mary Stuart and Spain no longer threaten. As William Cecil, later Lord Burghley, who was her most trusted councillor, and whom she used to call affectionately her "spirit," Richard Pearson gives a wise and acidly humorous performance that is precisely right.

A REMARKABLE little film about young East End Londoners has just ended a run at the Cameo-Poly, where it got admiring notices from the critics. "Bronco Bullfrog" was made with an all-amateur cast by a twenty-six-year-old director, Barney Platts-Mills, who also wrote the script. It was shot mostly in Stratford East, using local boys and girls (and a few older people, too), who had already learned



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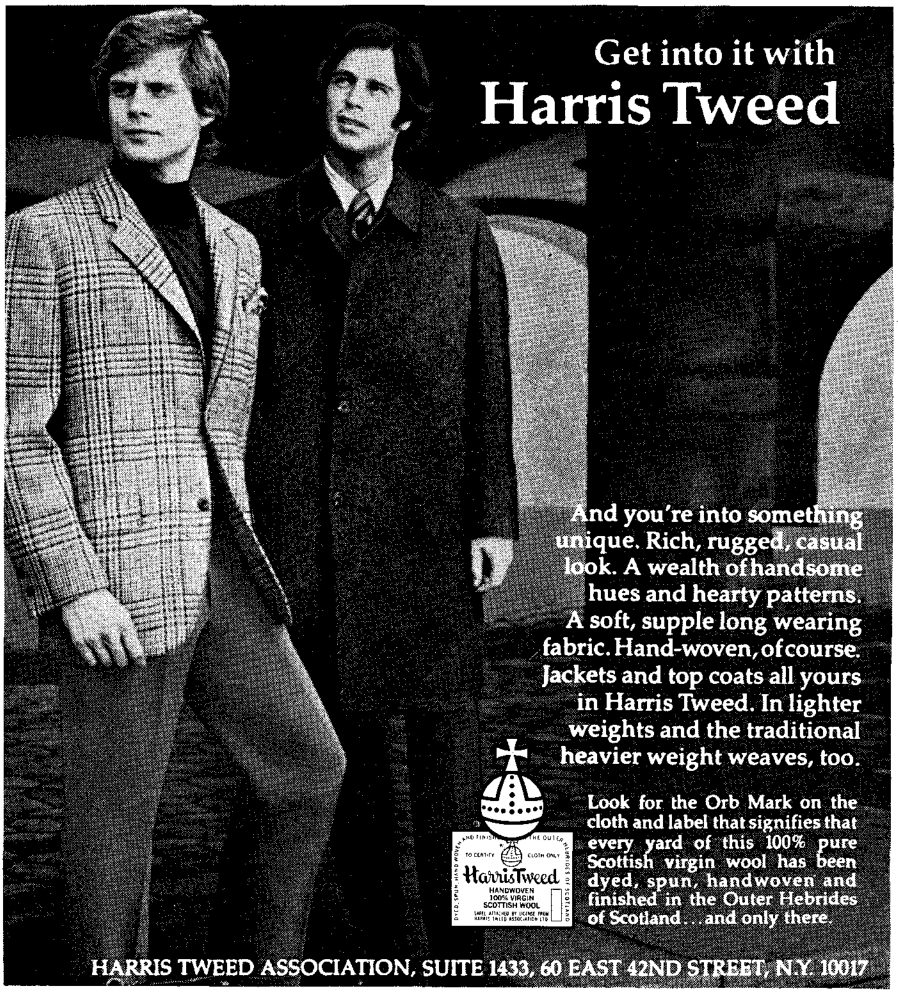

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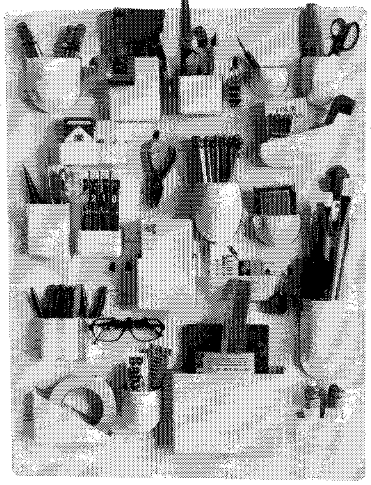

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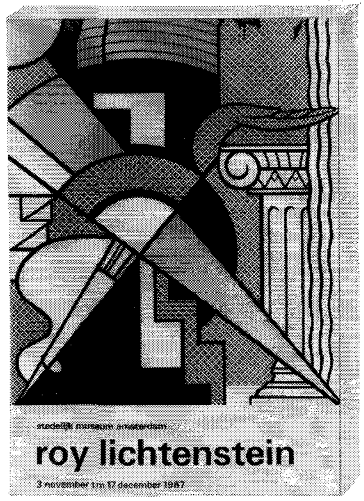

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a bit about acting in improvised drama from the redoubtable Joan Littlewood, of the neighborhood Theatre Royal. "Bullfrog" cost very little money to make, is amateurish and jerky in places, like life, and is so honest that watching it feels like looking straight through the windows of the new Council Estate flats and of the older but no more ingratiating terrace houses and flyblown "caffs" where the youngsters hang out after work or school. Nothing is left out or excused or glossed over. Del (Del Walker), a lanky, serious-faced boy of nineteen, is first shown breaking into a caff with some pals, out of the destroying boredom of having nothing interesting to do, no money to do it with anyway, and nowhere to go. Their haul is a few cakes—one per boy. Soon they progress to more serious stuff, when they meet a slightly older and infinitely tougher lad, the Bronco Bullfrog of the title (Sam Shepherd), who has just done a spell in Borstal for robbery and who takes Del and his best friend along on a job that is more profitable than cakes. Then Del meets Irene (Anne Gooding), a beautiful fifteen-year-old girl whose Italian dad is inside, too, for robbery, and everything changes. The scenes where the kids wander aimlessly around the streets saying hardly anything but longing for a quiet bed somewhere, and returning to homes cumbered by hostile elders and the telly, are very touching and funny. The film is really about the tragedy of being unable to communicate the most aching emotions except by mutters of "Better be going now" or "O.K." The end is hopeless and authentically untidy. The pair finally elope on Del's precious motorbike, Irene primly clasping her handbag and belongings in a paper shopping carrier, and find refuge with the Bullfrog. But the last shot is of them running wildly through the streets, with arrest and unbearable parting perhaps around the next corner. The acting of these unknown people is extraordinary, and so is the message they get over of the great, yawning dangerous vacuum of boredom in some lives, which nothing in the welfare state has really managed to fill.

THIS autumn has been providing a spell of quite unusually summery weather, with such good, warm days, and even sultry nights, that nature is exhibiting signs of confusion. The birds in the parks, where the roses are in perfect bloom, are singing away, in an addled welcome to a bonus spring, maybe, and in the greengrocers' shops there are baskets of strawberries sent up

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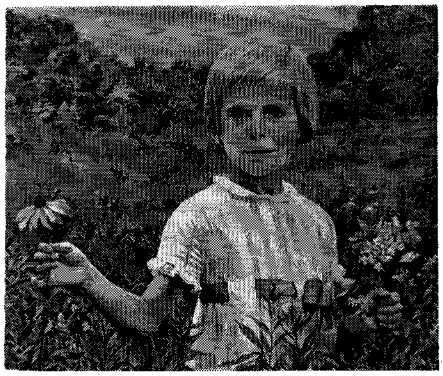

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from the Kentish fields, where the eccentrically late crop is expected to go on through November if the frosts hold off. A less pastoral and pleasing part of the London scene at the moment is the ballet of torn paper, cigarette packs, and leaves that whirls across the streets and squares. The strike of the Council workers—which includes dustmen, park sweepers, crematorium men, and sewage-plant workers as well as town-hall employees—has now lasted over four weeks, though some Councils have given in and settled on the side for the pay rise of two pounds fifteen shillings a week that the union is holding out for. Some boroughs are using private contractors to cart away the mess. In districts where there are street markets and food shops and restaurants, the muck is often lying thick, rotting, and noisome in the road, mounting with the public exasperation. The Home Office and the fire departments are issuing grave warnings about the fireworks and bonfires with which—as is the hallowed (but of late years strongly criticized, because of fearsome accidents) custom—Guy Fawkes Night will be celebrated tomorrow. If these jollifications meet up with the mountains of plastic bags of stuff and the inflammable debris of all kinds that are stacked against house walls everywhere, a new Fire of London could be the result. Adults are praying for rain to descend in buckets tomorrow as fervently as the kids are hoping for a fine, clear night for their sparklers and bangers.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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RE: 48-Hour Notices

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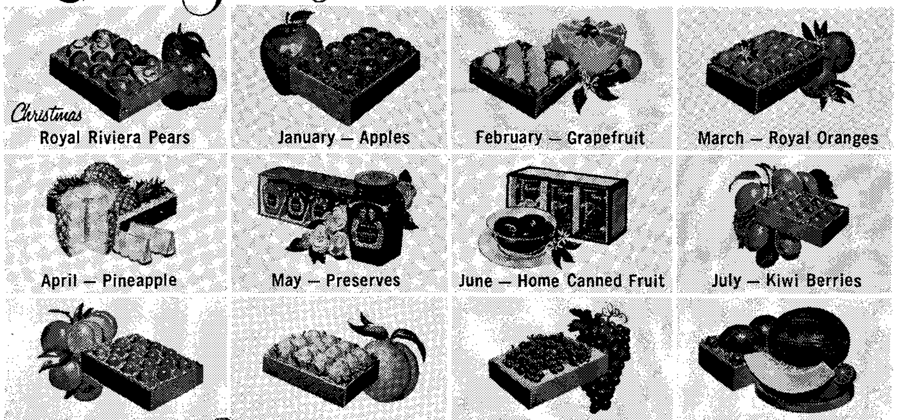

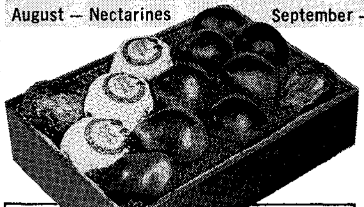

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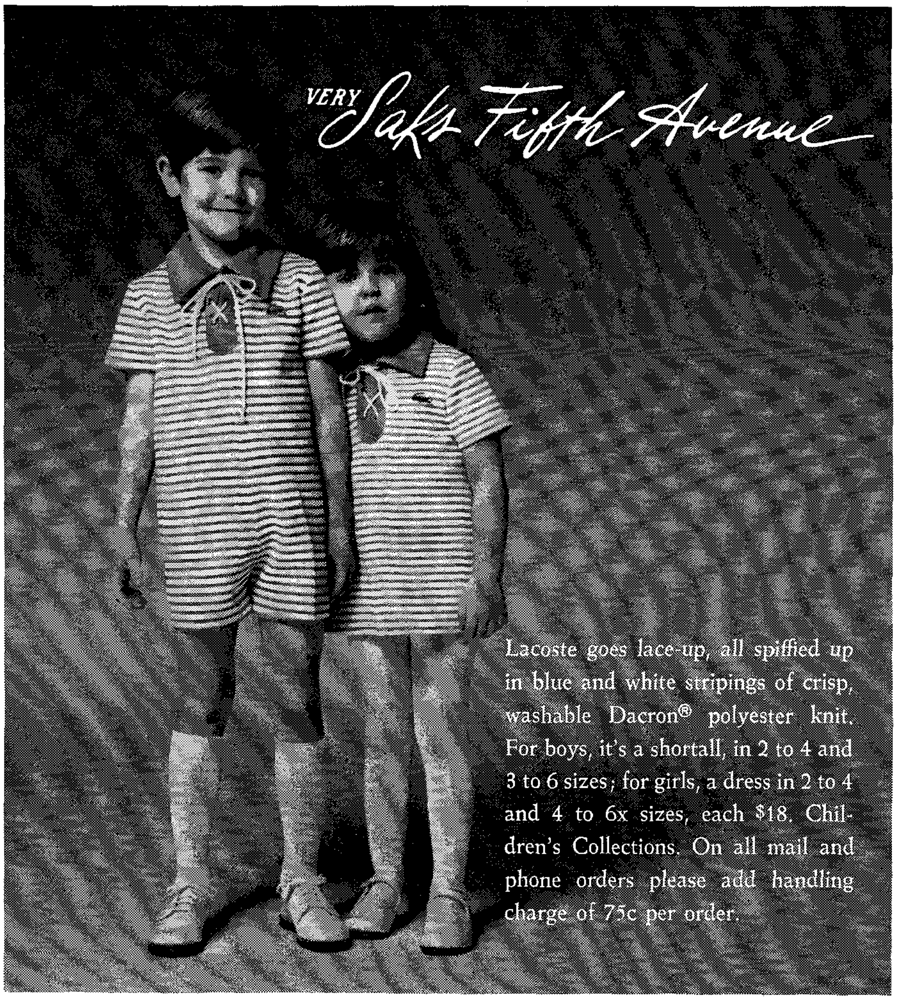

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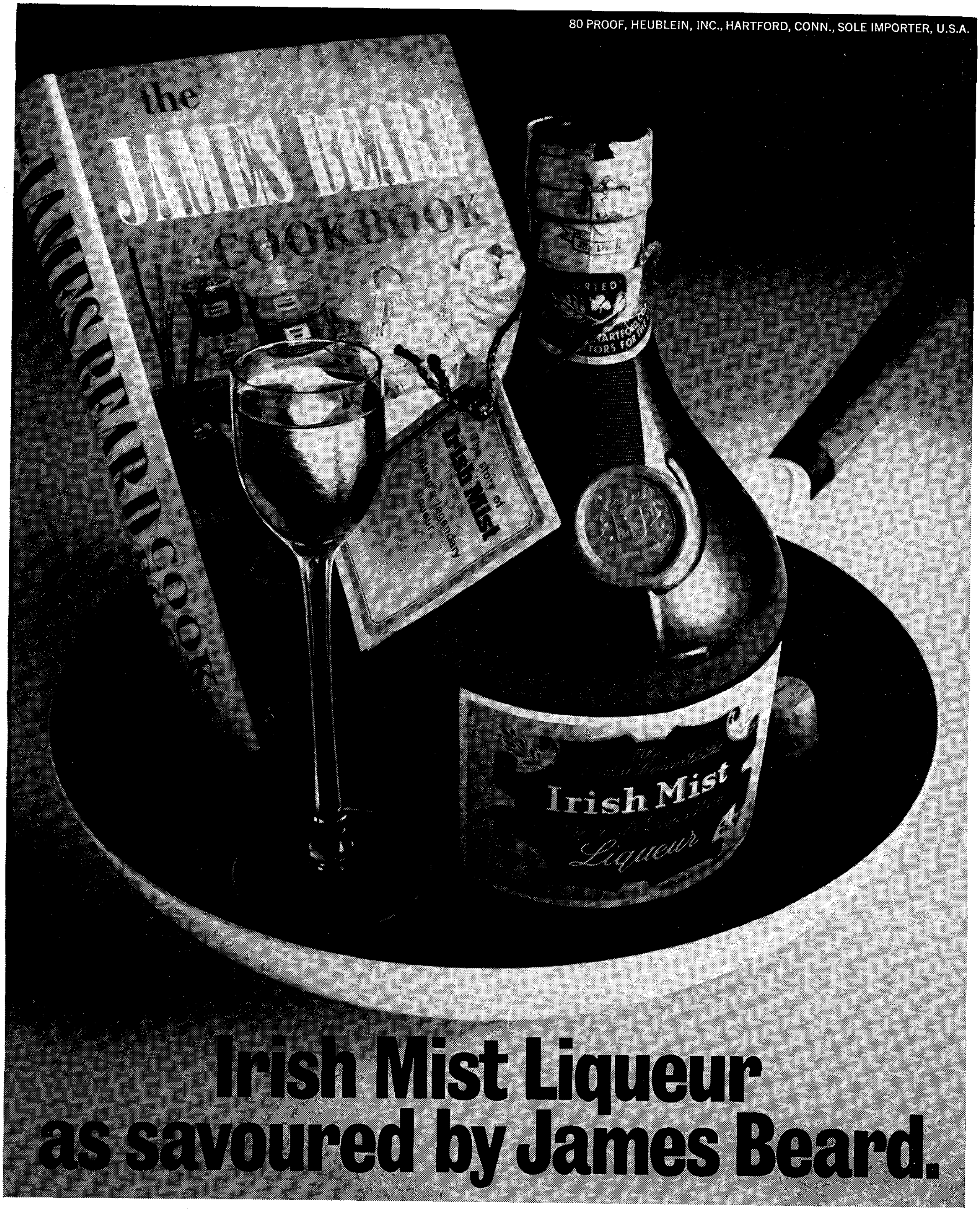
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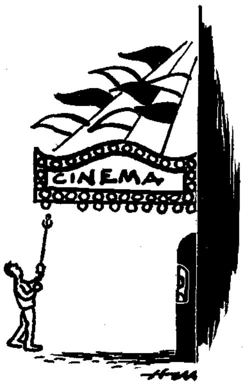
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Teamwork*

BARBRA STREISAND's delicate snarl is the voice of New York tuned to a parodist's sensibility. It's the sound of urban character armor; she rattles it for a finely modulated raucousness. In "The Owl and the Pussycat," her clipped diction is so full of controlled tension that her lines never go slack; the words come out impetuously fast and hit such surprising notes that she creates her own suspense. She's a living, talking cliff-hanger; we're kept alert catching the inflections, hoping that the laughter in the theatre won't make us lose anything. Though she doesn't sing in this picture, she's still a singing actress; she makes her lines funny musically, and she can ring more changes on a line than anybody since W. C. Fields, who was also a master of inflection. (I'm not forgetting Mae West; her specialty was innuendo—a more limited comic field.)



"The Owl and the Pussycat," directed by Herbert Ross, is a cheering, satisfying romantic comedy about a self-deceiving would-be writer, played by George Segal, who works in a bookstore, and a hooker, played by Streisand. Bill Manhoff's play, which had only the two characters, has been well adapted by Buck Henry (who has added a neat little role for Robert Klein). The material is far from first-rate, but it's functional. Like some of the thin and totally concocted screwball comedies of the thirties, it draws its life from the performers. Streisand, self-conscious and self-mocking, combative but wistful, is an intuitive actress who needs someone to play against. In her last picture, with Yves Montand, there was no contact; their scenes together looked as if the two had been photographed separately and matched in the editing room, and she was stranded on the screen. But she and Segal have the temperamental affinity that makes a romantic comedy take off. Their rapport has a beautiful, worked-out professionalism. Were Hepburn and Tracy this good together, even at their best, as in "Pat and Mike"? Maybe, but they weren't *better*. Segal is a very unusual actor: he never does anything wrong. You never catch him out in a false gesture or doing things his character wouldn't do. He's a superlatively "human" actor, who can play a timid, pretentious phony without making him a weakling or an utter fool.

Built into all urban humor are the derisive acceptance of oneself as part of a mass and techniques for bringing down those who would deny their membership in that mass. This coincides with the theme of the movie—the hooker, a pretender herself, is trying to bring the book clerk back to his humanity—and in American romantic comedy there's love behind swapping wisecracks. The ideas in the play and the script are not fresh, and sometimes they're really wobbly—as in having the book clerk throw away his typewriter—but the basic impulse of the comedy is sound. And though it's getting rather pathetic that moviemakers can't think of anything else for good, lively broads to be but prostitutes, Streisand's hooker is an updated version of the smart working girl (like Ginger Rogers in comedies such as "Vivacious Lady"). Movie romances used to come in two flavors—the ones featuring frail, duped, suffering, meek-cow heroines who had to be rescued, and the more specifically American ones featuring good-bad, tough, comic heroines (starting with Pearl White) who used their wits. We've lost the first flavor, with few regrets, but the second has come back in a modernization that is, perhaps, a good joke on us. The abrasiveness, the insults and strong language make it possible for us to enjoy a love story in a venerable American tradition without feeling square. The comic heroines wake the heroes up. Streisand and Segal energize each other; he plays second fiddle to her, and it's still probably his strongest comic performance.

There's an air of festivity about this kind of teamwork. Streisand and Segal charge right through the "lonely little people" stuff; they bull their way through the bad spots (though no one could redeem one sour sequence in Central Park, in which Segal is called upon to humiliate her). Their energy and Herbert Ross's sense of pace just about overcome the principal dramatic weakness of the material—that it starts high. This takes a while to get used to;

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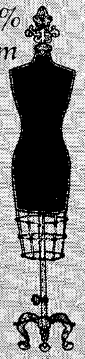

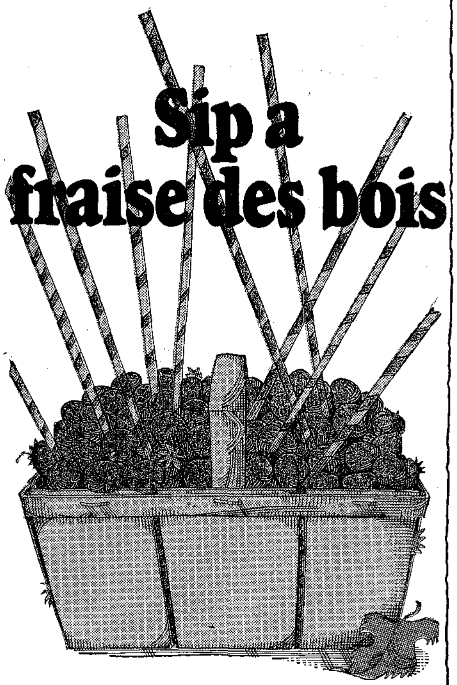
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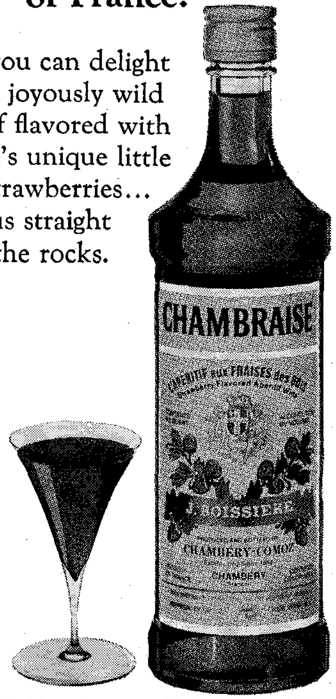

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then one doesn't want it to let down. Ross does a fine job of keeping things moving, so that one adjusts to the subsequent more romantic tone and tempo. The picture is a bit crude at the outset, but it has a good spirit—perhaps the one essential for comedy, and the one most often missing in recent American attempts at comedy. What's funny about the scene in which the hero and heroine are bombed out of their heads in a bathtub together is that it really is *romantic*. "The Owl and the Pussycat" isn't in any way an important picture—it's just a doodle—yet it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H."

It's good to see Streisand get out from under the archaic production values of large-scale movies—especially after "Hello, Dolly!" and the thudding dialogue of "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," that huge picture with only one redeeming sequence, when Streisand, gowned by Cecil Beaton, toyed with a glass of champagne. She has a more simple memorable moment in this one, when she mimes the sun coming up over the bedcovers. She may never again look as smashing as she did in that high-style champagne bit, but if the price of that glamour is the paralysis of talent, it isn't worth it. Streisand, who is easily the best comedienne now working in American movies, is better when she isn't carrying all that dead weight. She can be trusted when she cuts loose, because she has the instinct and the discipline to control her phenomenal vitality. She is like thousands of girls one sees in the subway, but more so; she is both the archetype and an original, and that's what makes a star.

George Segal shows different facets of his talent as the star of Carl Reiner's "Where's Poppa?" Like the sly younger Alec Guinness, Segal can carry amiability right up to the surreal and reveal the furtive, quirky ideas that lurk in the heads of very ordinary-seeming men. He is also an actor with a special sort of romantic folly about him—a gift of silliness—that could be used for a true comic persona. This particular gift is barely visible in "The Owl and the Pussycat," but in "Where's Poppa?" he has an opportunity for some lovely comic riffs. The high point of the movie is perhaps its quietest moment: when Segal, in a near-trance of romantic longing, sings "Louise" to Trish Van Devere—a charming comedienne, despite that terrible name.

The movie is full of talent—Rei-

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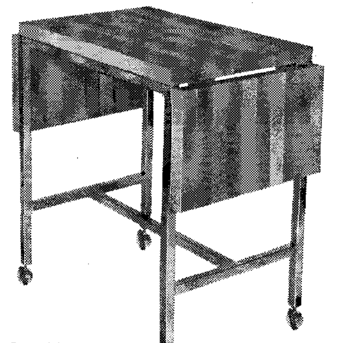

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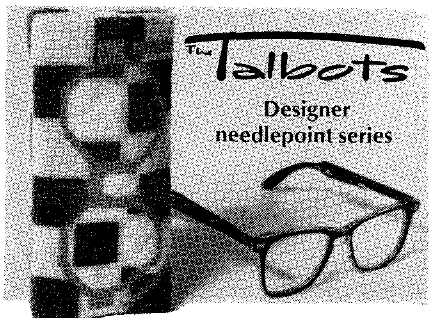

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ner's and Segal's and Miss Van Devere's—and worth seeing, and yet it all goes down the drain. If Reiner had stayed on the quietly inventive romantic side, this picture might have been just what everyone is dying for now, but moviemakers have been so misled about what "youth" wants that they're trying to be with it by going the wild, freaky, black-comedy route. Robert Klane's script (from his own novel) is about two brothers (Segal and Ron Leibman) who promised their dying father they wouldn't put their mother (Ruth Gordon) in a home for the aged and are stuck with this psychopathic monster. His face still shrouded in his Owl mustache, Segal now walks in a stooped position, under an oedipal load; his role is a series of skits, and they have considerable vitality, but obviously their only point is to go further than is permitted on television. When Ron Leibman rapes a woman in Central Park who turns out to be a cop dressed to decoy rapists, the payoff—the cop sends him roses—is too cute. Even if we laugh, we know that a skit like this has been set up for no reason except that payoff, and we can see that the movie will go any which way for a gag. Some of the noisiest sequences (such as a courtroom scene with a mad militarist) are a bit smug in the way they seem to congratulate the audience for being hip. Others, like a visit to an old-age home that has lost count of the neglected inmates, are *Mad*-comics ideas that probably sounded funny in a story conference but were never thought through. The trouble with this sort of unlimited, omni-destructive humor is that there's nothing for our laughs to bounce off, nothing to hold on to—not even an idea behind the movie, or a dedication to the craft of comedy. This isn't a matter of wanting something to be kept sacred, or clinging to taboos; it's that these skits have nowhere to go. They don't shape up into full routines but tend to fall apart for want of *aim*. Probably there are no subjects that can't be made funny, but some require more artistry than others, because the associations they evoke aren't normally funny. These are the "daring" ones, and when they're handled poorly a movie is in trouble. The audience feels a discomfort that it would not feel if the comic ideas were better worked out. It feels "offended," and the moviemakers will probably think this is because the audience is inhibited, but more likely it's because "Where's Poppa?" has walked right into the trap of being "daring" without having the vision or the skill to bring it off. At the

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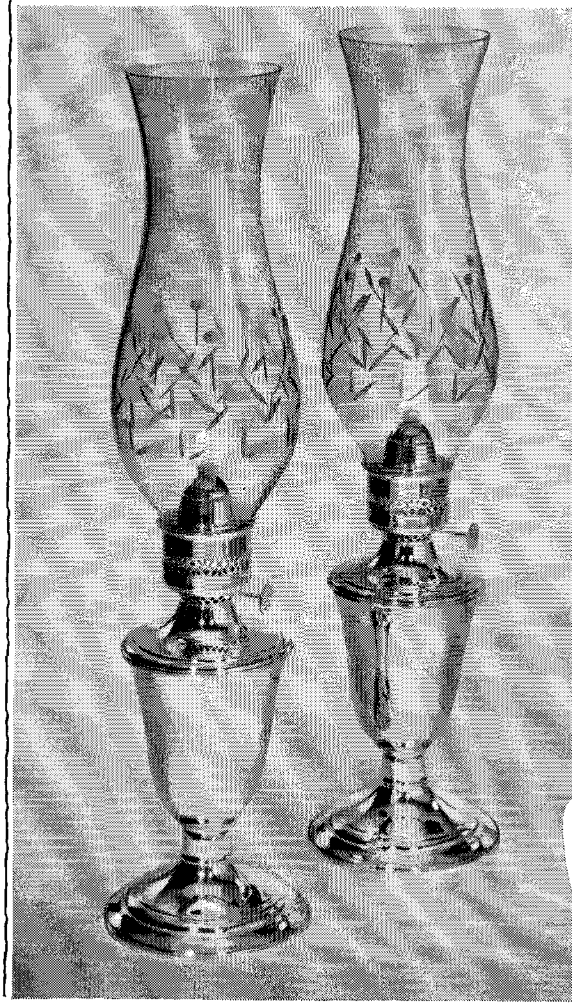
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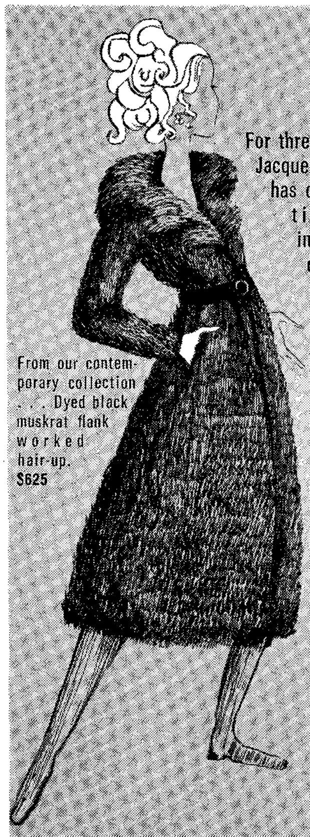
point where a movie makes fun of just about everything, and does so sketchily and purposelessly, we don't know what we're laughing at, and it all becomes grotesque and, finally, depressing. "Where's Poppa?" is the furthest reach of Broadway's anything-for-a-yock humor.

THOUGH "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" is a Billy Wilder film, it's rather like the second-class English comedies of the fifties; it doesn't have enough bounce, and it isn't really very interesting, but it would be quite pleasant if it didn't dawdle on for over two hours. I was looking forward to seeing Robert Stephens, who had been so impressive in a few small roles ("A Taste of Honey," "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie"), as Holmes, but his face is all crumpled up, as if he were ill or exhausted, and this interferes with the fabled Holmesian stylishness. Though his readings are very deft, and Wilder and his longtime script collaborator, I. A. L. Diamond, have given him some archly amusing lines, Wilder's sense of comic timing has run down, so we don't laugh as often as we should.

Worse, Wilder has made a detective picture that fails to whet our curiosity. The picture is meant to be a put-on of the Sherlock Holmes mythology, concentrating on a case that Holmes fouls up. But for this idea to be comic and have suspense we need to see the clues and draw our own inferences, so that we can spot where Holmes is going wrong and enjoy his booboos. And for it to be somewhat romantic, as it's meant to be, we need to see much more of how he's being distracted by the charming treachery of the lady played by Genevieve Page. The script doesn't accomplish the minimal feats necessary for a fashionable exercise—we have to wait until everything is explained to Holmes—and the actors aren't well directed, so one must content oneself with the occasional wit, the handsome Victorian décor, and Christopher Challis's lovely, if somewhat dark, tinted-looking cinematography. It's a graceful picture, even though it grows dull.

SELF-PARODY is built into operettas and is part of their innocent, Campy charm. But Andrew Stone's "Song of Norway" isn't authentic kitsch of the Wiener-schnitzel variety, it isn't a dated crowd-pleaser squeezed for the remaining box-office juice; it's second-generation kitsch—an imitation operetta, on the joys and tribulations of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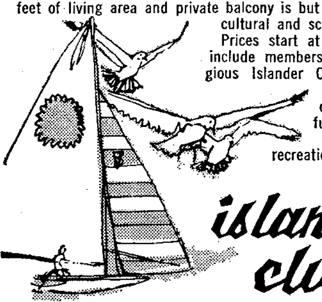

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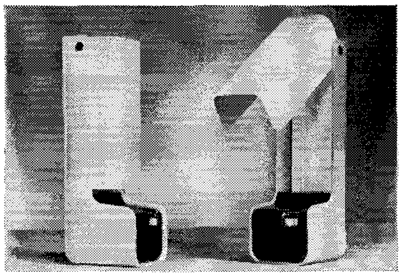

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Edvard Grieg's life, that combines the worst of "The Sound of Music" with the worst of "A Song to Remember" and "Song Without End." I had expected the hills to be on fire again, and had been prepared for dirndls and roguish smiles, but who would have anticipated the distorted sound, the pasty, pudgy faces, and the bewildering use of dance as if it were mood music? (When the picture isn't showing you waterfalls, flaxen-haired dancers go leaping by—a few frames at a time—to maintain a frolicsome Norwegian mood.) The movie is of an unbelievable badness; it brings back clichés you didn't know you knew—they're practically from the unconscious of moviegoers. You can't get angry at something this stupefying; it seems to have been made by trolls.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Here is how the Associated Press top 20 major college football teams fared in Saturday games.

1. Ohio St., whipped Texas A&M, 56–13.
2. Texas, played night game with Texas Tech.
3. Stanford, stomped Oregon, 33–10.
4. Penn St., upended by Colorado, 41–13.
5. Mississippi, edged Kentucky, 20–17.
6. Notre Dame, stormed Purdue, 48–0.
7. Southern Cal., trounced Iowa, 48–0.
8. Nebraska, blanked Army, 28–0.
9. Missouri, upset by Air Force, 37–14.
10. Michigan, tripped Washington, 17–3.
11. Houston, stunned by Oklahoma St., 26–17.
12. Arkansas, ripped Tulsa, 49–7.
13. Florida, upset by Alabama, 46–15.
14. Oklahoma, beaten by Oregon St., 23–14.
15. UCLA, night game with Northwestern.
16. West Virginia, clubbed VMI, 47–7.
17. Tennessee, defeated by Auburn, 36–23. . . .

—*Laredo* (*Texas*) *Times.*

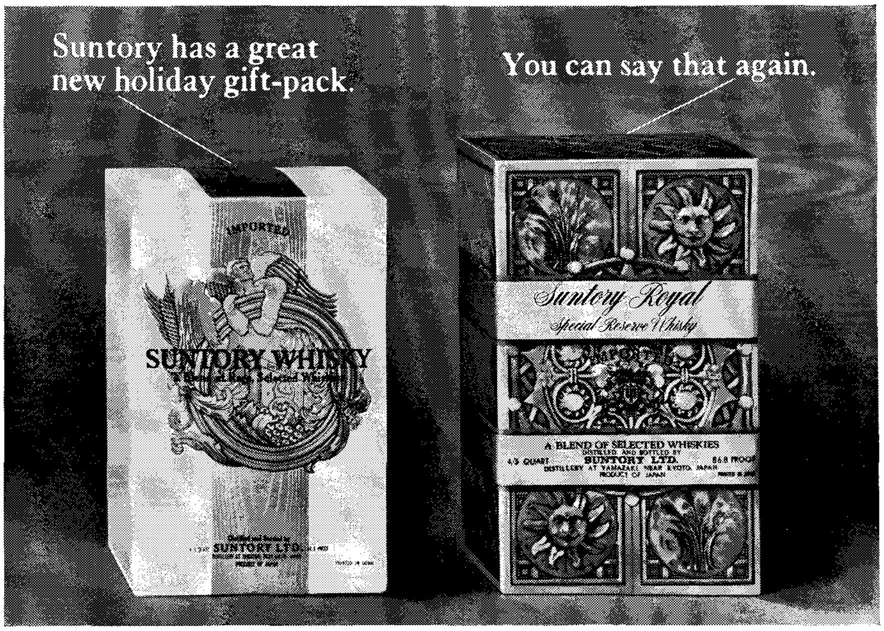
Whassa matter, you running dry?

•

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Family Portrait," by Catherine Drinker Bowen*]

A crowd of cheering students saw us off at Bethlehem station. They had walked down the hill and surprised us. Mamma wept. Pa made a little speech from the car steps, something about wherever we went he knew he would find Lehigh men, building bridges and laying rails, and he would write home and tell them about it. He did, too, in letters to the college paper. . . . He wrote from all over the world. . . . I have the letters as duly printed, and the students' occasional editorial replies. "Our beloved President," they called Papa. They said they hoped he would come home rested, and that nobody ever worked so hard for Lehigh as he did.



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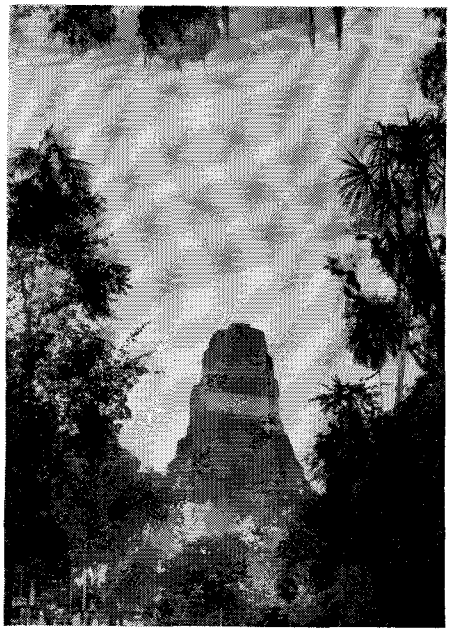

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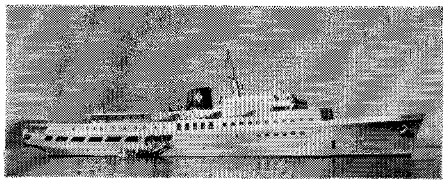

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Cragwood Double*

ENOUGH of the better three-year-olds were still around at Aqueduct last Saturday for ten of them to have a go at the Roamer Handicap, the last event of the season exclusively for runners of their age. The race, at a mile and three-sixteenths, was exciting from start to finish, with Protanto, who came from far behind the leaders in the last quarter, winning by a length from Judgable, who saved second place by a head from Buzkashi. Judgable likes to run in front, and he made a good try, though he was top weight and carried a lot more lead under his saddle than he did when he won the Dwyer Handicap at the Big A in July and the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga in August. Besides, I thought Buzkashi was running too close to him for comfort through the last furlong. As for Protanto, who belongs to Nijinsky's syndicator, Charles W. Engelhard, he had a ten-pound advantage in the weights and had recently shown that he was near top form when he ran a couple of close seconds to Gleaming Light. Though Protanto was last down the backstretch, Baltazar, who rode him, didn't hustle him but let him go his own gait until he was three furlongs from home, where the colt buckled down and started his finishing rush. Burd Alane, who was bought for $210,000 as a yearling and was named after an old Scottish ballad, went to the post favorite and was fourth practically all the way.

Protanto himself was a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar yearling, bought at the sales two years ago. Incidentally, Mr. Engelhard's Cragwood Stable brought off a double, his Ribofilio winning the mile-and-a-sixteenth gallop on the grass that preceded the Roamer. To celebrate the arrival of Nijinsky, perhaps. Early in the week, Nijinsky landed at Kennedy Airport, passed through the equine equivalent of immigration and customs in jigtime, and was whisked off to Kentucky, where he is resting at Bull Hancock's Claiborne Farm. Colonel Martingale wonders if the six-hour time change, especially coming west, affects horses as much as it does people.

Aqueduct had another perfect afternoon last Saturday. Attendance totalled

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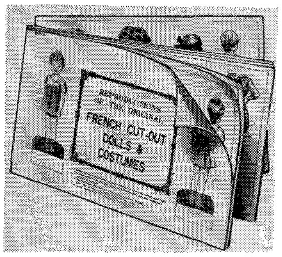
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Romero is a small farm village clinging to the mountains of Colombia, South America. Poverty is extreme. Illiteracy is almost total. Electricity, sanitary facilities and running water are nowhere to be seen, and small children haul water from the river three miles away. There is a school in the district, but convincing parents that education should take precedence over water-hauling is a hard argument to win.

The Fuentes are one of the village families. Poor even by Romero's sub-standards. The mud-brick house with dirt floors they live in isn't even theirs. The two-acre farm behind it provides all the income for the family of nine. Most of the time there isn't enough to go around. Yet, this has been a good year for the Fuentes. Their 7-year-old daughter Luz Marina has been able to stay in school.

This miraculous stroke of luck is because of a family living in New York, who are helping Luz Marina. They're the Koerners. Through Save The Children Federation, they are contributing $15.00 a month to help.

For Richard and Marianne Koerner the $15.00 a month is not an extreme sacrifice. Yet, with three robust boys of their own, there are many ways they could use the money. But Richard, whose job involves foreign travel, doesn't have to imagine the poverty the Fuentes endure. He's seen it. He knows, too, that Save The Children can do a remarkable number of things with the money.

First, Luz Marina's immediate school needs are taken care of. Secondly, funds are available to the family to carry out their self-help plan to raise hens. The eggs will help improve the family diet and increase the family income. Finally, a small portion of the Koerner's contribution, together with money from other sponsors, has been lent to the villagers. With their own hands and sweat, they're building a water storage tank and a pipeline. Hopefully, the new water supply will increase the crop yield and the village's income so that some day they will no longer need help.

Self-help. That's what Save The Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy a child a few hot meals, a new coat, or shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give people the boost they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa, Greece, the Middle East, as well as Appalachian and American Indian children. You can select the child's nationality and will receive a photo, regular progress reports and a chance to correspond and visit.

Richard Koerner hopes that one day, one of his business trips will enable him to meet the Fuentes. Many sponsors do visit their children, and tell us that it is one of the most gratifying experiences of their lives.

The Koerners know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Koerners. How about you?

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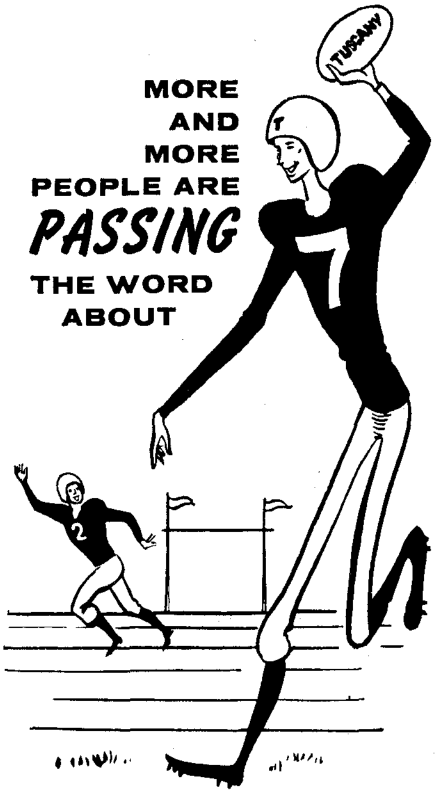

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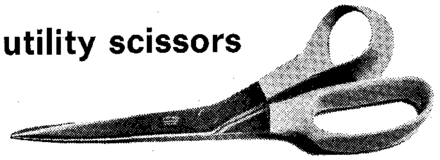

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47,522, and the boys took the rubber band off the bankroll and bet $5,315,068. Remembering the Election Day crowd of 45,763 and the pari-mutuel handle of $4,997,600, I'd say that the Big A never had it so good.

THERE was nothing but surprises in the Gardenia Stakes, the big one for two-year-old fillies (the gross value was $188,360, with $113,016 going to the winner) at Garden State Park last weekend. It was won by Eggy, a name that suggests a small child with a smeared face, rather than a race horse, but I suppose W. M. Jeffords, Jr., picked it because the filly's dam was Egg Hunt. Anyhow, according to the chart, Eggy worked her way through the pack, took the lead in the stretch, and beat something named Rosemont Bow by three-quarters of a length. Forward Gal, the favorite, who had won the Frizette, the Spinaway, the Sorority, and a division of the Schuylkill Stakes, was third. Patelin, winner of the Selima, the Alcibiades, and the Schuylerville Stakes, was fifth; Bonnie and Gay, winner of the Matron and the Astoria, was seventh; and California's June Darling, winner of six of her seven starts, including the Del Mar Futurity, in which she beat colts, showed a flash of speed, tired, and finished last.

THE Garden State Stakes, the last jackpot for the two-year-olds this season, is up for grabs at the Jersey track this weekend. There will be plenty of grabbers. So many hopefuls came out for the public trial the other afternoon that it was sent off in two sections. Sir Dagonet won the first and Executioner the second. No selections for the big one. —AUDAX MINOR

•

"It's no secret that my leave from GE runs out in January," Simonds said. He added his experience with state government would be looked upon as an asset by the company. "It's called cross-pollution and it's becoming more popular," Simonds said.—*John O'Donnell in the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

It's done by these enormous bees flying from one smokestack to another.

•

ERRATUM: In the article, "On the Ph.D. in Mathematics," by I. N. Herstein, on page 821, line 26, of the August-September 1969 issue of the *Monthly*, please read "damn" instead of "darn."
—*American Mathematical Monthly.*

And read "nuts" for "fiddlesticks," eh, Herstein?

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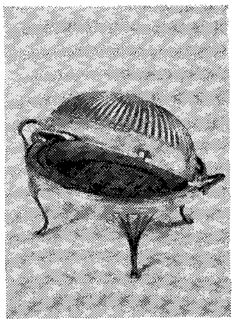

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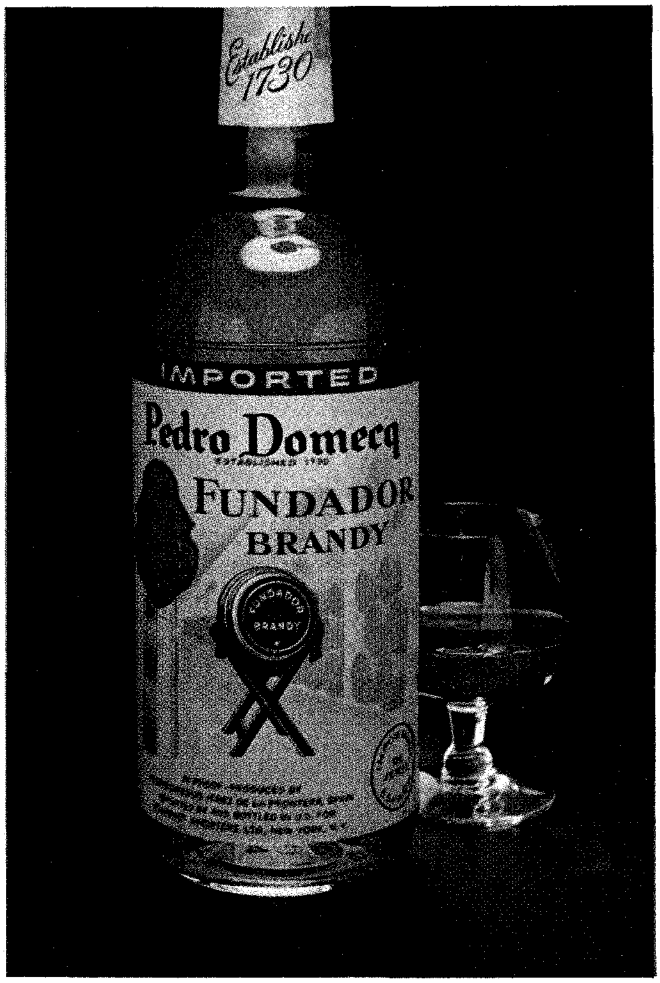

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# THE ENCLAVE

## THE BEST VIEW

FROM what I have read, it seems that the one-ring circuses that wandered over the North American continent as if it were a small park during the last half of the nineteenth century got along best if they called themselves English. And this no matter whether more than a couple of people in the troupe spoke more than a couple of words of that language, or cared more than a sou or a centavo where they were, as long as they could eat and sleep and fly through the air on cue. These circuses were generally known as something like Cutler's Great London Company, or Sanderson's Greater London, and perhaps it was not until the Yanks moved in on the trade that any tent show was blandly called Greatest.

These bands of jugglers and clowns and musicians, all of whom perforce knew the back-side duties of caring for a handful of Ferocious Wild Beasts and trained poodles and such as well as they did the twice-a-day razzle-dazzle of the shows, with sometimes three full performances on holidays, often dropped out and were never seen again, and seldom mourned. I know of one clown, though, who was wept for at least fleetingly, and I thought with a small, quiet pang in my heart of his grave as I read in a casual paperback pickup how, after the Civil War, some of the best girls of the New Orleans brothels were recruited from travelling English circuses. Suddenly I was home again, in the wine valley in northern California.

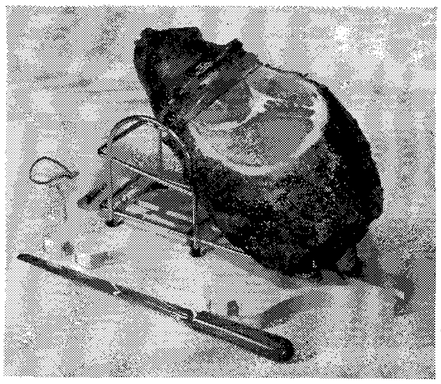
There is a good little graveyard there, the kind for ambles along shady paths, with haphazard, slow stops to read inscriptions on the markers and observe past fashions in their sizes and shapes. Travelling headstone salesmen must have come through Napa Valley every five years or so, and for that next stretch of time every local grave would be topped with the same emblem of mourning—a limp-looking rose, perhaps, its stem cut off too soon, its petals drooping as it lay prone before the scythe. Members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows stuck to their symbol of an axe left cleaving into a realistic log, symbol that man's work is never done, or something like that. Infants generally had some form of a crouched lamb for a topping. Two clasped hands were popular for a conjugal grave. The artistic *idée fixe* of many an itinerant stonecutter can be traced in our graveyard, given the one clue of its dates, and it is an almost docile way to spend a few hours—refreshing if one is not afraid to be reminded of one's mortality.

Newspaper accounts of local deaths often ended, even until lately, by saying that the citizen had been escorted to take his place in "the marble city," and, like any town, our cemetery has its rich suburbs, its solid center of respectable bourgeois, its slums. There is even a Skid Row, with some impersonal and nameless markers pounded into the rubble. It was on the edge of this that we found the clown. His gravestone was a piece of redwood planking, marked with black paint that by then stood out like embossing on the worn surface. It had been stuck into the ground but lay now on its side, its base so eaten away by rot and insects that it was like dirty jagged old teeth. We stole it from almost in front of the caretaker's office, dead sure that if we asked to repair it we would be involved in everything from ancient history to the last recorded laws about grave robbery. A little carpentering, a little retouching of the letters, and it was ready to go back. And the mysterious thing about our daring crime is that soon after the refurbished monument went up again a little jar of fresh flowers was placed there, and has been kept full ever since. The caretaker remains silent about it, although surely he suspects who the visitor is. I prefer not to know.

This is how, from reading about the lost ladies in old New Orleans, I moved to the St. Helena Cemetery, and from there, willy-nilly, helplessly but with an agreeable ease, to a glorious few days I spent with a Great London Circus that was mine, ours.

THE time was before America went into the First World War, still referred to as *the* War by people who grew up with it, and the place was Whittier, California, where we lived. Probably it was in 1916, and once the troupe installed itself in Whittier, on a big lot on Greenleaf slightly north of the Pickering Hotel, it went flat broke and could not move on. It was stranded. My father, with his predilection for lame ducks, was the natural person to try to rescue it. As editor of the daily *News*, he could and did give as much space to free advertising of it as his business partner would stand for. He bullied and blackmailed the local merchants to grant credit, and even to extend a few favors in the shape of bales of hay for the two elephants and bags of flour and coffee beans and tins of tea for the canteen.

As in all such troupes, the two-legged members were skilled in communal survival, and my father was thrilled and astounded to find that the



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boss, a thin, youngish man, with a bad limp from one of the first battles in 1914, was not only a good fellow but an expert at disposing of exotic dung produced by his nonhuman menagerie. He *was* English and firmly in control of his multilingual band. He spoke well, and wore a very small bristly mustache of a nice ginger shade, and carried a little stick under his arm—very British Officer. I always saw him in immaculate soft country clothes or his uniform as ringmaster at the performance, except once, when he and Father emptied a couple of sacks of manure under our rosebushes and spaded it in, laughing comfortably about lions and monkeys and trained pigeons. Then the Englishman was dressed like my father, in baggy overalls and a sweaty blue shirt, but his little mustache kept him dapper in my eyes.

He was not introduced to Mother, although if he had been anything but an itinerant, bankrupt circus manager, she would have liked him, I am sure. She was, as always, worried about how deeply her husband was involved in his new romance, financially if not emotionally. She knew that the circus was staying in town much too long . . . and how was it eating? How could it ever leave? If it did get to the East Coast again, how could it cross the submarine paths to England? And did the Old Country want a bunch of half-starved acrobats and animals to care for? It is no wonder the poor woman felt enough apprehension to dull her usual bliss at hearing a good English accent, and Father was discreet in leading his floating friend toward a room in the garage rather than our living room, for a post-fertilizer nip of Scotch and water.

Whittier was not a good circus town, and except for the painful bliss the stranded troupe brought into a few of our lives, it is sad that it happened to go broke there and not some other little place like nearby Fullerton, or Anaheim. To people of the Gentle Persuasion, as almost all citizens were in our community, there was much that was garish and plain unseemly about a group of wandering mountebanks, dragging their dangerous caged beasts with them, flying through the air in tights and spangles to the sound of drums and trumpets. Let them move along, go somewhere else, was the general feeling in the town, and often there would be only a few people at the performances, in spite of Father's enthusiastic free advertising. And probably there was thin fare in the canteen, if it depended too much on the generosity of the grocers and butch-

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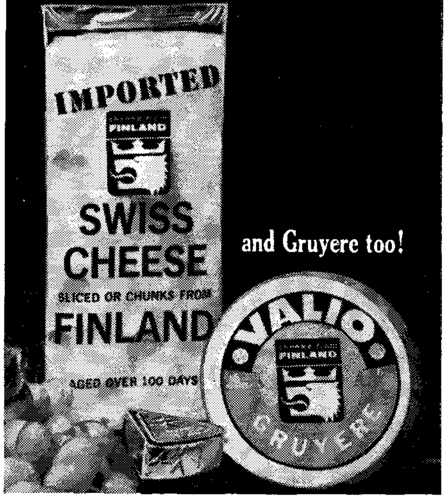

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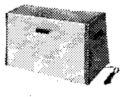

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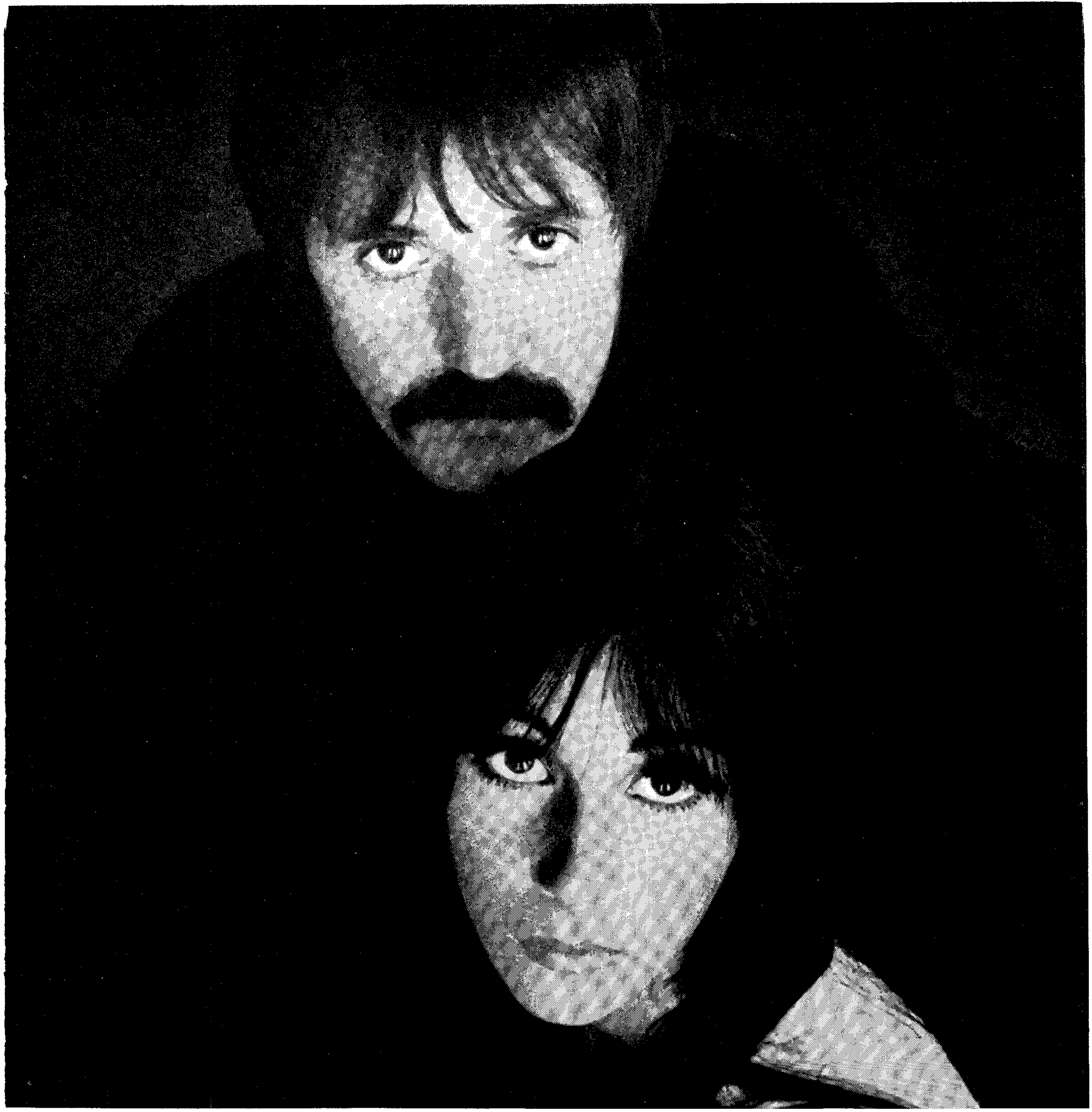

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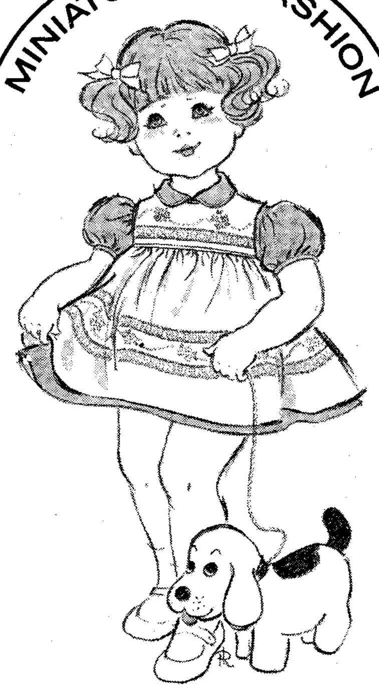

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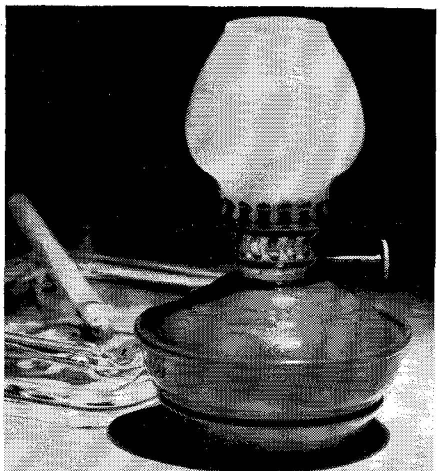

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ers in our citadel of brotherly love.

As all good circuses should, the Great London gave us a free and mammoth parade before anyone suspected that it would play more than its announced two-day stand. It had moved into town during the night, in classical fashion. (Father was surely on hand for this always seductive operation, excusing his presence in the name of editorial factotum of the local daily.) There had been fanfare before. I remember bringing home a leaflet distributed at Penn Street School, detailing the educational benefits for us children: rare tropical birds and beasts, free for all to observe in their near-native habitats . . . the mighty king of the jungle and his consort . . . a giant python of incredible strength and length . . . two behemoths of Africa, live giant elephants gentle as children.

The parade was scheduled to start from the Great Tent on North Greenleaf at precisely eleven-thirty on Saturday morning, to allow all the schoolchildren, all the farmers in town in their wagons, all the merchants to stand on the sidewalks and see one of the most magnificent displays in the Western Hemisphere, direct from a triumphal tour of someplace or other besides its war-torn homeland, probably via New Orleans.

Mother and my little sister Anne and I, and I think Aunt Gwen, stood on the east side of Greenleaf under a new awning in front of the furniture store. It was a fine hot day, totally correct for a circus parade. Precisely on the designated moment, the calliope sounded from up the street, and a most remarkable pageant rolled slowly past us.

The Great London was a gem, a polished, impeccable jewel of a little circus. Its costumes were clean and fresh, even in the cruel noon sun and under the critical eyes of the small town. The performers smiled, and looked healthy and gay. The clowns were funny and infinitely graceful as they flipped double somersaults along the edges of the street. A strong-lunged band of what seemed like dozens of uniformed musicians played at the head of the parade, rousingly, excitingly. While it caught its breath, still marching firmly ahead, the calliope at the far end would tootle and bleat musically. At the very head, of course, rode the thin young man with the ginger mustache, on a beautiful chestnut horse. His swagger stick was under his arm, and nobody would know that he had a bad limp when on his own two feet.

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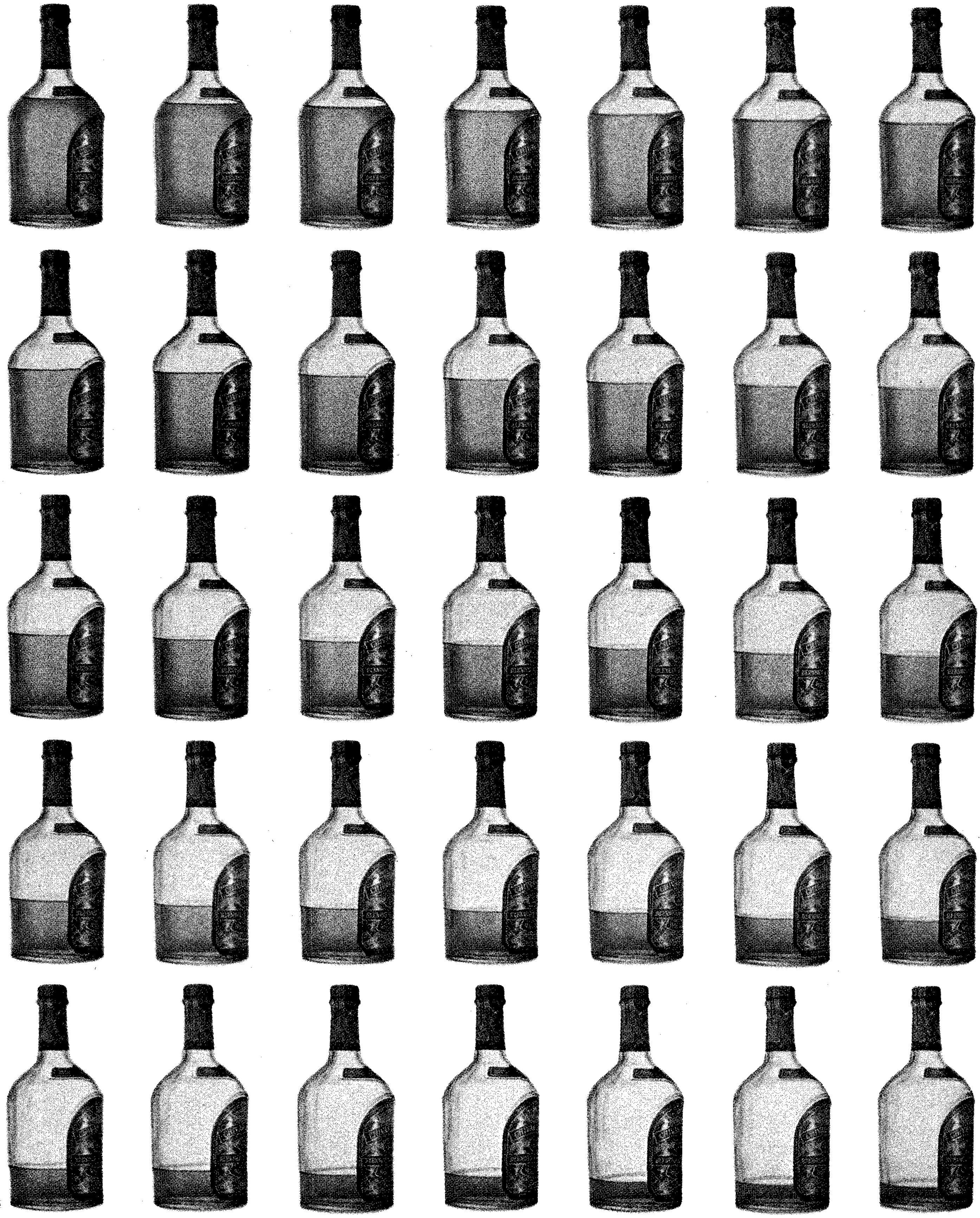

Circle the bottle of Chivas which comes closest to the level of the Chivas in your liquor cabinet.

(You really have quite a memory when it comes to your Chivas, don't you?)

the great stars—better than the two elephants with men dressed in turbans riding them, the lion and his lioness in heavily barred cages with brightly painted tops, another wagon cage filled with, or at least occupied by, some scratching, grinning monkeys, all pulled by the plodding, broad-backed horses that later must go into the ring for the tricks! There, before us, was the drawing card of the whole breathtaking review: the Lady and the Snake! We gasped with horror and astonishment, unable to look away. People surged into the gutters to get a nearer view.

In a glass cage, the size of the lions' but without bars, and with the wooden top and corner pieces heavily carved and gilded, a pale, beautiful woman half lay against a pile of brilliant velvet pillows. Her skin was the color of milk, and long thick hair of a strange greenish yellow flowed over her shoulders and her couch. As far as could be seen through the plate-glass walls, the only other thing she had on was several yards of python. It was the biggest snake in the world. It was alive, for now and then it would shift inside itself in a peculiar tight-loose way, almost peristaltic, and instead of one of its lengths lying over her belly it would be farther down. She held its drowsy-looking face close to hers, and occasionally stroked it. For Whittier, at high noon in 1916 or thereabouts, it was quite a show.

Even the music of the steam calliope right behind it grew thin in our ears. Many people ran along the sidewalks to keep such odious beauty in sight, but Mother led us firmly up to Bailey Street and on home for a delayed lunch. That last thing, with the *snake* and the half-naked *woman*, she told Father, was *too much*. He said that back at the tent the girl had fainted, probably from the heat in the glass box. No wonder, Mother said without any pity. My father said that it had been hard to get her out of the snake, unconscious as she was. He had helped—and I suppose it was that casual admission of involvement with the circus people that froze Mother into a beneficent remoteness during the next week or so, for she washed her hands of the whole thing, and I was free to go to the matinées, and even several times to the night shows, without a single protest from her, when it was proposed by Father or Aunt Gwen.

Actually, I cheated, perhaps proof that wandering artists exert an evil spell over small children. Once, I told Miss Newby, my teacher, that I could not come to class in the afternoon because I was being *taken* to the English

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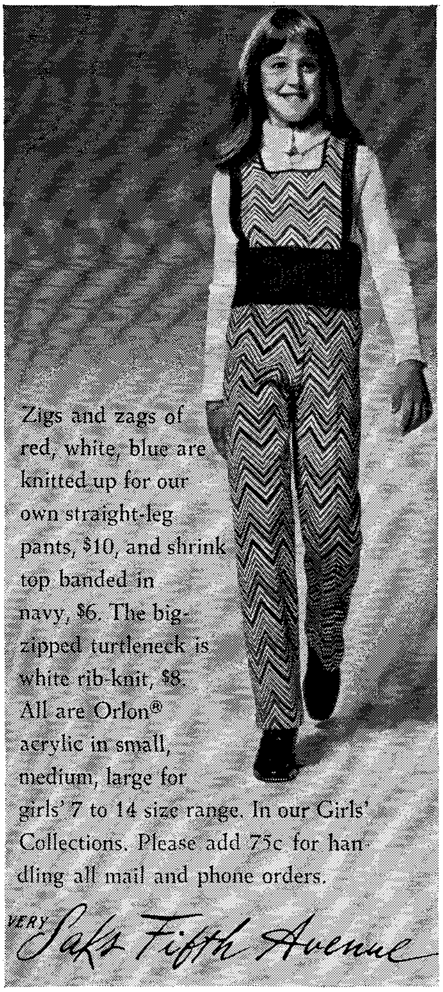

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circus, when I really went all alone. By then I was known at the circus as the editor's little girl, and I got in free and knew just where to sit for the best view. Only a few people had come, but the band played as gustily as ever, and the clowns waved to me as they went spinning and tumbling around the ring, jumping on and off the patient broad horses. It was fine, and worth almost any punishment, which to my surprise never materialized—for that sin, anyway.

The strangest part about the whole strange caper was that I found I could sneak into the tent in the *mornings.* I simply went to the circus grounds instead of to school. My mother had odd ideas about regular school attendance and Miss Newby was so used to them that she never questioned my absences; I was probably the only child in Penn Street School who never needed a "written excuse." My sly cunning, brought to a surging climax by the stranded circus, made me stretch my legs a bit more than usual, for in the mornings and after lunch I always went south on Painter from our house, as prescribed for the direction toward school, and then down Friends Avenue just far enough to throw almost any suspicious snooper off my trail. I then looped back on Friends to Bailey, and right on westward toward my place under the tent, where I could get the best view. Coming home again, once or twice a day, involved the same devious trek, but distance meant nothing to me when I was not only familiar with every hump and crack in the town's sidewalks—at least, on our side of Greenleaf—but was caught up in an intoxication such as I have seldom since experienced.

It seems strange to me now that apparently nobody noticed at lunch—or at dinner if we were going to try to swell the pitiful attendance at the show—that my eyes had a different brightness. I could feel them snapping and glowing, and instinct kept them hooded. It was instinct, too, that showed me where I could get the best view in all the tent, whether at morning workout, or matinée, or in the beautiful nighttime glare. The best view was of the world-famous child flier, the youngest ever to do a triple back somersault in midair or something, and I was in love with him. For me, he was the circus—*Circus*—one-ring, stranded, desperate Great London. So perhaps that is what I was really in love with, and not the flying boy?

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en curls, as long as Mary Pickford's, which floated out behind him as he dove downward toward the waiting arms, the tensed hands, on a lower trapeze, ringlets deftly tossed back as he climbed the spidery ropes for another swinging flight. How pretty she was! How beautiful he was!

The first time I saw her, I was speechless with envy, and I made myself into her, a free soul flying through the air of all the world, lovely, desirable, one minute a wandering gypsy and the next a gossamer planet plunging to the sound of trumpets and drums. I watched her through two performances that day, for Father was loaded with free tickets and Aunt Gwen took me with all her family of Nettleships. Perhaps two mornings later, I found that I could sneak into the workouts, and I already knew the best place to sit, and although I can remember seeing a boy about my age, in a black leotard, walk out and take the same stance in the ring as had the golden-haired princess, it did not astonish me at all. Of *course* he was a boy! How could any girl have been as knifelike in the air? And the next time I saw him in curls I shared the secret companionably. Thus may be fixed the patterns of acceptance, in some natures.

When the little troupe moved on, after a stay that may have been six days or two weeks, I know many people were glad: the townsmen, who did not like to have elephants and snake-ladies nearby for more than a few minutes or hours; my mother, who sensed a dangerous rise in her husband's quixotic pressure, and perhaps a new dimension in my life as a child. Father took us to the last performance, which was sparsely attended but with a better house than usual.

The uniforms and costumes sparkled. The band never played better. No dust rose from the tidy little ring as clowns and acrobats tumbled and leaped upon the ever-ambling horses. The handsome ringmaster snapped his whip, caressed the lioness in her spotless cage, and kissed both hands of the snake-lady, who also did a trained-pigeon act, very pretty, to the sounds of "The Blue Danube Waltz." His little ginger mustache bristled, and his limp hardly showed.

My love flew through the air with skilled abandon. He wore a new costume, of pale-blue tights and a spangled white tutu, and in his long curls were some diamond pins. His makeup was heavy, like a printed valentine—the costly kind—or a cheap German lithograph of St. Anne or Mary Magdalene. After his daring flips and floatings, he

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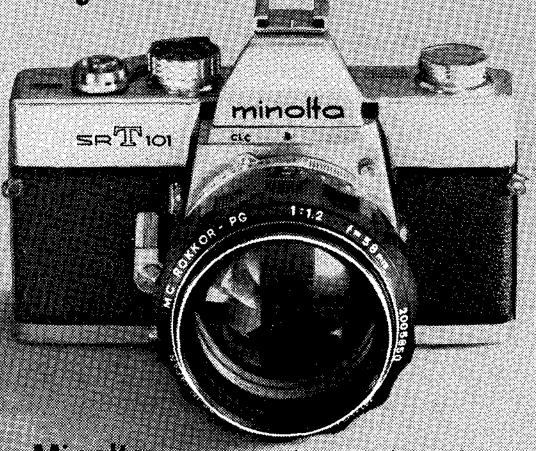

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stood in the sawdust and bowed, looking very small beside the ringmaster on his capering horse, and suddenly he pulled off his curls and stood there like Galahad or Ivanhoe or Curdie, his short black hair shining in the spotlight.

I had already said farewell to him in my heart, but I was grateful for this one last salute, which I knew came straight from him to me. While he and his circus were in Whittier, I had weighed as many aspects of my joining them as my small experience could call up, and I knew that it would not be the right time for me to leave. Mother was not feeling well, and might be deciding to have a baby. Father was not only running the *News* but taking lessons in how to graft and bud citrus trees. Grandmother had shingles. I would miss Aunt Gwen and Miss Newby. . . .

The next morning I skipped school again, for the last time in many years, and walked my devious route to the circus grounds, to see if all the magic had vanished in the night, as it had come. The big lot was empty, smoother than ever before, with no holes to show where the tent pegs had once dug in, no sawdust to blow here and there. Never again would I hear a calliope to call me to the matinée and the night show. I felt much older for a while than I had expected to. It was my first deliberate farewell.

THERE is no doubt why the rotted marker in the St. Helena Cemetery had to be set up again. When a few people asked why we were bothering to repair it and repaint its lettering, there was no logical answer. When they asked why I did not do some serious research about the travelling circus and its members, I said I didn't need to. I was sure that the man who died there in our town had been a clown.

Yes, why not? And when the circus played New Orleans, his ladylove, the bareback rider, stayed on in a fancy house. Joe grew thinner, and in the village under the volcano in the far far West, he turned his face to the wall and died. Of course.

All I really felt sure about, when I was questioned, was that he had not been a little acrobat in a golden wig, lying without his love under a redwood plank that said, and still says,

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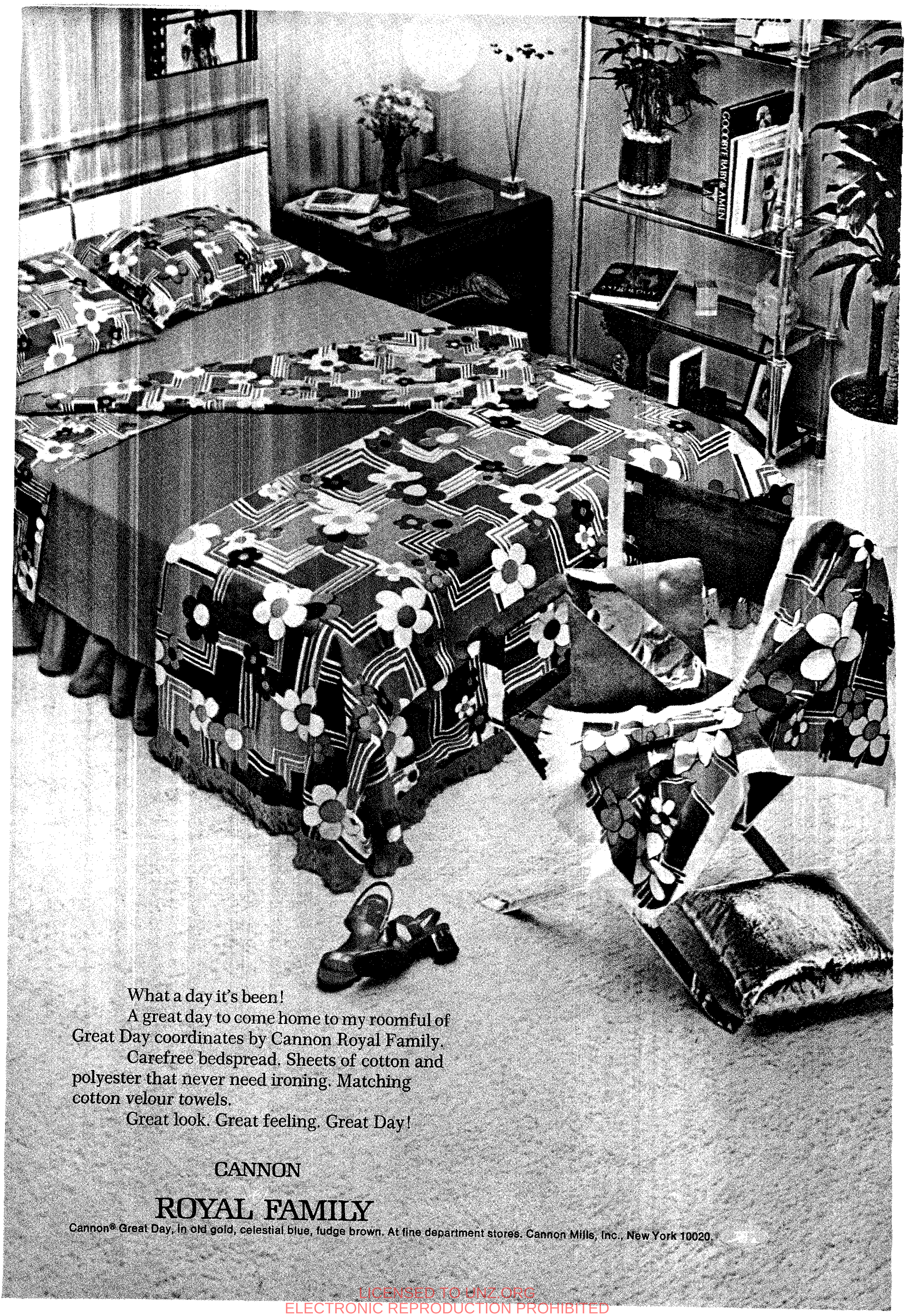What a day it's been!

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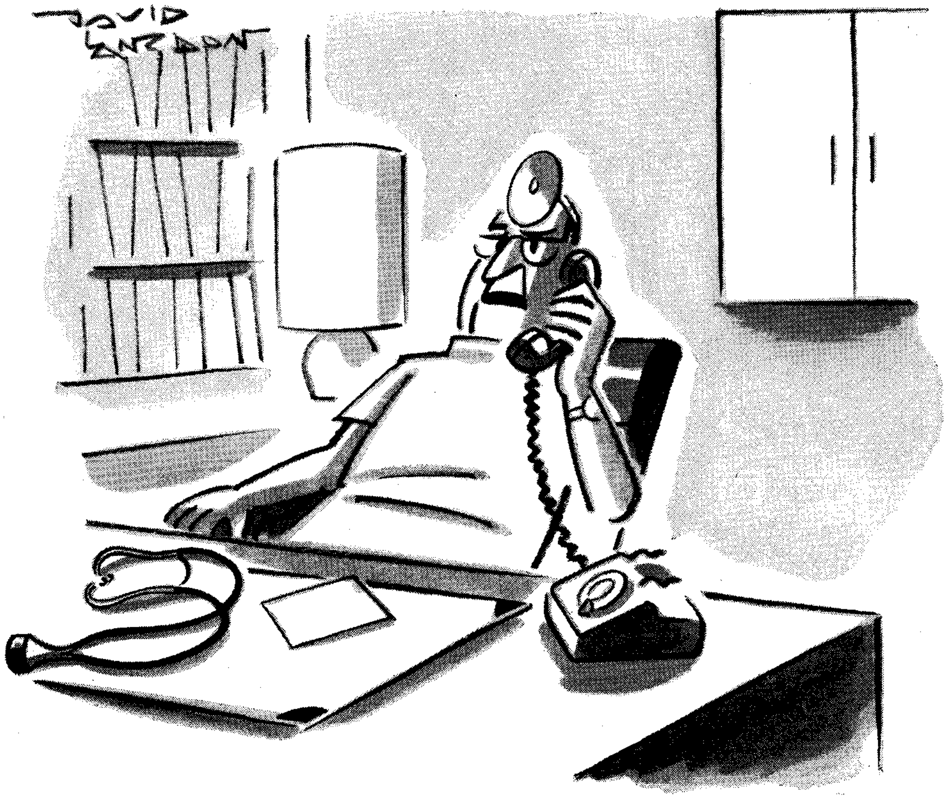
# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 8

THE Europeanization of American politics proceeds—how else?—apace. Richard Nixon is hardly the first President to describe failure as success, but he is surely the first to proclaim either success or failure as "ideological victory." Up to now, "ideology" has been considered an alien concept, entertained only in leftist and other disreputable circles. An ideology is an "ism," and, as Theodore Roosevelt told a gathering of New York Republicans more than a half century ago, we should abhor all of them but one—our own: "There is room here for only one-hundred-percent Americanism, only for those who are Americans and nothing else." Probably not even Spiro Agnew could get out such a sentence in 1970—and certainly not since last Tuesday, when millions of Americans contributed to the new kind of victory by electing to public office many men whose loyalty, and even manhood, he had impugned. Pressed further to explain the satisfaction they profess to take in the election results, the President and his spokesmen have said that although Republicans lack the votes to organize either the House or the Senate, they believe they now have a "working majority," at least in the Senate. There is more rubber than ideology in a phrase like that. To the naked eye, little has changed in Congress—little, at any rate, that can be regarded as favorable to the President. But, of course, any President can have a "working majority" any time he wants by the simple expedient of presenting programs acceptable to most legislators. In doing so, he may alienate segments of his original constituency and betray a principle here and there, but if the prize is a new constituency—one large enough to gain him reëlection—the alienation can be justified, and reëlection can be elevated to a principle above all others. There are reasons for thinking that Nixon will not take this course, but it is one that others have taken in the past and one that he is likely to be contemplating at Key Biscayne during the next week.

Outside the Administration, and in many quarters within it, the results are seen as a defeat for the President as a working politician—though not, as far as can be determined, a repudiation of him as a formulator of national and international policy. If the troubles of the economy helped the Democrats, it was probably not because voters in large numbers disapprove of the specific remedies the Administration has tried but, rather, because in many American minds Republicans are associated with recessions and depressions and Democrats with bringing them to an end. (Similarly, Democrats are associated with getting into wars and Republicans with ending or getting out of them.) In any case, the Administration made no headway except in the Senate, and even there it remains to be seen whether the net gain of two, or possibly three, Republican seats and the election of one New York Conservative actually means three or four additional votes for any measure the President proposes. But while it is preposterous to claim that the electorate expressed its confidence in the Administration, it was not—statistically, at least—much of a victory for the Democrats.

The Republicans have every right to find some gratification in the fact that the opposition gains in the House were smaller than is usual in off-year elections and that Republican losses in the statehouses and legislatures were not, in most known cases, a rebuke to the national party. The really interesting question is whether the politicking by the President and the Vice-President contributed either to the small gains in the Senate or the small losses in the House. There are only two cases in which the role of the White House seems to have been decisive, and these are aberrant, in the sense that neither victor was a Republican, and in the further sense that very little active "campaigning" was involved. It seems a matter beyond dispute that neither Senator-elect James Buckley, of New York, nor Senator Harry Byrd, Jr., of Virginia, who was returned with no party endorsement, could have been elected if the White House had not emphatically told Republican leaders that the New York Conservative and the Virginia Independent were more to its liking than the candidates who ran on the Republican line. Once these messages had been received, no campaigning was necessary. Nixon and Agnew were clearly able to put candidates of their own party out of the running, but there is no case in which it can be plausibly shown that their intervention was helpful to Republicans they did support. This, to be sure, can almost always be said about Presidents and Vice-Presidents who take part in congressional campaigning, and if it can never be proved that their efforts were availing, it can always be contended that without them things might have been worse. But there was one aspect of the Nixon-Agnew drive that set it apart from others—its magnitude. No one has taken issue with their claim that the offensive they launched this fall was the largest and costliest in American history—to say nothing of its being perhaps the greatest in terms of breeding



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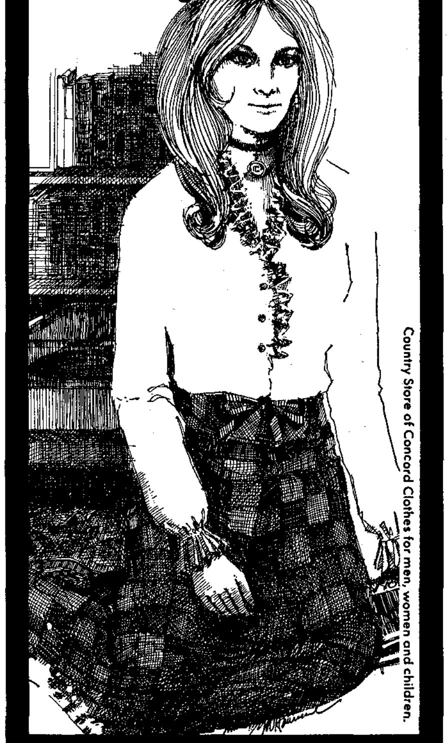

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resentment. It certainly outdid any similar event in memory; in fact, there has *been* no similar event in memory, for there has been no recent case of both a President's and a Vice-President's barnstorming the country as these two did this year. One would suppose that their experience would be all that was needed to caution future Presidents and Vice-Presidents against such enterprises, which, whether or not they may save a few candidates here and there, produce clear victories only in freakish circumstances and generate at least as much hostility as sympathy.

If the President in his next two years in office adheres to the policies and the politics of his first two years, then any slight increment in conservative strength in the Senate may be offset by the renewed confidence of those who survived the assaults on them in 1970. The Democrats who were most bitterly under attack by the Administration were liberals who had first been elected in 1958, in the dog days of the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration—among them Hart, of Michigan; Williams, of New Jersey; and Hartke, of Indiana. They easily won reëlection in 1964, one of the few years in which Presidential coattails were capacious and buoyant. Before long, most of them turned against Lyndon Johnson, and he against them, and for the last two years they have been oppositionists uncertain—because of the peculiar circumstances in which they were elected and reëlected—of their capacity for political survival. They have all survived. (The two Democratic liberals unseated this year were of their general persuasion but not of their number—Albert Gore, of Tennessee, having first been elected in 1952, and Joseph Tydings, of Maryland, in 1964.) Now they are assured of holding office until 1976, or as long as Nixon can Constitutionally remain President, and they have little need to weigh the consequences of opposing the Administration; as far as they are concerned, Nixon is already a lame duck, and on a close issue like ABM deployment they can vote without fear of reprisal. House members do not enjoy such prolonged immunity, but the fact that no one seems to have been punished by his constituents merely because he opposed the President is likely to embolden them to further opposition. This is not to say that the Administration is bound to have greater difficulties with the Ninety-second Congress than it has had with the Ninety-first. On some issues, such as his family-assistance program, Nixon's hand may well have been

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strengthened. But he does not have what he and Agnew so tenaciously sought—a Senate that would confirm a G. Harrold Carswell and a House that would appropriate no more and no less than he requested for domestic welfare programs.

IT is almost universally assumed that Nixon will seek reëlection two years from now, and nothing he has said or done suggests that he has anything else in mind. There are some people, though, whose reading of recent political history leads them to believe that we are in a period in which one-term Presidents may be the rule. The strains of the office are greater than ever, as are the problems of creating and holding together a consensus. It has often been said that Presidents tend to exaggerate the rigors of the job; after more than a year in the White House, John Kennedy complained that he often felt underemployed. It is no doubt often the case that Presidents put in a shorter workday than men in lesser offices, but in times like these the emotional drain is necessarily enormous. Whatever Nixon may or may not have done to make his lot harder than it need be, he inherited a deeply divided country and a Congress that was hostile almost from the start. He and his party failed in 1968 and again in 1970 to gain control of either the Senate or the House, and there is no present reason to suppose that their prospects will be brighter in 1972 or 1974. In 1972, he will have to run on his own record rather than against that of his predecessor, and while he may then be able to claim credit for getting us out of Vietnam, the credit, thanks to the method he has chosen for withdrawal, is bound to be slighter than it would have been if he had managed a successful disengagement early in his Presidency. His political strategy on Vietnam has been to take it out of politics, and in this he has done so well that it is hard to see how he could bring it back as a crucial issue in 1972. Nixon knows all this, and he knows, too, that the last two-term President, Dwight Eisenhower, accomplished little that is memorable after his first four years. Nixon won narrowly in 1968 against a candidate who had been gravely compromised by his recent past and against a party factionalized seemingly beyond repair. The next Democratic candidate—even if he happens to be the compromised loser of 1968—can take the offensive as Nixon did two years ago, and if the Republican Party, despite its present divisions, is in somewhat better shape than the

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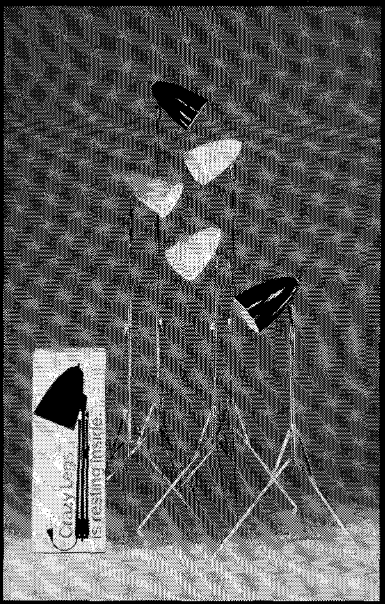

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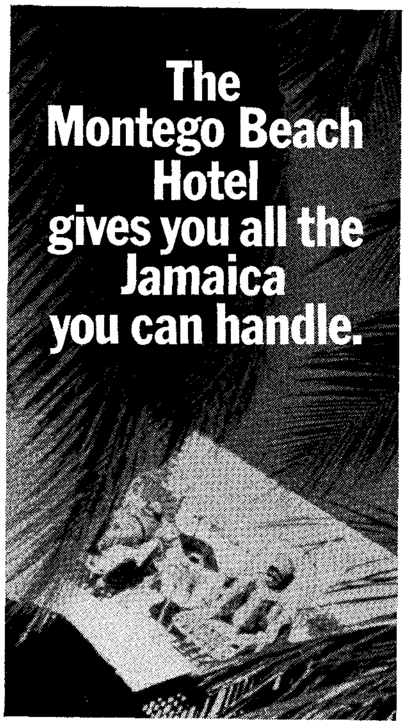

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Democrats were in 1968, the unity it found in rallying around Richard Nixon no longer exists. Meanwhile, time and adversity seem to have healed most of the Democratic wounds, and the Party has been returned to its traditional control of several of the large industrial states. When Nixon won in 1968, twenty-six states were in Republican hands; in 1971, twenty-six, and perhaps as many as twenty-nine, will be governed by Democrats. If Nixon were to plan his future on the basis of the present evidence of what it is likely to hold, he might choose voluntary over involuntary retirement.

Still, the President is by temperament a stubborn and combative man, and he has demonstrated more than once his extraordinary powers of political recuperation. If he tries, as he probably will, to demonstrate them once again, he will meet with success only if he develops some new approaches to his and the country's problems. The "Southern strategy" is now certifiably a delusion. If it was ever to prove itself, and if the "emerging Republican majority" was ever to emerge, 1970 was the year. The Republicans carried Tennessee and lost Florida (a poor exchange in itself, since Florida has three more electoral votes than Tennessee) and just about everything else in the South. This year, there were three Republican governors (in Florida, Arkansas, and Virginia), and next year there will be only one—Linwood Holton, of Virginia, whose relations with the White House, which refused to support his candidate for the Senate, were hardly better than Charles Goodell's. In the past, devotees of the Southern strategy maintained that its benefits would appear mainly in states outside the South. Its conservatism, it was said, was appreciated in the Middle West, the Southwest, and California. No gains were made in the Southwest; Texas remained Democratic; the Middle West, the mythical habitat of Middle Americans, went almost solidly Democratic. California sent a "radical-liberal" to the Senate by a larger vote than Ronald Reagan got for the governorship. Not all, and perhaps very few, of the Republican losses were directly attributable to dissatisfaction with the national Administration. Senators and representatives may devote most of their time to national and international issues, but they devote most of their campaigning to local ones. Incumbent governors, Democrats or Republicans, are the most vulnerable of officeholders nowadays, because, with very few exceptions, they lack the

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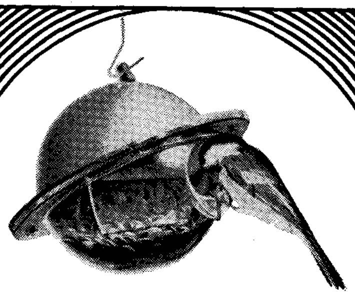
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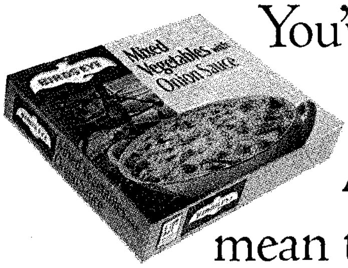
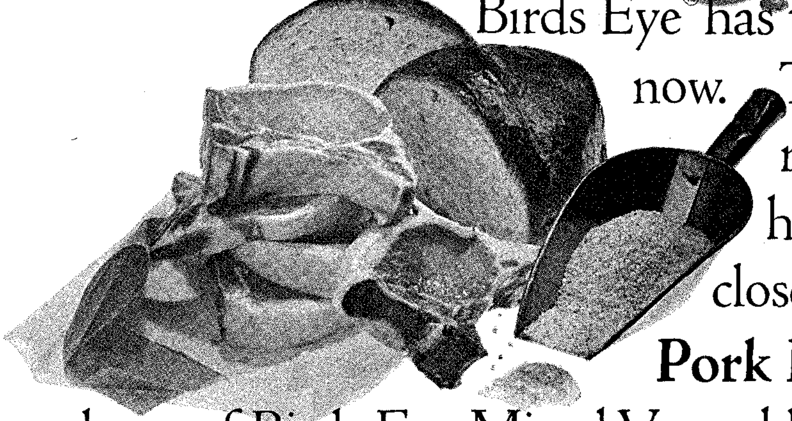
# How to cook for a man





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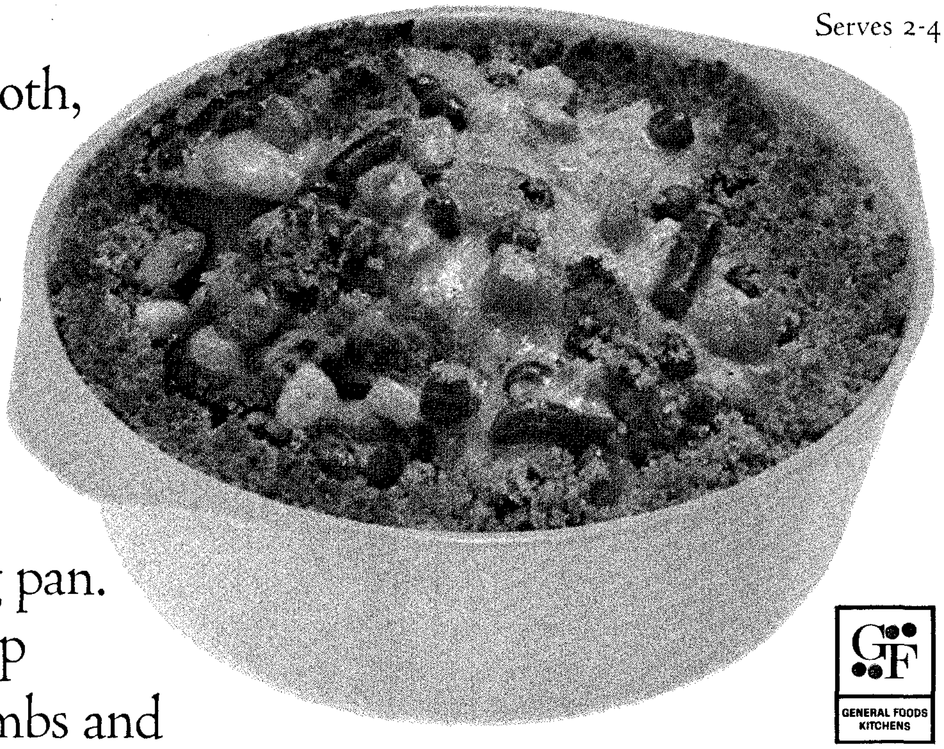

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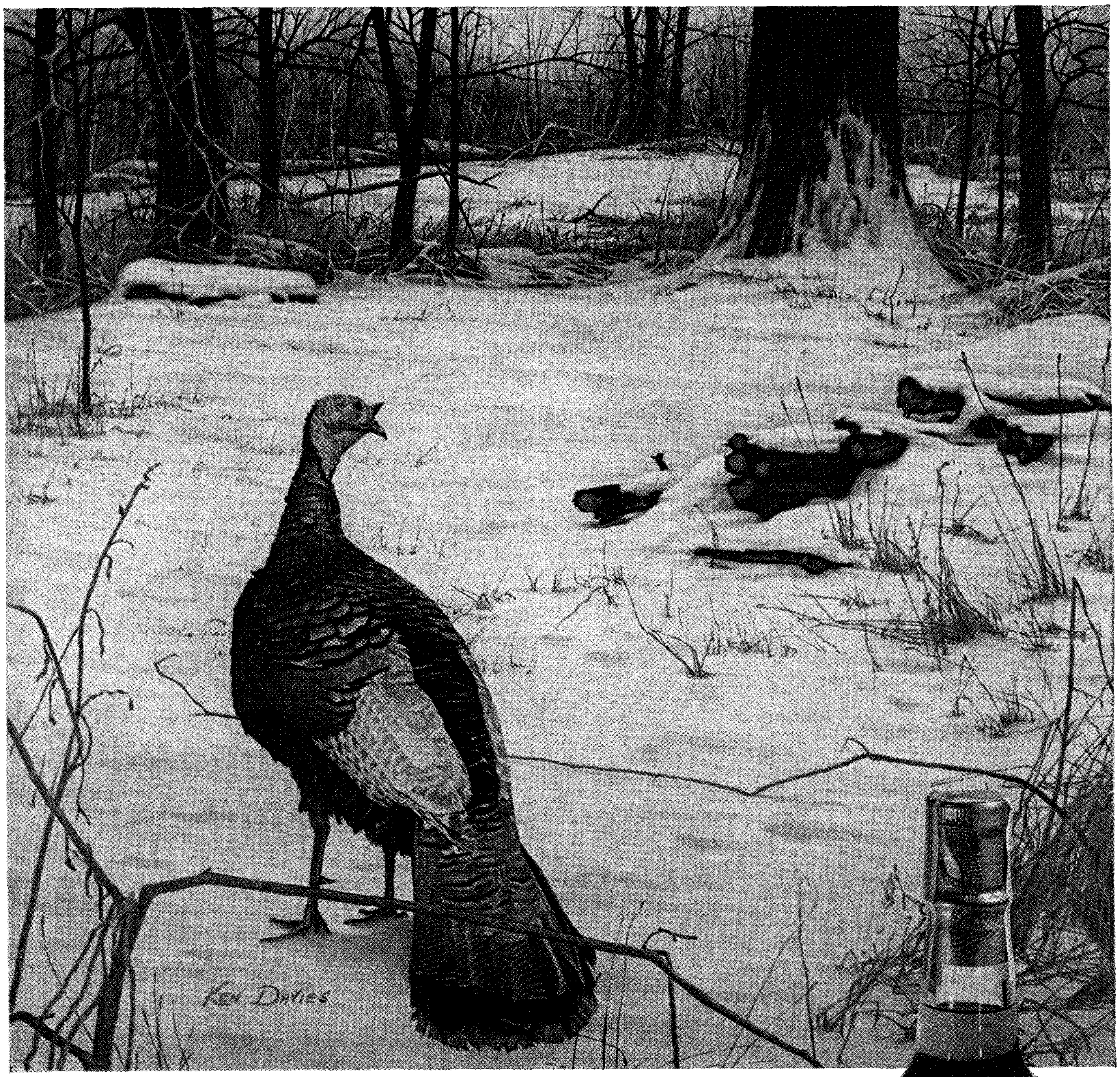

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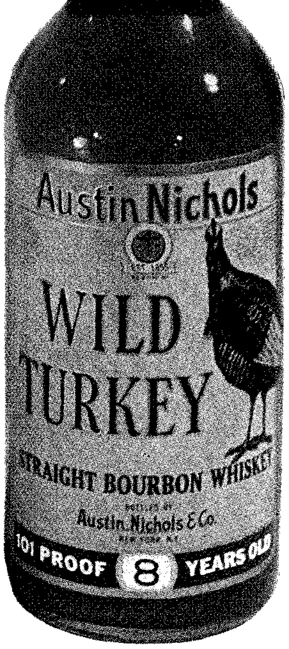
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power and the resources to fulfill whatever pledges of change or amelioration they promise. But an important aspect of the Southern strategy—a phrase that is already acquiring an archaic ring—was to keep statehouses under Republican control. Ironically, it has worked, or at least appears to have worked, only in that part of the country—the Northeast—that some conservative Republicans have in recent years been willing to write off as politically hopeless and possibly un-American. For the time being, anyway, New York and Connecticut seem more Republican than Nebraska, which chose a Democratic governor and came very close to dispensing with the services of Senator Roman Hruska, perhaps the most consistent right-winger in Congress today.

BASICALLY, there were three ingredients to the Administration campaign this year—the Southern strategy, Spiro Agnew, and the exploitation of what came to be known as the "social issue." These are rough—very rough—and overlapping categories, but in retrospect they are what the national campaign seems to have been made of. The first cannot be used again—not unless circumstances change beyond imagining—and it is doubtful whether the two others have much of a future, at least in the service of Richard Nixon. The Vice-President was unquestionably a help in raising campaign funds, and some Republicans somewhere may even owe their election to him. In general, though, Agnew was a lethal weapon that couldn't find a target, a gun that somehow didn't work. It may be claimed that he brought down Albert Gore in Tennessee and Joseph Tydings in Maryland, but the claims don't seem to bear close scrutiny. Tennessee may well rank first among the fifty states in its imperviousness to outside influence, and Gore was in trouble there long before Agnew became a household word. Agnew may have had more impact in his home state than in others, but Tydings' principal difficulty was that he seemed to his constituents to be more concerned with the problems of the District of Columbia than with those of Maryland. The main thing about Agnew now, though, is that he failed in a very large and important undertaking. He set out to persuade his countrymen that a considerable number of their elected leaders were bad characters, subject to insidious influences; the people heard him and proceeded to vote their confidence in those he had characterized as delinquent. To repeat this kind of performance would be to insult not so much

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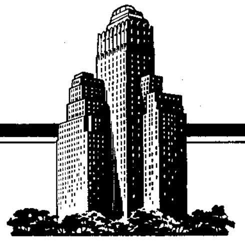
the candidates as the majorities that elected them, and in democratic politics one simply does not insult majorities—not more than once, anyway. It may be that Agnew, who, despite his failure this year, is a man of considerable force, is versatile enough to switch to another and more effective role. But for the present he seems a thoroughly spent force.

The "social issue"—a code term for crime in the streets, bombing and burning, drug abuse, abuse of the police, and so forth—will be around for several more elections, but it seems unlikely to be available for Republican exploitation in the near future. In fact, it was not exploited with much success this year. California was the state in which it should have been the best vote-getter, particularly after the stoning of the President in San Jose and his outraged denunciation of the miscreants. But Californians elected a Democratic senator and a Democratic legislature, and turned out a Superintendent of Public Instruction two miles to the right of Governor Reagan, whom they returned with a majority some four hundred thousand short of his vote in 1966. In this, to be sure, there was no sanction of rock throwing or arson; no politician in his senses would now take a "soft line" on crime or social disorder. The "social issue" can be a useful political property, but it is one that is as easily stolen as a car on an unlighted street with its doors unlocked and the key in the ignition. The Democrats began making off with it this year—first by going along with the anti-crime laws that the President asked for (largely drafted by the defeated "radical-liberal," Joseph Tydings) and some that he didn't ask for, and then by running against felons of every known kind, against all destroyers of property except licensed bulldozer operators, and against all drugs except those in favor with the general population. By 1972, the Democrats should be able to do far more than cry "Me, too!" Since few things are more easily predictable than a rise in crime and most of its associated evils, they will be able to blame the rise on the Administration that promised deliverance. The President, they will surely say, was given what he called the "tools" he needed to combat crime but has been incompetent in using them, and the situation is worse than ever. It is an open secret, of course, that the tools are mostly worthless, and that in any case the federal government has little jurisdiction over crime—particularly crime of the sort that produces fear for personal and public safety. But the Republicans did not acknowledge



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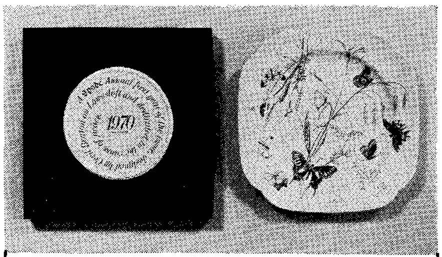

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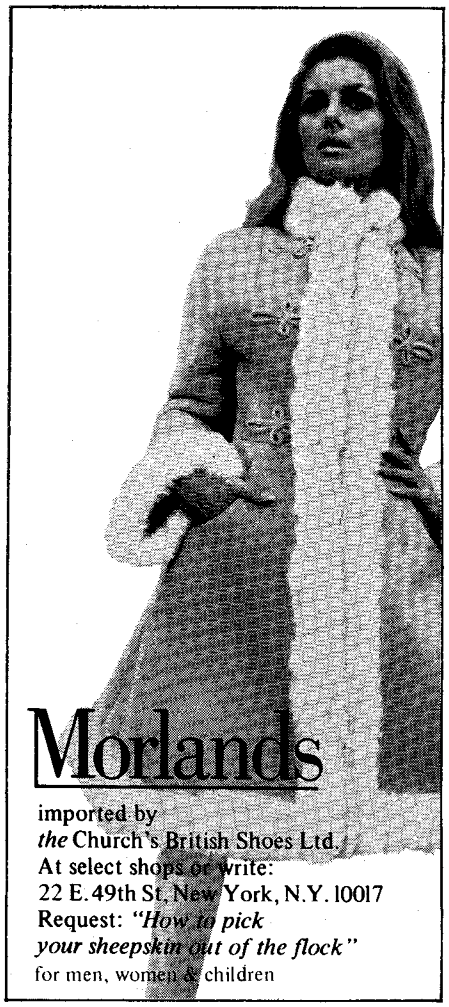

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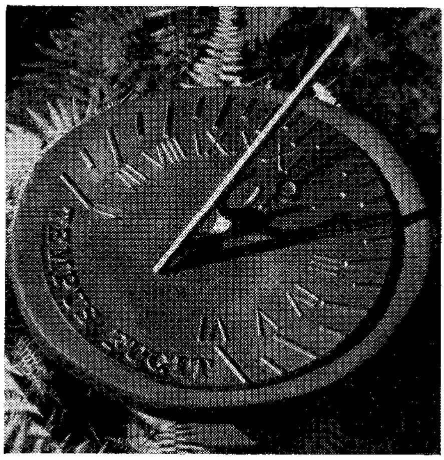

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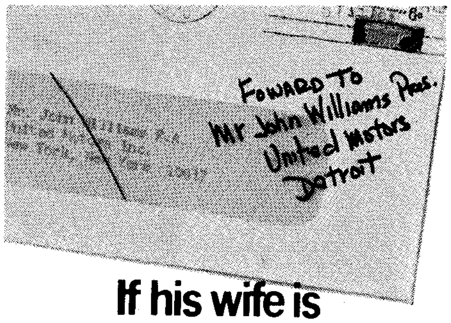
that in 1968; they hung it all around the neck of the Democratic Attorney General, and it would be foolish to expect the Democrats to refrain from doing the same thing to John Mitchell or—in the event of his retirement, which many here anticipate—whoever holds the office in 1972. Politically, the "social issue" is perhaps the biggest non-issue of our time, but it seemed to have helped win for Nixon in 1968, and it will be turned against him in 1972.

THE Congress that will begin its first session two months from now will be very little different from the Congress due to hold its last meetings this coming week. The tendency in the new House may be slightly to the left, bringing it closer to the mood of the present Senate, which will be replaced by one in which the right will be slightly stronger in number and the left somewhat bolder in opposition. It is a remarkable feature of the period that social turbulence is so rarely accompanied by political change—at least of the kind reflected in public taste and habits. The seventies have begun with a set of power relationships much like those that prevailed when the fifties and the sixties began. The death of the Republican Party was prematurely certified in 1960 and again in 1964, and the death of the Democrats in 1952 and once more in 1968. It is doubtful whether much will change in the next two years. But at the pinnacle of our politics—the Presidency—minor changes can have large consequences. The office can be won or lost by a handful of votes, and it now appears that the handful that elected Nixon in 1968 cannot be counted on in 1972. Unless he acquires some new assets and divests himself of some old liabilities, his defeat seems probable. There is already talk in Republican circles of shaking up the National Committee, of finding an ambassadorship for Spiro Agnew, of seeking openings to the left and increased support in the labor movement—in short, of yet another "new" Nixon. The trouble with all this is that the only new Nixon imaginable would be a man indistinguishable from a centrist Democrat. Thus transformed, he could win renomination, as just about any incumbent President can, but he might lose the election by considerably more than a handful of votes. For centrist Democrats are abundant in the Senate and the statehouses, and disaffected Republicans would be abundant in the rank and file. His plight is unenviable.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE



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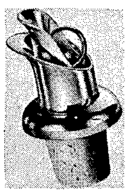

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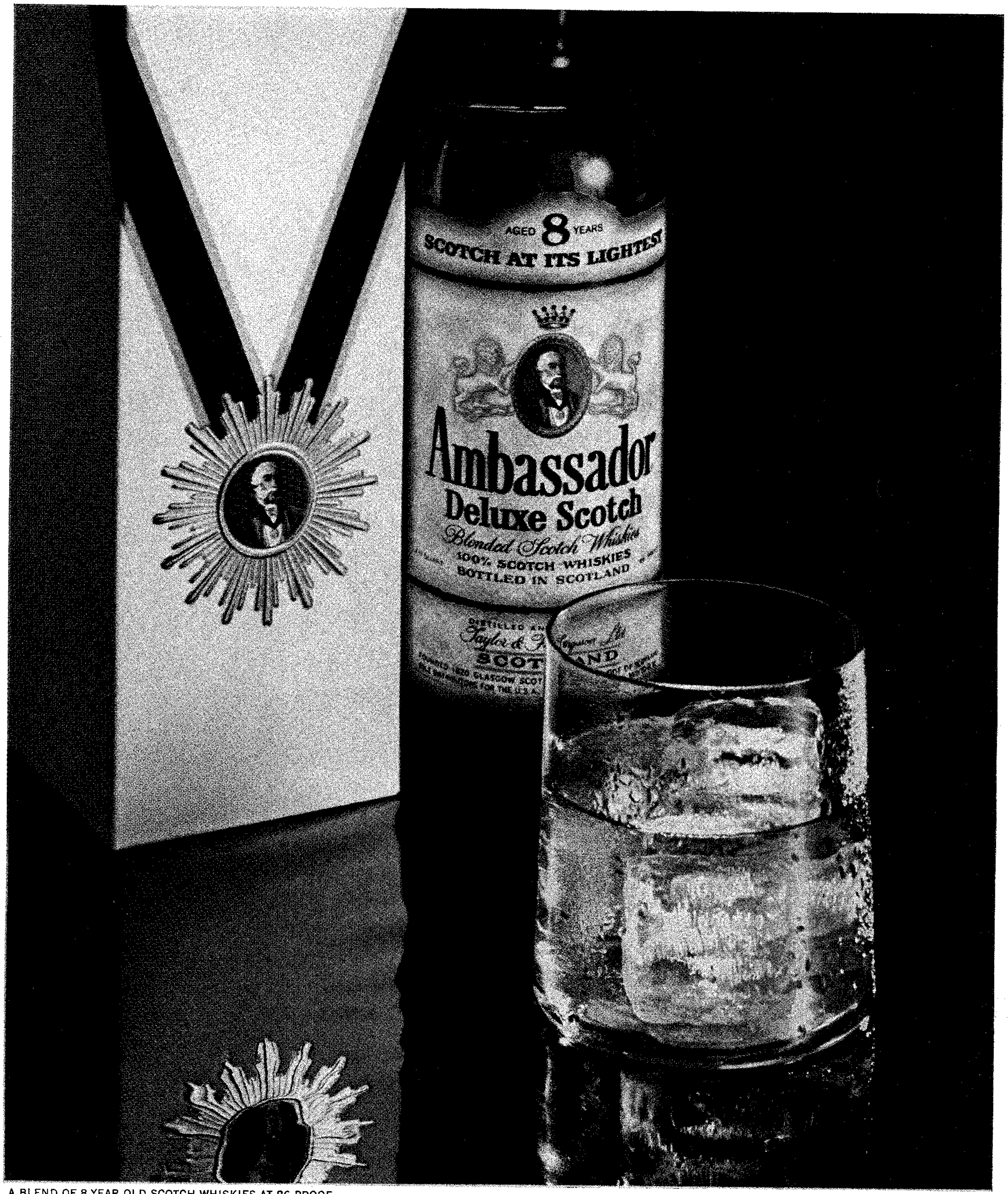
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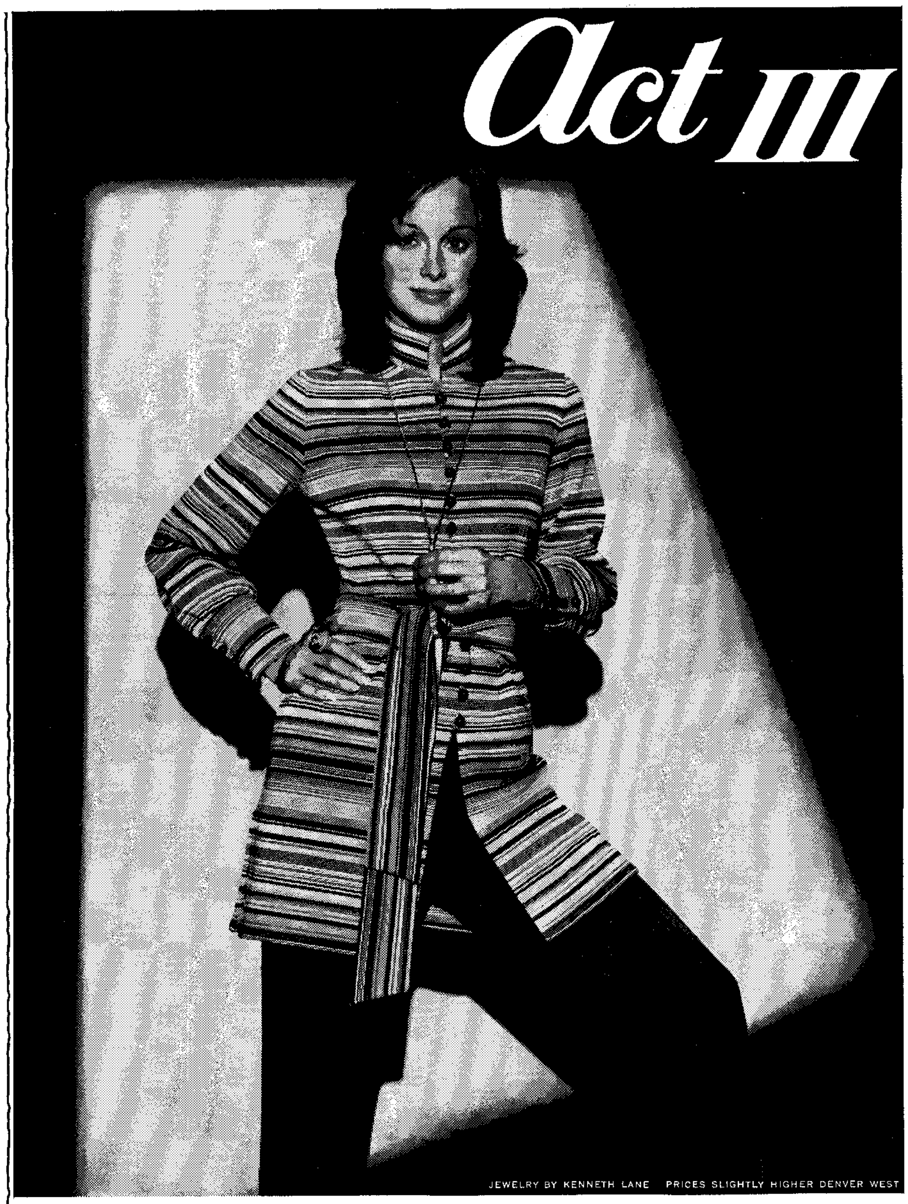
## *The Lady Needed a Fix*

IN 1587, the Emperor Rudolf II of Austria asked his court physician, a Greek named Hieronymus Makropoulos, to provide him with an elixir of life that would not only stave off death but guarantee eternal youth. Makropoulos, being an able pharmacist, concocted such an elixir. But Rudolf got cold feet and refused to drink the stuff until it had been tried out on Makropoulos' daughter, Elina, who accordingly drank it and instantly went into a coma. This not only tragic but also embarrassing outcome caused the Emperor to have Makropoulos put to death for attempted assassination. But Elina recovered, and, sure enough, found that she had gifts of youth and beauty that, if not exactly eternal, would last her for more than three hundred years. She lived on under a variety of names—Eugenia Montez, Elsa Müller, Ellian MacGregor, Ekaterina Myskina, and Emilia Marty—all of them with the same initials, always as a fascinating woman, ultimately as a fascinating opera singer. But the prescription for the elixir got lost. It was eventually found among the effects of one Jaroslav Prus during a lawsuit over a will in 1913. Meanwhile, Elina Makropoulos—or Emilia Marty, as she was then named—was feverishly looking for it, because the effects of the elixir were beginning to wear off and she needed a new infusion.

It is at this point that the curtain goes up on Leoš Janáček's opera "The Makropoulos Affair" (and presumably on the play by Karel Čapek on which it is based). Emilia Marty, a famous and captivating opera singer, insinuates herself into the lawsuit, in which Baron Prus is being sued by one Albert Gregor—the suit has been going on for a hundred years—for his share in the Prus estate, he being descended from a certain Ferdinand Makropoulos, who was the illegitimate son and proclaimed heir of Prus's great-great-grandfather by Ellian MacGregor, and you know who she is. Furthermore, Ellian MacGregor, evidently in a fit of absentmindedness, gave the prescription to the then Baron Prus, so she has rea-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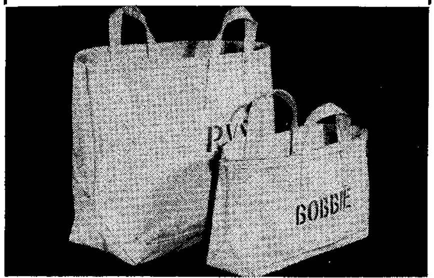

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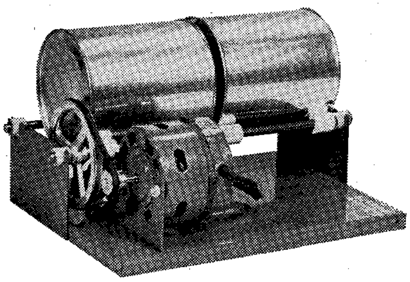

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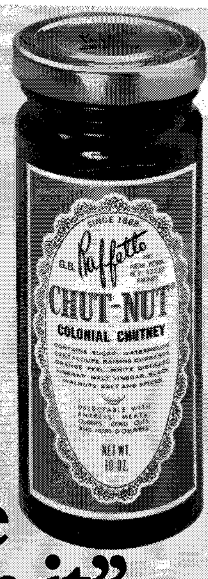
son to believe that it can be found among the papers that have been handed down in the Prus family. Before long, she is able to persuade Prus's son Janek (who is smitten, like everyone else, by her beauty) to steal the document for her. Janek's fiancée, Christa, wants to be an opera singer, and the two of them haunt the backstage of the opera house, which, by the way, is in Prague. Baron Prus succeeds in seducing Mlle. Marty. Janek shoots himself because of his own unbearable passion for her. There are similar incidents. An old gentleman who had an affair with her when she was Eugenia Montez is led off to the psychopathic ward. The lawyer in the case, along with Gregor, Christa, and some others, finds a trunk full of records of Mlle. Marty's life under her different names. By this time, Mlle. Marty is becoming fed up with the whole business, including life itself, and she gets drunk. She admits that her age is three hundred and forty-two, that she has been all those women with the initials E.M. She appears to have lost interest in the prescription, and gives it to Christa, promising her a similarly long life and a great career. But Christa burns it as Mlle. Marty dies.

If you have had the patience to read this far, you will realize that this is most unpromising material out of which to construct an opera. It turns out to have been promising, however, to Leoš Janáček, and the reasons have to do with the unique style of this great Czech composer, with whose work we are just beginning to become acquainted. Janáček was probably the most original composer since Richard Wagner. He could have set the front page of the *Times* to music and made it operatic. He was not a "modern" composer, as many people have been led to believe. He was a contemporary of Puccini and Debussy. There is not a moment of twelve-tone or other atonal writing in his work. His melodies, unlike those of most other composers, are generally short, but his harmonies are conventional and often very beautiful. His method of operatic composition might be described as "additive," a term that is often applied to the music of Stravinsky—though Janáček never used any Stravinskian cacophony. His music consists of little episodes, never more than a few measures long, which build, like bits of mosaic, into a larger structure. They never repeat themselves and they contain all the essential melodic elements of the opera, while the singers merely go along with them in a declamatory manner whose rhythms



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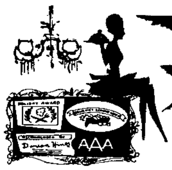

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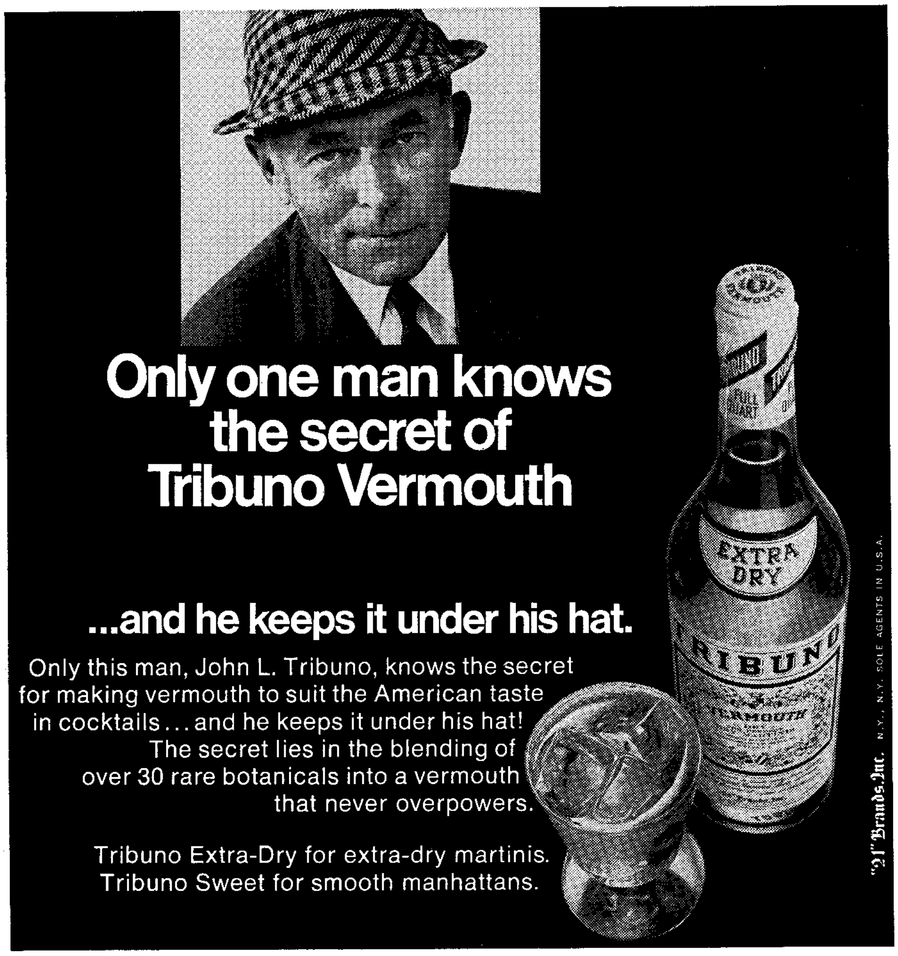
and pitches are said to correspond to the inflections of the Czech language.

Getting these inflections into English, which is the language employed for the New York City Opera's production of the work at the State Theatre on Tuesday night of last week, is a formidable problem, and it was solved about as well as it can be, I suspect, by Norman Tucker, whose text was used. (We had a concert production of "The Makropoulos Affair"—or "Case," as it was then called—in the original Czech by the Little Orchestra Society three years ago. But in Janáček the words are so important that most of us missed a great deal at that time.) The problem is basically insoluble, and the English version, though it sounds awkward from time to time, at least gives the audience a clear notion of what is going on.

The production the other night was ingenious. Film and slide projections aimed at irregularly shaped spots on the backdrop (the work of Gardner Compton and Emile Ardolino, who gave us the setting for the Joffrey company's stunning ballet "Astarte") served to underline and explain points of action that might otherwise have been missed. Frank Corsaro arranged all this, and he handled the stage business very well, I thought, except for one small detail. He added a character—a chauffeur representing Death, who glared through his goggles for most of the performance, and then, disguised as a friar, carried Mlle. Marty offstage at the end. I did not object to this addition. In fact, I thought it highly effective. But I did object to this chauffeur's being given the lines written for a Stage Carpenter at the beginning of Act II—a character whose bumbling, loutish nature is at complete odds with that of the symbolic figure Mr. Corsaro created. The music was in the hands of Gabor Őtvős, a conductor who had obviously rehearsed it well and who managed to make it flow properly. Maralin Niska was a superb actress in the role of Mlle. Marty. She also sang well, but this is not primarily a singer's opera. The others in the cast—all with exemplary diction—were Chester Ludgin as Jaroslav Prus, Harry Theyard as Albert Gregor, Gary Glaze as Prus's son, Nico Castel as the elderly gent who had known Mlle. Marty before, Barbara Blanchard as Christa, Edward Pierson as Gregor's lawyer, John Lankston as the lawyer's clerk, Judith Anthony as Mlle. Marty's maid, and David Rae Smith as Death the Chauffeur.

And what was the general impression created by "The Makropoulos Af-



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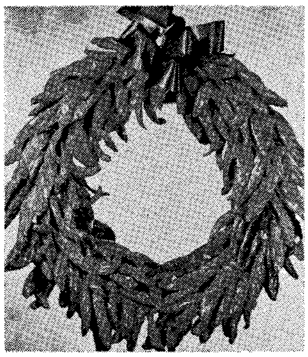

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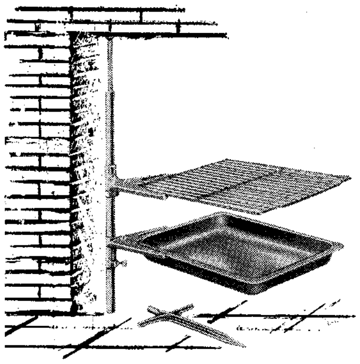

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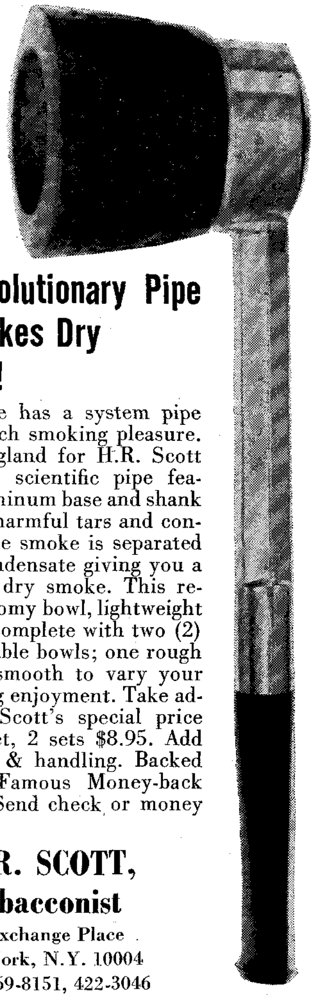

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fair," which I, for one, was seeing in fully staged form for the first time? Well, to begin with, it is a very peculiar opera, in which drama, at the outset, seems to be taking the play away from the music. Later, one realizes that the music is an important part of the action, and extremely moving in its own terms. The opera is not only peculiar, it is subtle. People whose idea of opera is a rousing performance of "Il Trovatore" may not like it. It has no whistleable tunes, no set arias. Like "Pelléas et Mélisande," it is all recitative. But Janáček's strong harmonic writing makes the musical texture more forceful than that of "Pelléas." I suspect that a minority of the operatic audience will always treasure it. I advise you to go to hear it, if for no other reasons than that you will probably have few chances to hear it again and that it is an exciting theatrical experience.

LAST Thursday night, a new conductor, Aldo Ceccato, appeared with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall, along with the Hungarian pianist Tamás Vásáry, who played the solo part in Bartók's Third Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. I found Mr. Ceccato's smiling boyish charm a little excessive, but he is obviously a capable if not particularly breathtaking maestro. He did Shostakovich's First (and, to me, best) Symphony crisply and neatly. He also presented his audience with Luigi Dallapiccola's Variations for Orchestra—a minor work by a skillful twelve-tonist—and he showed himself to be an outstanding accompanist in the Bartók concerto. Mr. Vásáry, a thin, nervous pianist with a lot of temperament, made a brilliant impression.

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Cargo said Sisk had the unanimous endorsement of the party leadership and that he had been recommended for the position by the State Bard of New Mexico.—*Albuquerque (N.M.) Journal.*

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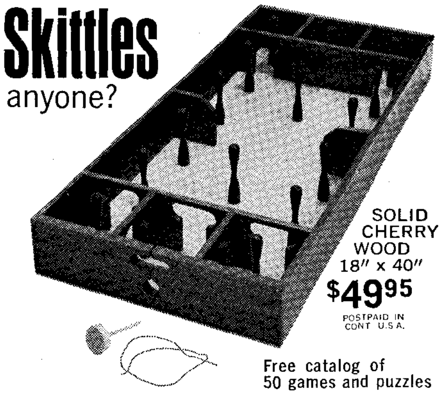

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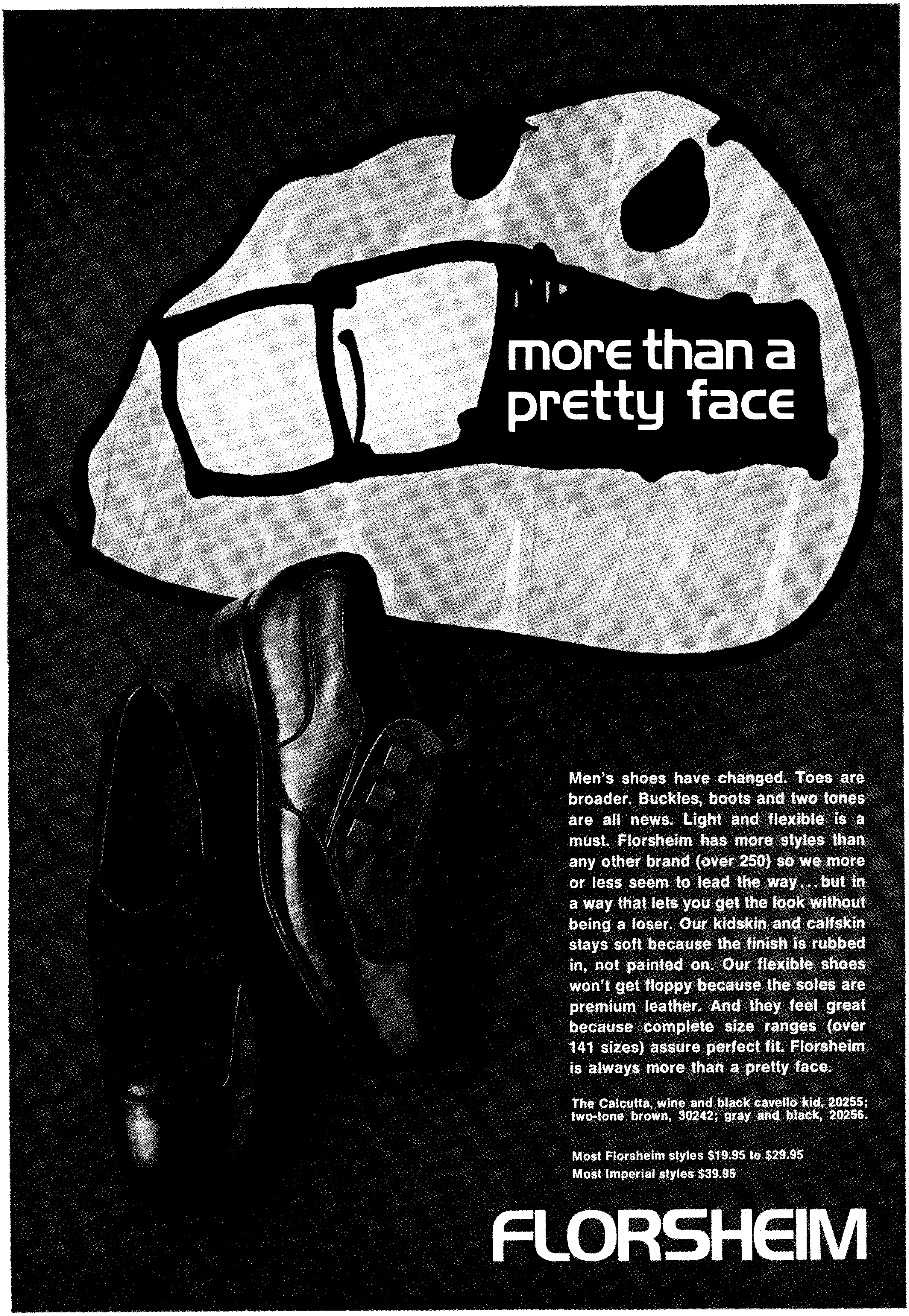
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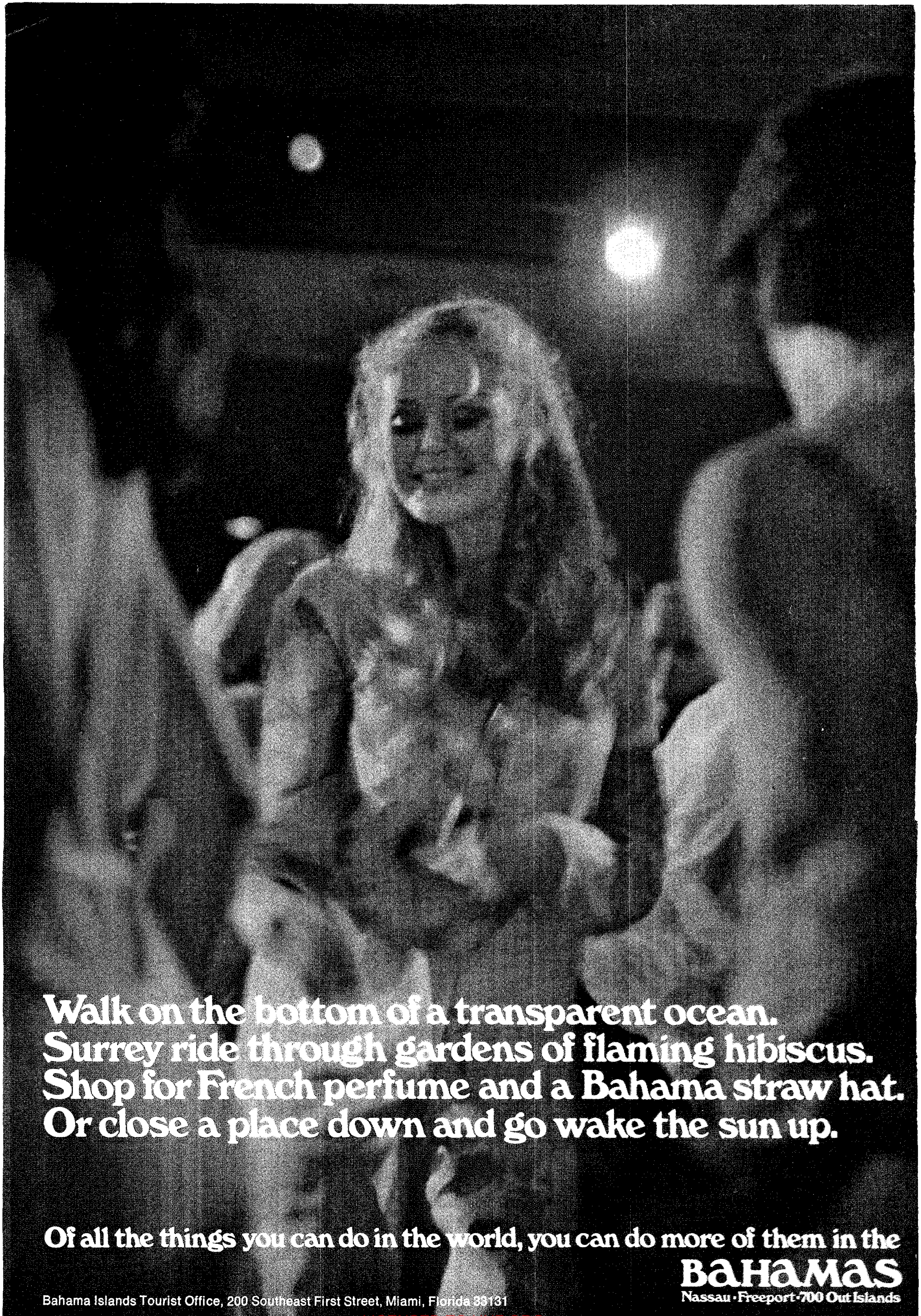Walk on the bottom of a transparent ocean.
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# BOOKS

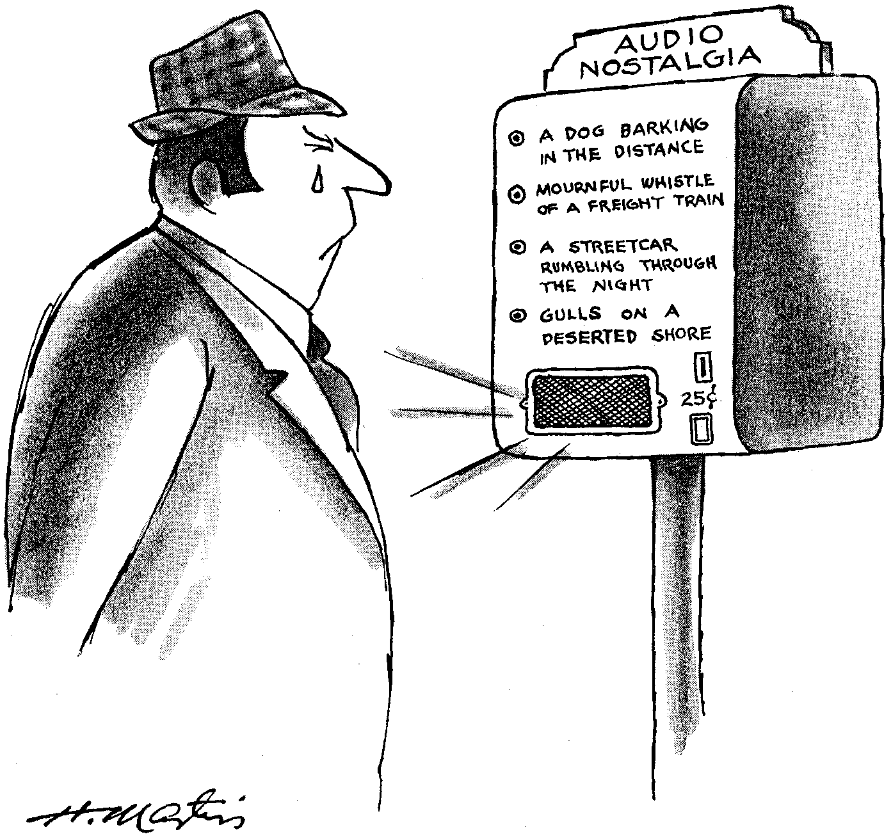
## *The Aftermath of Anger*

"ANGRY YOUNG MEN," like many other labels, is pithy, memorable, and misleading. Affixed, presumably by some popular Fleet Street reviewer, to the group of writers that loosely included John Osborne, Kingsley Amis, John Braine, and John Wain, it took the terminal word of Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" as the eponym for the group's whole method and message. While this Procrustean designation may have fitted the authentically savage Osborne well enough, it made strange bedfellows of Amis, who was reducing his targets to absurdity by healthy and farcical mimicry, and Wain, whose first protagonist, Charles Lumley, indicated his disapproval of society by dropping quietly out of it. Nevertheless, "Angry Young Men" continues to pursue and designate these writers seventeen years after their début.

Where are they now, on the evidence of their latest novels? In "The Green Man" (Harcourt, Brace & World), Kingsley Amis takes on a target at once larger and smaller than the Establishment: the heart of a man. Turning away from his large-scale send-up of rich men and communicators in "I Want It Now," his less than successful last novel, he invests his efforts much more profitably in a small-area study of a middle-aged innkeeper driven by his selfish anxieties and appetites round the bend not to madness but to sanity, if sanity is an acceptance of the limitations of life and death. This sounds like a drab and forbidding story of interior conflict. It is not that at all. Stunningly, it is a ghost story, and a model of its kind. It is also a hilarious commentary on fallibility—its hero's and everyone else's—and on the makeshift arrangements that somehow hold the world together, or have done it so far. The proprietor and protagonist of "The Green Man," Maurice Allington, is discovered in his early fifties as host of a fairly pretentious Hertfordshire coaching inn, son of a declining live-in father, father of a sullen, rebellious teen-age daughter, husband of a handsome and neglected second wife (his first died in a street accident), pursuer of the local doctor's spirited and affected lady, and consumer of great quantities of Scotch. Dissipated and hypochondriacal, he is convinced that his tribulations emanate from an efficiently organized antihotelier HQ (close kin to the celebrated Bastards' HQ of earlier Amis), and his mildly paranoid misanthropy permits him (and his author) to dismiss with stinging sarcasm most of the human and institutional agencies he comes in contact with. For all his spleen, though, Allington is essentially a sympathetic character, perhaps because we cannot help identifying with his systematic victimization by circumstances, by the humiliating texture of his daily routine, and by—above all—himself. Into this uneasy life, slowly slipping backward into failure and despair but bolstered all the while by his comic rage against adversity, come manifestations of the supernatural: a red-haired woman in antique costume whom he sees on the stairs of the inn; a figure apparently seen by his father, which brings on a stroke and the old man's death; the appearance of Dr. Thomas Underhill, a seventeenth-century divine who by tradition haunts the Green Man, to Allington in the inn's dining room. Allington, driven to the point of doubting his sanity (his family and friends consider his reports of the revenants to represent alcoholic hallucinations), must simultaneously juggle his untidily tangled life and pursue his automatic, reflexive courtship of Diana Maybury, the local doctor's wife, whose mannerisms almost bring the farcical seduction to grief:

> "Let's make love to one another, my darling," said Diana.
>
> The new problem was to prevent her from making too many remarks in this style until the stage of no remarks was reached. I got out of the truck, went round and helped her down.
>
> "In a summer season," she said, actually looking up at the sky, "when soft was the sun . . ."
>
> "Well, we can't say we haven't been lucky with the weather," I babbled, pulling her along beside me.

Resorting to detective work to substantiate his visions, Allington discovers, in a library at Cambridge, a journal by Dr. Underhill that gives a chilling recitation (rendered in a very good facsimile of seventeenth-century prose) of Underhill's cruel seduction of two young girls and of his purposes while he was on earth: first, by skillful application of the black arts, to accomplish the destruction of his enemy; second, to discover, through the occult, a key to immortality. In a series of further confrontations with the ghost of Dr. Underhill at the Green Man, Allington realizes, in terror, that in recognition of his potential for evil he has been chosen by Underhill to carry on his work. All this seems incredible and whimsical, but Amis's ingenuity in juxtaposing the past and the present (a legacy of his lifelong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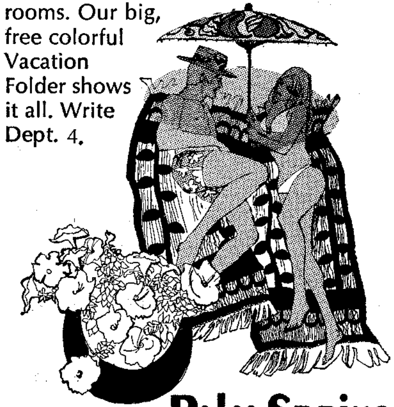

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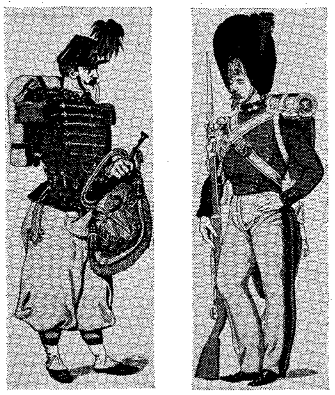

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interest in science fiction), the sheer evocative force of his descriptions of supernatural phenomena, and his wisdom in founding his story on the abysmal reality of human evil and thus converting a ghost story into a moral parable make "The Green Man" frighteningly convincing.

The author deserves the right to tell you the rest of the story in his own way, and I will not attempt to describe the nature of the agency by which Underhill destroyed his victims, or the countervailing power that the Deity, materialized as a bland and modern young man, offers Allington as a means to exorcise the evil into which he has been so deeply drawn. The climax more than fulfills the objectives of "The Green Man," as both parable and novel of suspense. As a ghost story, it is a remarkable book; in its humor and humanity, it transcends the genre.

KINGSLEY AMIS, at the top of his form, uses hard, defense-destroying caricature and armor-piercing comic confrontation to get at the vulnerable, fallible, and possibly ultimately lovable person underneath; John Wain pursues an altogether softer method. Though he is capable of comedy, the element of farce has been diminishing in his recent work, and his new "A Winter in the Hills" (Viking) is virtually a straight, traditional, old-fashioned novel of character and event. It begins with the difficult and interesting premise that an unworldly academic who is drawn unwittingly into the lives and concerns of plain, working-class people can be broadened, humanized, ennobled by the experience. Roger Furnivall, a philologist released from responsibility by the death of his invalid brother, comes to North Wales to learn the language, in the hope of an appointment to the University of Uppsala, where, he dreams, he will be surrounded by complaisant Nordic blondes. Thwarted and deserted on a rainy Welsh hilltop by a motor-scooter-riding young American girl he has planned to seduce, he steals an empty bus and coasts down the hillside into the town where he is staying. The bus, which carries at best only a few passengers, is the final hope for a hunchbacked middle-aged Welshman who is the last holdout against a ruthless local transport magnate. In remorse, Furnivall offers Gareth, the hunchback, his free services as conductor of the bus, and he is immediately involved as a partisan in a struggle he only dimly understands. As his knowledge of Welsh increases and he begins to achieve a

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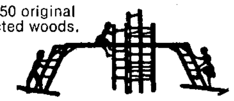

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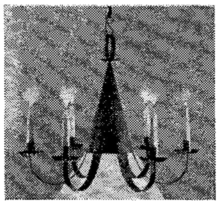

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guarded acceptance and to put down roots in the district, he also begins an apparently hopeless love affair with the unhappy wife of an academic politician who is well on his way to the corridors of power.

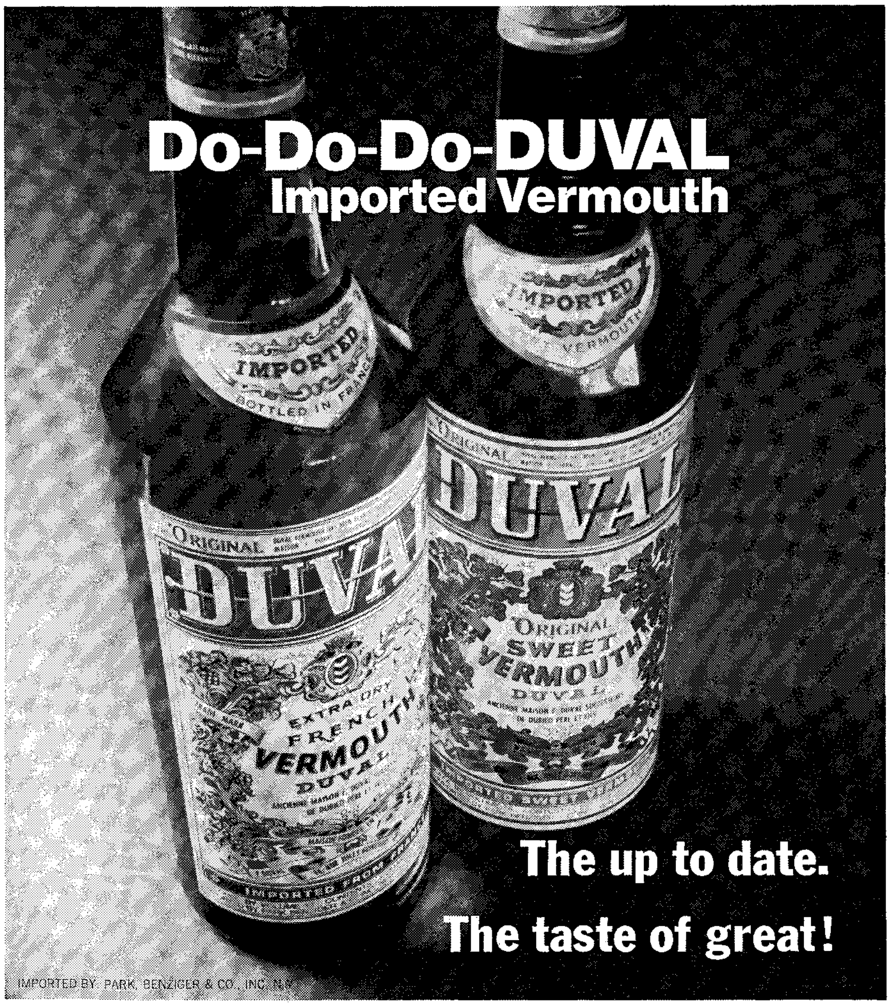
Wain convincingly presents the character of a patient, subsistent, proud, and eccentric people and their symbiosis with their hard and humbling landscape; his own obvious love of place and people makes the book affirmative and inspiriting, but not enough to offset serious flaws. For one thing, the characterizations, with the honorable exceptions of Furnivall, Gareth, and one or two others, do not rise much above unintentional caricature: the heroes are heroic, the villains are villainous, and both are two-dimensional. Gareth's blind mother is impossibly kind, knowing, and stoical; the bus magnate is impossibly low and devious; Donald Fisher, an English instructor who antagonizes Furnivall, is impossibly sycophantic in his pursuit of preferment. The flatness of these characters leads inevitably to open-and-shut, black-and-white moral judgments and thence to sentimentality; in this it is abetted by the plot, which old-fashionedly creates apparently insuperable obstacles for its protagonists, dissolves them when the appropriate crescendo has been reached, and lets the glittering sunset of a happy ending shine full upon the hero and heroine (and, naturally, on all their ancillaries) on the final page.

Mr. Wain is a man of talent, but the promise of his original idea for "A Winter in the Hills" has been submerged by his sympathy for and identification with the people of North Wales. Next time, he will, I hope, cultivate a colder eye with which to view his characters. This time, he has created chiefly a good read. —L. E. SISSMAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### GENERAL

THE CONQUEST OF THE INCAS, by John Hemming (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Another retelling of the total destruction of "the last advanced civilization completely isolated from the rest of mankind" by the illiterate adventurer Francisco Pizarro and his little army of sixty-two horsemen and one hundred and six foot soldiers. It is excellent; Mr. Hemming is not quite another Prescott (he lacks the indefinable quality of genius), but his book is worthy of a place beside "The Conquest of Peru." It has almost every vir-



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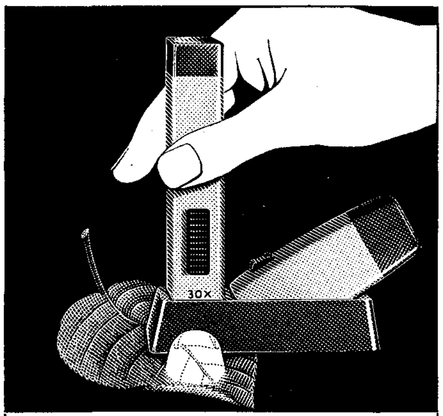

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tue. Although it is long (well over two hundred thousand words), it has a comprehensiveness to match its length, and it is sharply and tautly written. Its scope is extraordinary. It goes far beyond the years of conquest and into the establishment of the colonial state, and it ranges far beyond the usual panorama of conquest, civil war, and revolution. It examines the essentials of Inca culture and Spanish colonial culture, and Mr. Hemming is no mere book-and-manuscript historian: he has been to Peru and visited the scenes of most of the events he describes, and he even includes, as a kind of epilogue, an account of a first-hand exploration of the possible site of the vanished Inca stronghold of Vilcabamba. It is impressively fair-minded: he presents the Indians, despite their stolid racial mask, as people (his portrait of the Inca ruler Titu Cusi is alive and moving), and he is also careful to discuss the sometimes forgotten mitigating influence of the Catholic Church (and the sixteenth-century Christian conscience) on the behavior of the less loutish conquerors. Mr. Hemming's explanation of Pizarro's all but incredible triumph (the Spaniards were driven by a sleepless greed and were irresistibly armed with treachery and the horse) is conventional, but his accomplishment is that he sees and truly understands the fundamentals first stated by the early colonial writer Miguel Agia: "The Spaniard and Indian are diametrically opposed. The Indian is by nature without greed and the Spaniard is extremely greedy, the Indian phlegmatic and the Spaniard excitable, the Indian humble and the Spaniard arrogant, the Indian deliberate in all he does and the Spaniard quick in all he wants, the one liking to order and the other hating to serve." Illustrated with photographs and maps. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM: THE REMAKING OF AMERICAN EDUCATION, by Charles E. Silberman (Random House). A thoughtful study of the defects in American education (mostly public education); of some practical remedies that have been, or just now are being, tried; and of a variety of promising schemes and research projects aimed at improvement. In a few cases—the graduate schools of law and medicine are instances—the educational difficulty seems to be mainly that the actual practice of the pro-

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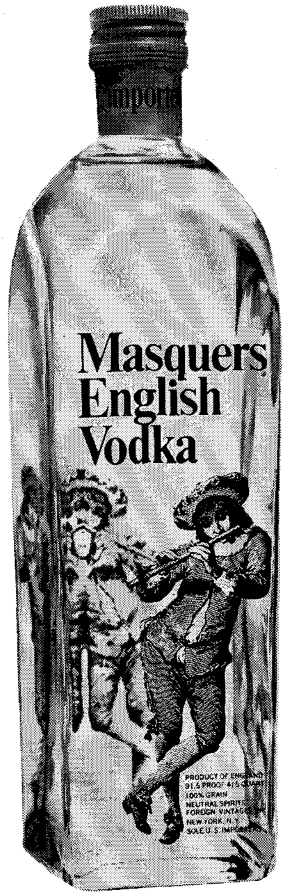
fessions has changed since the schools were organized. On the other hand, the graduate schools of education, which Mr. Silberman discusses at length, are a uniquely complicated mess, and apparently need more energetic and thoughtful effort than anybody is yet making. College, high-school, and grade-school teaching is unsatisfactory almost everywhere, though for different reasons. The exceptions—schools that are doing well by most of their students—succeed for one reason: they all share, as Mr. Silberman sees it, a combination of sensitivity to the young plus firm, affectionate adult leadership. His book is broad enough so that almost any reader can learn something or be attracted by some hopeful idea. There is, for example, a recent, and still rare, concern for the teacher's working day and for methods—including psychological counselling—of helping teachers so that they may better help children.

TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, by Stendhal, translated by Elisabeth Abbott, with an introduction by Victor Brombert (Orion). This is not a finished book but sketches and notes for a book that Stendhal never polished or published. They record a tour he made in the spring of 1838, which can most easily be described as coming and going and doubling back between two big cities, Bordeaux and Marseille. He travelled slowly but wrote and responded, as he always did, speedily and intensely. Like any tourist, he cared about comfort or its absence—"Arles is a hole which the traveller visits only for its admirable antiquities"—and was irritated at what he could not see: Bordeaux had torn down Montaigne's house. But, of course, Stendhal was not just any traveller; he cannot help being entertaining, whether he is listing the forgeries in the Montpellier art museum, describing a terrible play that nonetheless moves him to tears, or finding out how everybody makes money (which he does not take seriously) and how everybody makes love (which he takes very seriously indeed). Attractive illustrations. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE SACRED MUSHROOM AND THE CROSS, by John M. Allegro (Doubleday). It has long been known that hallucinogenic mushrooms have played a part in many primitive religions; R. Gordon Wasson's recent "Soma the Divine Mushroom," for instance, presented a well-documented hypothesis that the *Amanita mus-*



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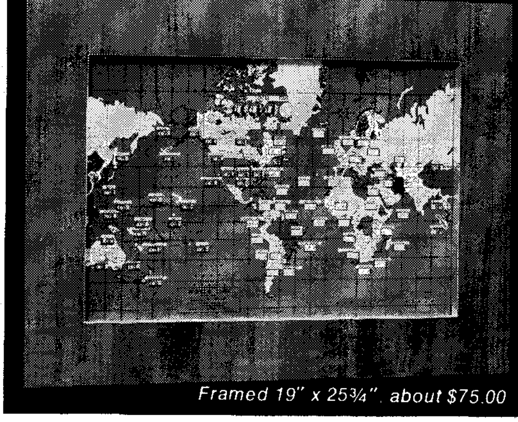

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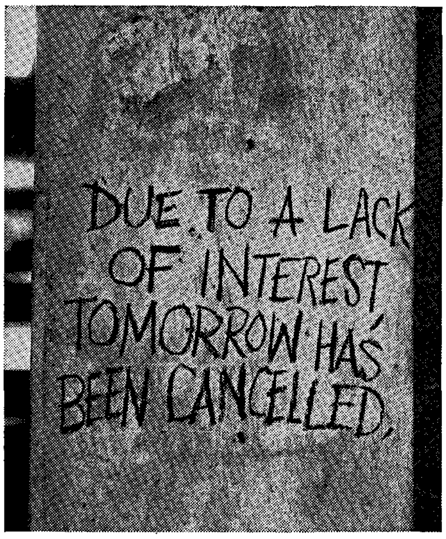

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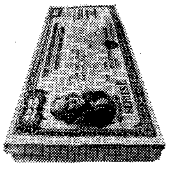

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*caria*, or fly agaric, was at the root of the religion of the ancient Aryans of India. Now Professor Allegro, who is a formidable linguist and one of the translators of the Dead Sea scrolls, has put forth an idea that he presents less as hypothesis than as established fact: that the New Testament, together with a good part of the Old, is merely an elaborate code—or perhaps metaphor—for a widespread erotic mushroom cult that he claims existed in the Near East from the time of the Sumerians. According to his rather sensational thesis, most of the names in these writings refer indirectly to the *Amanita muscaria*, and the implication is that Jesus Christ as well as many other figures mentioned in the Bible were actually mushrooms, rather than people. The thesis is audacious, to say the least, and it has caused a furor among respectable scholars, many of whom have condemned it outright. Even the casual reader will have his suspicions aroused by Professor Allegro's wholesale identification of cognates between Sumerian and Greek, Hebrew and Arabic. (One of his tangential propositions is that Sumerian is the parent language of both the Indo-European and the Semitic language groups.) Only those who know these languages are competent to judge how sound his thesis is, and they are few. Meanwhile, however, his idea—even regarded as a theory that may someday be proved false—has many interesting ramifications.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, by Joseph Frazier Wall (Oxford). This definitive biography of an amazing man is remarkably well conceived and well written—brisk (and sometimes wry), vivid, and evocative in narrative and description. All Carnegie's Scottish forebears were radicals—Chartists in politics and Seceders in religion—and many had suffered for battling the Establishment of their day. During most of his life, Carnegie thought that he, too, was a radical. Mr. Wall makes plain that he was something else—an accidental revolutionary. By creating the largest business corporation in the world, he changed the scale of enterprise; by consciously searching for technological innovations, he set the precedent that still leads to change. As a result of these deeds, Carnegie ended up being someone he did not mean to be—a lord and master like the lords and masters his family had detested. Carnegie did not perceive this

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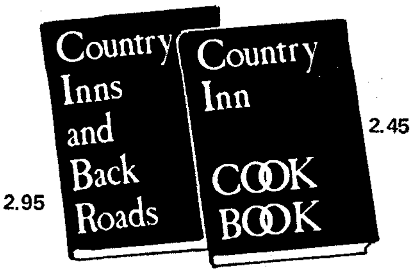

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irony; Mr. Wall perceives it for us. His view of his subject is just and sympathetic but far from uncritical. He also appreciates other personalities in Carnegie's life—winners and losers in that era of economic expansion, as he brilliantly chronicles the era itself. Fifteen dollars.

THE STRANGE LAST VOYAGE OF DONALD CROWHURST, by Nicholas Tomalin and Ron Hall (Stein & Day). Donald Crowhurst dreamed of world fame and he got it, somewhat the way that Dr. Faust got his. The outline facts of the story are pretty well known: how he set out from England in 1968 to sail solo and non-stop around the world (for a big prize); how his radio messages told of a record-smashing voyage; and how, after his boat was found adrift in mid-ocean with nobody aboard, it turned out that for eight months he had been sailing in circles and had never left the Atlantic. The authors, basing their findings on the extensive internal evidence in the logs, tape recordings, and films that Crowhurst left on board when he apparently threw himself into the sea, have endeavored here to tell us the whole story of Donald Crowhurst, and, against considerable odds, they have written a masterpiece. Although Crowhurst does not sound particularly attractive, he was a man of parts, he had good friends and a wife who believed in him, and he did have courage—even, in the end, a kind of moral courage. This is one story of lonely voyaging that does not suffer from monotony, the abiding sin of the genre. Illustrations.

MUDIE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY AND THE VICTORIAN NOVEL, by Guinevere L. Griest (Indiana). A hundred years ago, Charles Mudie was as much the arbiter of reading in London (Charles Reade called him the Emperor of England) as Beau Nash was the arbiter of society in Bath a hundred and fifty years earlier. In his heyday, as the director of Mudie's Select Library, he was responsible for the popularity of the three-decker novel, and he had a say in its price, its date of issue, and the size of its edition. His choice of books was meant to uplift his subscribers' morals. Publishers listened to him because of his guaranteed market. Authors listened to him for the same reason, or wanted to. In 1859, George Eliot asked her publisher, "Can you imagine why Mudie has almost always left the C[lerical] S[cenes] out of his ad-

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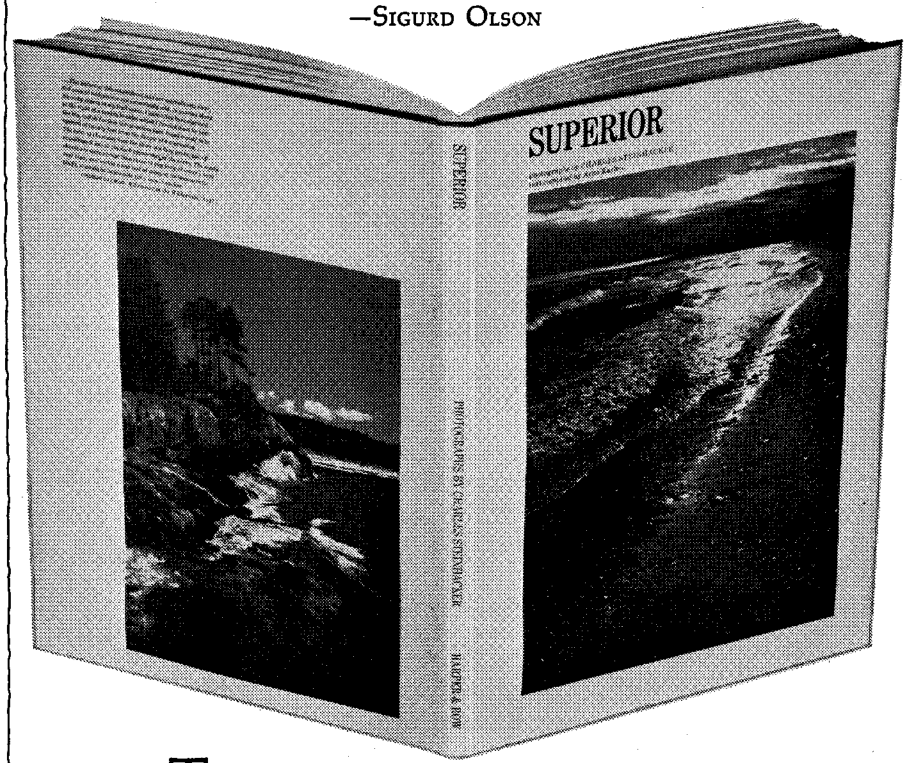

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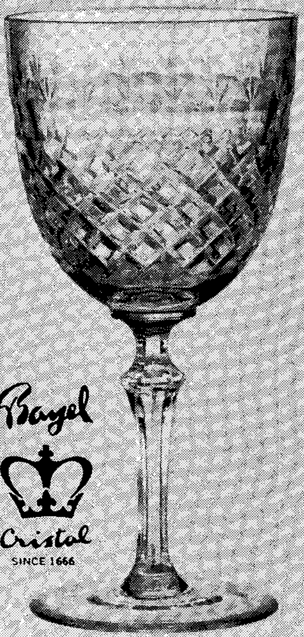

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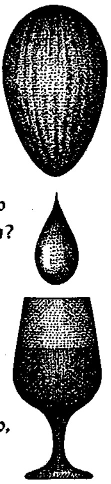

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vertised list?" (Whatever the reply, Mudie ordered of her later books a thousand copies of "Adam Bede," fifteen hundred copies of "Felix Holt," and thirty-one hundred copies of "Silas Marner.") After nearly fifty years of being top cream, Mr. Mudie went sour. Publishers began to bring out cheap one-volume reprints too quickly. Authors began to rebel. George Moore said that Mudie had "thrown English fiction into the abyss of nonsense," and declared in print, "Mr. Mudie, to speak candidly, I hate you." Mudie died in 1890, but the library continued until 1937. Miss Griest tells her story with an authority that is never heavy and with detail that is always to the point, drawing the reader into the Victorian times of the popular rhyme: "As children must have Punch and Judy,/ So I can't do without my Mudie."

THE LADY: STUDIES OF CERTAIN SIGNIFICANT PHASES OF HER HISTORY, by Emily James Putnam, with a foreword by Jeannette Mirsky (Chicago). A new edition of a sixty-year-old work that shows absolutely no sign of age. Mrs. Putnam was the first dean of Barnard College. Her specialty was classics, but she was well up in other fields. The scholarship in this volume ranges through anthropology, history, architecture, art, and several literatures. Its aim—to demonstrate the absurdity of relegating women to what any society at any moment considers "woman's place"—is attained by charm and wit, and by contrasting what different peoples, from ancient Greeks to nineteenth-century Americans, expected of women. Mrs. Putnam's humor is sly, understated, funny, and effective.

NOTE: Lewis Mumford's "The Pentagon of Power," of which a substantial part was first printed in this magazine, has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. The book is Volume II of "The Myth of the Machine;" Volume I, "Technics and Human Development," was published in 1967. "The Pentagon of Power" is the December choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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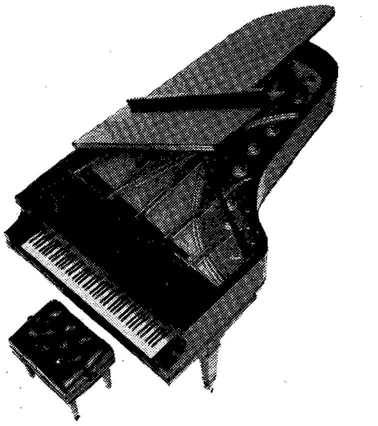
HAZEL GREEN—An estimated 250 residents of the Hazel Green community heard county officials pledge to help them with their lack of law enforcement last night.—*Huntsville* (*Ala.*) *News.*

Well, if *anybody* can . . .



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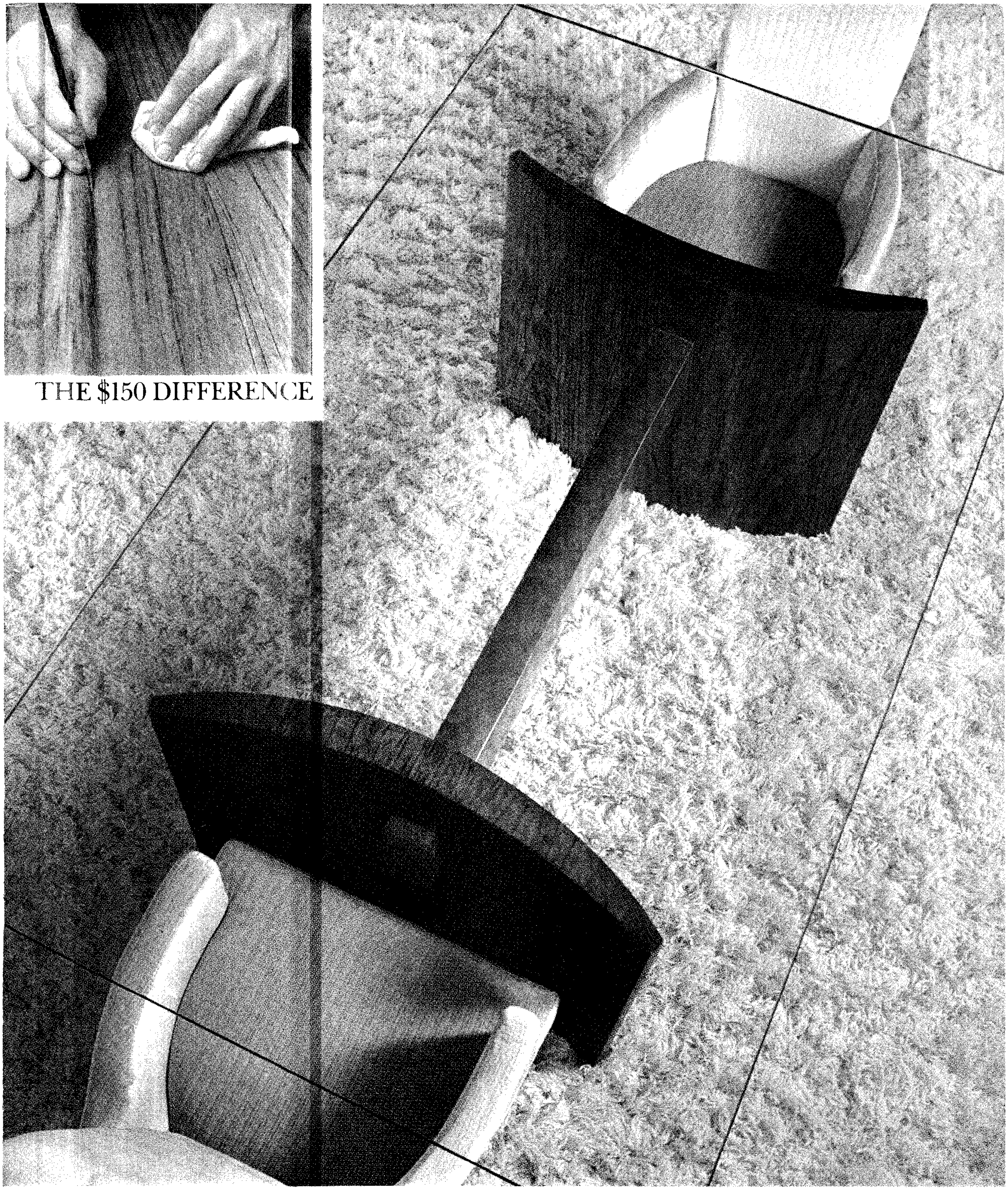

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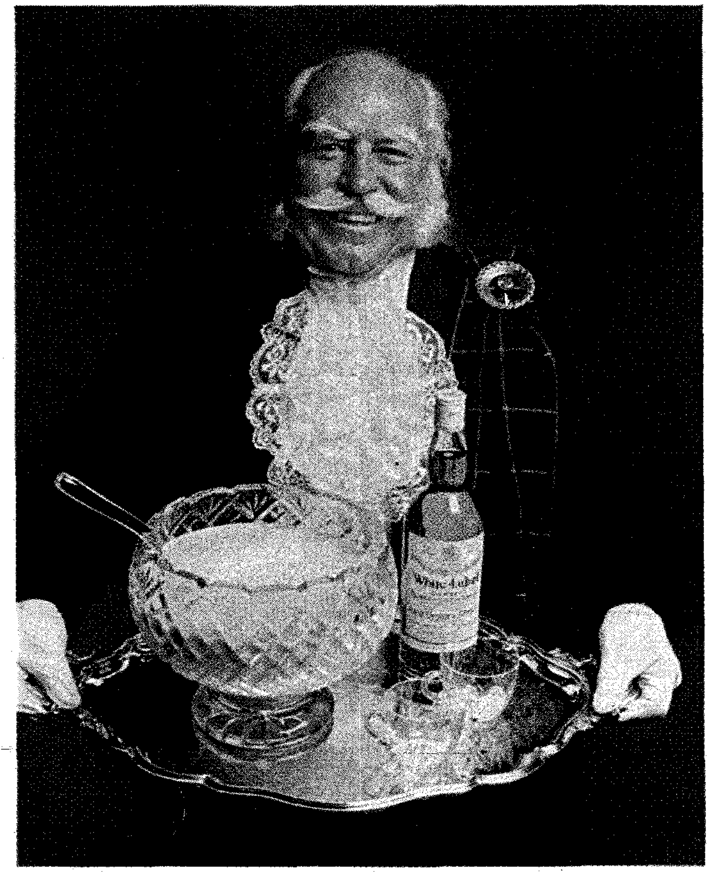

# *Authentic.*

## *Athole Brose to you.*

Athole is a small town in the craggy mountains near Perth, Scotland.

Brose is the Scottish word for brew.

Athole Brose is a Scotch drink concocted many years ago to warm the festive soul on important occasions such as St. Andrew's Day (Scotland's patron Saint), Christmas and Hogmanay, or New Year's Eve.

1 cup honey (preferably
heather honey from Scotland)

1½ to 2 cups heavy sweet cream

2 cups Dewar's "White Label"
Scotch Whisky

Heat honey, and when it thins slightly, stir in cream. Heat together, but do not boil. Remove from heat and slowly stir in whisky. Athole Brose may be served hot or chilled. Makes 4 to 6 servings. (If you would like even a little more touch of Scotland, soak 1 cup oatmeal in two cups water overnight. Strain and mix liquid with other ingredients.)

Athole Brose made with Dewar's "White Label" is a warm and sturdy brew. Against the cold of the winter months it will bring good cheer. And as happens with many things at this time of year, its long, authentic history seems to add a little comfort to the holiday season.

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**"White Label"**

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"White Label"
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